

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

September 2, 1959

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

Registered in Australia for trans-
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Sold Every Week

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**Queensland's
Royal Guest**

**Other color pictures
Pages 3, 8 and 9**



Two kinds of fathers... one kind of underwear

It takes all kinds of fathers to make a world. It takes mothers to make fathers' world more comfortable. This year more mothers will make sure father gets Hanes underwear, come Father's Day. T-singlets, for instance, make father feel trimmer. Assorted sizes, 12/3. Hanes Fig Leaf Briefs give gentle athletic support, 8/11. For sons, 6/11.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 2, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 13

Our cover

● Princess Alexandra, in a tulip-skirted gown, escorted by the Premier of Queensland, Mr. G. F. R. Nicklin, at the State reception in Brisbane. Other Royal visit pictures are on opposite page and pages 8 and 9.

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Teenagers' Weekly, featuring Listen Here (page 7) and Here's Your Answer (page 10).

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● When Princess Alexandra arrived in Canberra, staff reporter Patricia O'Connell sent a color check for our glowing color pictures of the Royal visit.

THE details revealed that the Princess' hair is a pale gold; her skin is suntanned.

The Princess' clothes are in lovely colors and her accessories complement them. For example, her shoes and bag were fawn lizard skin to tone with the wattle-yellow coat she wore for her arrival.

★ ★ ★
BOB HOPE, who stole the show on London's "Night of 100 Stars," featured in color on page 11, also kept rehearsals alive in the solid week of work that preceded the show.

Betty Best, of our London staff, told us:

"As nearly all the artists were working in other productions, they had to rush to the Palladium whenever they could to run through their numbers with the band and director Charles Russell.

"Bob Hope helped by keeping up a patter that turned every rehearsal into a full comedy routine."

Paul Robeson, who came from Stratford on Avon, where he was playing

"Orhelo," was one of the few straight acts in "Night of 100 Stars."

He sang two blues numbers but was too shy to take an encore.

After the show he explained: "No, no. I didn't want to butt in. It's not my evening. I just wanted to help."

Alicia Markova, the only ballet dancer who was allowed to appear in her own medium, has asked to be allowed to try rock-'n-roll if she appears in the show next year.

Australia was represented among the brilliant audience by Sydney actor Gordon Chater.

★ ★ ★
WHILE this issue, with a story on Elvis Presley in Teenagers' Weekly (pages 4, 5), was printing, it was announced that the singer would visit Sydney next year.

The Teenagers' Weekly story describes Germany's reaction to Elvis, who is serving there in the United States Army. Now the singer is expected in Sydney as soon as he is discharged from the Army.

NEXT WEEK

● More than 40 recipes for Chinese dishes—adapted to Australian tastes—are featured in a seven-page pull-out cookbook in our next issue. The cookbook, illustrated with wonderful color pictures, is one to keep to delight family and friends with appetising and subtly different menus.



The friendly Princess

A FRIENDLY wave and a friendly smile from Princess Alexandra as she leaves Manuka Oval, Canberra, where she visited an assembly of schoolchildren. There, and at Northbourne Oval, nearly 11,000 children gave the young Royal visitor a wildly enthusiastic reception. The Princess, protected from the cold Canberra winds by her dyed blond musquash fur coat, is clutching a spray of wattle which children had thrust into her hands.



TERRY FEAKES in her favorite setting, under the waves. In left hand is a sheath-knife. She scans the sea-floor for shells and fish.

Her worries go —under the water

● When Mrs. Terry Feakes, a grandmother at 36, feels that things are getting too tough, she doesn't go out — she goes under.

WITH snorkel and mask, or with aqualung, this housewife of Randwick, N.S.W., heads for the water, where, as she says:

"In the freshness of the sea you are able to leave all your worries and tensions behind you, becoming aware of the silent, mysterious beauty of the seabed.

"It is a world of its own, eerie and peaceful. Magnified by the water, everything appears a quarter larger and closer. You feel you are floating between ceiling and floor; the sun filters through; reeds, marine growth, shells are bright with color.

"Even the expressions of the fish fascinate me. Some are indifferent or inquisitive. Others seek and eat from the ample beds of food on the sea-floor. Even a dull grey fish glimmers and glitters below the surface: sapphire-blue groper swim by; lobsters, with feelers waving, feed in groups."

Theresa (Terry) Feakes first entered this new world two years ago. Not long widowed, she felt she should interest herself in something outside the home. But what?

Obviously something to do with the water — she was a good swimmer, loved anything to do with the sea. On impulse she bought snorkel and mask, went down to the local beach to try them out.

At first she was content to float face down in the water, viewing the scene through the mask, occasionally taking a deep breath and submerging, using flippers on her feet to gain impetus.

Then, meeting other "snorkellers," she started going on outings with a group. She learnt important facts.

- Never go alone.
- Don't panic if caught in a rip. You can swim indefinitely, supported by the rubber mask,

propelled by flippers. Go with the current, don't struggle against it.

- Always carry a sheath-knife, strapped to a belt. It can be used in an emergency.

Terry Feakes has had few alarms. Her greatest fright was when she was swimming off rocks with some spearfishermen.

"We'd been out quite a while and I was heading back for shore when I swam over a big fat shark. It was just a wobbegong, harmless, but I didn't know that at the time.

"My first impulse was of panic; I wanted to dash madly out of the water and on to the rocks.

"Then I remembered the others out there in the water and swam back to warn them, taking off my mask so I could shout. We all got to the shore.

"I felt I could never go into the water again, even when they'd told me there was no danger.

"But you must do it. After a pilot crashes they make him fly again. The same in swimming. So after a quarter of an hour I went back into the water. After that I wasn't nervous again. It's funny, but I've never been afraid of depths—only of heights."

From skindiving (mask and snorkel) Terry Feakes turned her attention to

OUT OF THE SEA come Bruce Frost and Brian Rich, collectors for salt-water aquaria. Bruce holds an old anchor from the sea-floor.

Page 4



FROGWOMAN Terry Feakes, equipped with aqualung, face mask, rubber flippers, and a Hawaiian sling gun. She will make color movies underwater.

"Scuba" (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus).

A year ago she bought aqualung equipment and received the right training in its use from a skilled instructor. He taught her how to breathe through the mouthpiece; how to breathe out, NOT in, when rising from a depth; how to rescue a patient.

And she joined a new group — aqualungers whose varied interests have banded them together.

Membership of the group is predominantly male, though there are some other women.

Winter and summer, members observe and do research on underwater phenomena.

"Guinea-pigs"

They study marine biology, test underwater equipment, make notes on the effects of depth pressure on the human ear, take samples of silt from the Harbor bed.

Some act as human guinea-pigs, noting the effects of deep diving; zoologist members bring up specimens from below water, undamaged.

Underwater photographers, speleologists (cave explorers), collectors for salt-water aquaria, observers of tropical fish all belong. Other members discover wrecked ships, or note how the colors of the spectrum are filtered as water depth increases, blue being the last to go.

As to walking over the bed of Sydney Harbor: "Well," says a club official, "future archaeologists will term this period of history 'the glass age.' Everywhere we go—even walking between Sydney



ONLOOKERS examine an underwater swimmer's haul from bed of Sydney Harbor. He holds a "slate-pencil sea-urchin," shows seaweed, abalone.

Heads—we come across old beer-bottles."

Enthusiastic amateur Terry Feakes, whose interest in the underwater world is for pleasure, not science, listens and observes.

Keen about the food of the sea, she takes home shellfish such as mussels or abalone, and dishes it up at parties.

Edible seaweed

Abalone she cleans, hammers until flat, cuts into thin slices, and fries in oil. "It's delicious," she says.

Terry Feakes likes finding out facts about the sea. In conversation she's apt to announce that Oriental people

eat seven kinds of edible seaweed, that the ocean provides nine times more vegetation than the land.

She's interested in knowing that three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by water, and that "the mineral content of the sea is still reflected in the composition of men's blood."

The salt content certainly must be in the blood of this tanned, blond housewife.

But she doesn't talk on marine topics all the time.

She's a proud grandmother, and loves chatting about her daughter, Jeanette, and baby Anthony, who was born in April.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1959



• Why don't men • Why do they
talk to women leave the ladies
at parties? to talk alone?

It's because . . .

'WOMEN BORE MEN'

- It's a woman's own fault if men don't talk to her at parties, says Mrs. L. Kramer.
- She blames women for the "segregation of the sexes" at Australian functions.
- Says women talk too much about babies, shopping, clothes, and gossip, so bored men drift away to groups of their own.



MRS. LEONIE KRAMER

TUNE in to "The Critics" on the A.B.C. one of these Sunday evenings and you'll hear a slim, soft-voiced young woman quietly dominating, by her intellectual ability, the male members of the panel and, I suspect, her audience.

Her name: Leonie Kramer—Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, first-class Leaving honors in English, French, Latin, and geography, and second-class honors in German; Bachelor of Arts from Melbourne University, Doctorate of Philosophy from Oxford, tutor at Oxford, lecturer in English at Canberra University College, and now lecturer in English at the University of New South Wales.

With that formidable schol-

astic background you could easily be excused for labeling her a bluestocking.

How wrong you would be—for she is a mother of two, expert housewife and cook, interested in clothes, charming to look at, delightful to talk to, completely feminine.

And as a womanly woman, with brown swept-up hair, lovely sea-blue eyes, and a quick, enchanting smile, she has some firm opinions which show that she is also a keen observer of Australian social customs, and particularly of some habits of her own sex.

"Exasperating"

"I find," she says, "that the segregation of the sexes at parties in Australia is almost a national characteristic. To me this is intensely interesting, most peculiar, and thoroughly exasperating."

She speaks with a precise mellow smoothness.

"The men still get into one group, the women still get into another, and generally sit. There is little mixing. The women don't play much part in any general discussion. Any woman who does, or who joins

By RONALD MCKIE

the men, is looked at a little peculiarly by the other women. I was astonished to discover, when I returned to Australia several years ago, that Australian women are just like Jane Austen's women.

"They are hard to get to talk about anything except women's interests. They are suspicious—and so are most men—of any conversation or subject that can even faintly be called 'intellectual'—even the word seems to frighten them—and they are suspicious

of anyone who is different or who shines in any way.

"You must not shine in Australia—particularly if you're a woman.

"There is still a strong feeling here—more among women than men—that it is waste of time to educate women, and that in some mysterious way, through education, a woman loses femininity.

"This is all in enormous contrast to England, even to South Africa where my husband comes from, where there is a great and easy freedom between the sexes.

"I'm sure this is one of the reasons why so many Australians go overseas and stay.

"I blame Australian women entirely for the social segregation of the sexes, and for allowing it to continue.

"It is time they became women of the 20th century, cultivated some reasonably intelligent interest in life around them, in problems of the day; time they read more, argued more, and got away from the endless chatter about babies, shopping, clothes, and gossip.

"Until women wake up, use their good brains, develop wider interests, find some common controversial meeting-ground with men—and I don't mean anything highbrow—segregation at parties will continue, and women-bored men will continue to talk to each other."

With a grandfather whose Christian name was Australia, and great-uncle and aunt Shakespearean-named Orlando and Rosalind, Leonie Judith Gibson was brought up in an atmosphere of history, books, and music.

Her father, a Melbourne banker, was an "amateur scholar," her mother a clever musician.

In 1949 she won a scholarship to Oxford, where she met Harold Kramer, a South African with a Nuffield Fellowship, doing post-graduate work in pathology.

They married in 1952, and a year later came to Canberra, where Dr. Kramer took the post of Senior Research Fellow in the Medical School of the Australian National University.

In 1954, after having two daughters, Jocelyn and Hilary, she began lecturing in English at Canberra University College, but gave that up when the family moved to Sydney, to Vaucluse, in 1956.

Likes cooking

Her husband is now Director of the Institute of Clinical Pathology and Medical Research at Lidcombe, and she has been lecturing in English at the University of N.S.W. for the past year.

"I've always loved teaching and lecturing," she says, "but with husband, children, and home, I have no ambition to

aim at a professorship, to make a full-time career of it.

"I'd much prefer to concentrate on cooking, for one of the really worthwhile things in life is to be a good cook.

"Cooking gives me enormous pleasure, and I never regard it as a chore . . . I've just made a casserole . . ."

I love good casseroles, and within a minute I had it down:

Pound dry flour into both sides of thick pieces of round steak; fry lightly; put slices into casserole-dish with chopped onion, green peppers, and stuffed olives; pour one tin of concentrated tomato soup on top; no water; into the oven; serve with whole olives.

I asked Mrs. Kramer how, with a family and a job, she managed to organise her energy and her time.

"House-slaves"

She smiled: "I get impatient with women who moan about housework. You can spend all your time pottering around a house—but you don't have to.

"Many women make house-slaves of themselves instead of organising their time.

"There is an urgent need today for women to find some interest or hobby, particularly outside the home.

"Fewer women would talk of the drudgery of housework if their hands or brains were occupied with some particular subject which interested them.

"The tired woman is often the bored woman who does the same things in the home each day, who does not organise her time, and who has no interests or hobbies away from her broom, her duster, and her stove.

"The most sensible advice I can give to women came originally from the wife of a professor I once worked with. It's advice which applies to everything we've been talking about, including the segregation of the sexes at Australian parties.

"She once said to me: 'I'd rather have dust on my furniture than dust on my mind.'"

FRENCH DECOR AT MARK FOY'S

- All the joys of Paris in the spring will be presented at Mark Foy's in Sydney for our Paris Parades.

MASSES of spring blossom and budding foliage reminiscent of the Paris boulevards and the Bois will decorate the store.

The spring-in-Paris theme will be introduced in the store's sidewalk cafe, and elevators will be perfumed and decorated with spring flowers.

A seven-course dinner with French champagne will be given to launch the parades. The banquet is being planned by the host, Mr. Tony Clerici, and the chief chef.

This gala opening will take place on Saturday, October 3, in the Empress Ballroom.

There will be a pavilion of living statuary on the ground floor, representing some of the classic sculptures of France.

Guests will pass through a mirrored room filled with thousands of orchids to the ballroom, where the French theme will be repeated in an elaborate baroque setting.

Tickets for the gala opening are seven guineas each.

Daily parades will be held from October 5 to October 15 inclusive at 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays and at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 10. Tickets are 10/6 each.

Bookings for the gala opening and for the daily parades can be made now at the Empress Ballroom, at the ground-floor inquiry desk, or by phone or mail.



FRENCH MANNEQUINS (from left) Olivia, Elsa, Monique, and Sylvana, who are coming to Australia for our Paris Parades.

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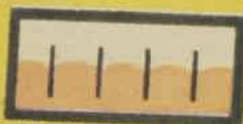
ONLY NEW

Sunbeam SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVEMASTER

DEEP SHAVES BELOW THE BEARDLINE*

— no matter how tough his beard...
no matter which way the whiskers grow

* THE BEARD-LINE STORY



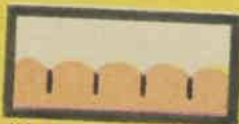
HERE'S THE BEARD-LINE

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Sunbeam Shavemaster's big, smooth, rounded head flattens skin follicles; forces more of each whisker out about skin level, then cuts it clean.



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- ★ Costs only a few shillings weekly
- ★ Your money back if he's not completely satisfied after 14-day trial at home

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

Stately homes of Tasmania



"LOVELY BANKS," residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bisdee, in the Melton Mowbray district, has been occupied by the Bisdee family since it was built in 1840. Bushrangers attacked the homestead in its early days and stole a valuable Sheffield candelabra—later recovered and still in the family's possession. Story and pictures on this page by Harry Frauca.



"DYSART HOUSE," in Kempton, austere but dignified, recalls the spacious days with its 24 rooms, some containing the original furniture. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Macleod have been living at "Dysart House" for 12 years. Among the antique furnishings is a rare Queen Anne table.

Some of Australia's oldest and most elegant homes are scattered about the State's rolling midlands

THEY stand as stately tributes to stout-hearted pioneers.

Many of these homes were built by convict labor, and bear witness to their owners' aims to reproduce some of the gracefulness they had left in England.

In a way the settlers succeeded. Some of the impressive mansions have a strong English flavor.

If they were not set among gum trees, you could easily think they were in England.

The mansions were built of heavy stone in the days when the island was young and the English settlers were trying to make a new England in Van Diemen's Land.

Many of these mansions

stand along the Hobart-Launceston road, where once the Royal Mail coach passed.

Others lie in the folds of the hills, on a rise, or on the banks of a river.

Tradition, wealth

They stand as symbols of tradition and wealth. They are owned by families of graziers who are proud to trace their ancestry back to the early settlers.

Some still have their original furnishings.

There are more than 50 mansions, all of which are of interest to the historian or the photographer, and I visited some of them at random during a recent morning's drive out of Hobart.

One of the homesteads, "Shean," in the Brighton district, has what are perhaps

Australia's most remarkable stables.

Built in 1846, the stables look like a medieval fortress, complete with watchtower. Indeed, the tower was used for keeping an eye out for hostile blacks or bushrangers.

The stables, which cost more to build than the homestead, are a tourist attraction.

Mr. G. Hildyard, present owner of "Shean," told me: "I am sure they are the most visited stables in Australia."

Another of the old colonial homes, stately "Mount Vernon," in the Kempton district, is named after George Washington's home in Virginia, U.S.A.

Captain Anthony Kemp, of the New South Wales Corps, who had "Mount Vernon" built, knew George Washington, and visited him in America.



SIMPLE COLONIAL-STYLE LINES of "Shean" homestead, in the Brighton district (above), are in sharp contrast to the fortress-like homestead stables (below). Captain Butler, a lover of hunting and horses, built "Shean" and the stables in 1846. In those days hostile aborigines and bushrangers marauded the island, and the watchtower in the stables enabled the groom to keep an eye on the surrounding countryside. The homestead was never fully completed because the ticket-of-leave men building it joined the Victorian goldrush. The stables are a well-known tourist attraction.



"OAKWOOD," a huge Georgian home of more than 20 rooms, in the Brighton district, was built by convict labor 160 years ago. The present residents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Porter, are members of a family that has lived here nearly a century.



She stole their hearts away



SUNTANNED Princess Alexandra gracefully bends to help Mr. Douglas Anthony, M.H.R., rescue a guest's stole from the floor of King's Hall, Parliament House, Canberra, at the glittering State Ball in her honor.



A NATION'S TRIBUTE to the Princess Charming. The Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies (above), watches Dame Pattie Menzies pin a diamond, ruby, and tourmaline spray brooch on Alexandra's dress. The brooch, a gift from the people of Australia, represents a sprig of Australian tea-tree.

BREATH TAKING in her quince-pink ball gown embroidered with pink and silver flowers and encrusted with diamonds, the Princess (below) dances gracefully with Mr. Gordon Freeth, Minister for the Interior. Her regal Victorian hairstyle was complemented by her pearl-and-diamond tiara.



Cashmere Bouquet

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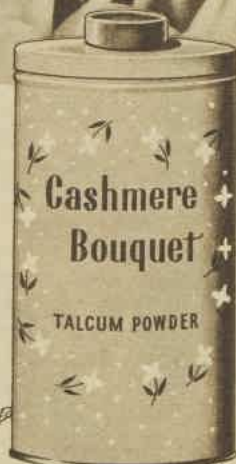
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Enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin as soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder wraps you in a cloud of fragrance. You'll love the way this misty fine talc drifts on to your skin, then clings throughout the day to keep you fresh and fragrant always.

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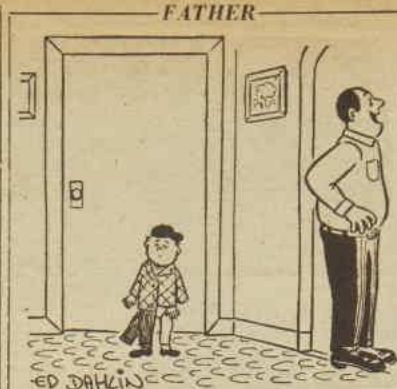
Here is an extra comfort hint

Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc helps girdles, stockings and shoes slide on smoothly... is so cooling and comforting to hot, chafed skin. Cashmere Bouquet Talc keeps you fresh and lovely always.

A luxury you can afford to use lavishly every day of your life

Buy the Big Regular Size and save money

FATHER



"He squirmed a little — but I finally got him dressed."

MOTHER



"Look, Mum! This new hat of yours is just the right size for a dear little bed for pussy!"

It seems to me

I THINK it was Mrs. Wiggs (of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Hegan Rice) who asked someone to bring her back a bottle of water from Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Wiggs saw no prospect of ever visiting Niagara. She felt that the bottle of water would give her some idea of its magnificence.

I remembered this last week when a friend brought me back a souvenir from one of the Barrier Reef islands.

It is a small glass container of sand attached with transparent tape to a card which urges the traveller to return to the holiday resort. Inside the card is a space headed "My diary." On the back is a place for autographs.

This novelty cost 2/6. My friend bought several. She considered herself repaid for the outlay by the look of astonishment on the faces of recipients.

It's a long time since I read "Mrs. Wiggs," and I doubt that anyone reads her now, but she was a popular character in her time. She was very poor. A pity. She had an idea with profitable possibilities.

TALL girls don't worry about being tall nearly as much as they used to.

The rise of modelling as an occupation has made height a valuable asset to those whose other measurements meet the requirements.

Those who still brood about their extra inches are getting a valuable lift to their morale from the visit of Princess Alexandra, who carries her height with a charming mixture of youthful grace and trained elegance.

I once knew a girl who was so soured at being six feet tall that at 21 she was positively embittered. She was a witty girl, but her wit had an edge born of despair.

The very next year, aged 22, she met a nice man who was six feet two and married him.

Immediately she stopped being embittered and cheered up. She was never so witty afterwards, but all her friends liked her new personality much better.

(P.S.—This, children, although a standard plot for grown-up fairy stories, is quite true.)

TELEVISION may prove a good influence on manners.

Take the Royal Ball at Canberra. There was certainly none of that massed staring which was seen at the Sydney Royal Ball—and some others—during the Queen's visit.

Nevertheless, one did feel that, crowded as the floor was, the dancers could well have left a little more room for Princess Alexandra and her partners.

And the camera caught a few guests dancing so close to the Princess and gazing so hard that you feared they might be carrying pocket scissors to snip off a bit of chiffon as a souvenir.

Those guests, of course, could not see themselves. But maybe their friends told them later. And many viewers may have resolved never to behave like that themselves in similar circumstances.

By



Dorothy Drann

THERE is probably some virtue in the experiments the Americans are conducting with underground atomic shelters.

But I think some Civil Defence enthusiasts get carried away.

The latest stunt involved a man, wife, and three children who spent 14 days in an underground shelter the size of a bathroom.

They co-operated willingly and received 500 dollars (£223) for their trouble.

though they did not know at the time that a hidden microphone recorded all their reactions.

Such an experiment simply cannot prove what would be the effect of the genuine thing.

And what, for that matter, can it prove that cannot be known in other ways?

There may be no great harm in such stunts. But there is no great good in them, either.

WHENEVER there are a few prematurely warm days in July or August people remark that flowers are blooming early, or birds beating the clock with nest-building.

But human beings get tricked, too.

A couple of weeks ago, at least a month ahead of schedule, I wrote a cheerful piece of spring jingle.

"Must have been out of my mind," I thought gloomily last week as wind and rain fresh from the Antarctic lashed the window-panes and made a mockery of the radiator.

But cheer up, it won't be long now.

IN an effort to determine a diet for space explorers, American scientists are sending spinach and turnip seeds into space. The seeds will be sent up in a Navy balloon, subjected to radiation doses, and later planted in a garden, where their growth will be studied.

If all the spinach and all turnips, too, Were lost in space, I wouldn't care, would you?

Though, radiated, who can know what change

May turn them into veges rich and strange.

Such is the age we live in. Maybe soon Brave spacemen will be stationed on the moon.

Such pioneers deserve the best, indeed, And who would wish them turnips, specially Swede?

A hundred stars let their hair down

● This year's "Night of 100 Stars," London's biggest theatrical charity show, was one of the best. Big-name stars of stage and screen really went to town in a riotously funny midnight-to-dawn Palladium performance that raised more than £12,500 for the Actors' Orphanage.



● Just back from the San Sebastian Film Festival, Eva Bartok insisted on taking part, although she had no time to rehearse. Old Vic star John Neville, who did a musical-comedy dance, escorted her after the show.



● Beatrice Lillie mimed through a lobster dinner, manicured the lobster's claws, and washed her black gloves in the finger-bowl.

● Bob Hope stole the show singing and dancing lying down. "Fancy admiring Jayne Mansfield for her acting," he quipped.



Mother... is your daughter growing up?

Send her back to school with the correct protection her rapidly developing figure needs, with a

KAYSER TEENAGER BRA



She'll feel right and have the poise and confidence she needs, wearing a Kayser Teenager Bra, made specially to give her the gentle support and unrestricted freedom that Teenagers need.

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No. 219.

White, no-iron cotton,
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For special occasions, white no-iron
cotton, embroidered
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Three more 'easy care' suggestions for Back to School...

Kayser Teenager Suspender Belt

S.B. 900, White, no-iron cotton; unre-
stricting, with four strong suspenders.
21"-27".

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Comfortable, absorbent stretch nylons, guaranteed to last
for months—soft and pliable for growing feet. Correct
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School Grey, Mystique, Sahara, Camel.
Sizes—Small, Mids and Large.

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Ideal briefs for sport or gym. Stretch
nylon to fit all figures snugly; to wash
and dry in a wink. White and black.

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Prices vary slightly in some States.

KAYSER for Teenage Underthings.

The crusader from Coventry

By RONALD McKIE

● The Rt. Rev. Cuthbert Bardsley, 6ft. 2½in., 13 stone,
Eton, Oxford, bachelor Bishop of Coventry, had just 15
minutes to spare between lunch and take-off.



● Bishop of Coventry,
the Rt. Rev. Cuthbert
Bardsley, who will meet
30,000 Australians.

SO the only thing to do was leg-roped him, fire seven questions, and hope for the best.

QUESTION: Is Christianity surviving largely because of the support it gets from women?

ANSWER: "It is. A big percentage of congregations are women, and that is one of the reasons why, as world president of the Church of England Men's Society, I've come to Australia to talk primarily to men—30,000 of them in four weeks.

"Women are naturally more religious than men. This is because, as the life-givers, they come up against suffering and death more than men, and because they are more loving, more able to give, and have more time to think about life and death and spiritual things.

"Man, the provider, has less time to think, and that's why it's more important to talk to men, for unless we find a living faith in God we will fall victim to another, more positive and dynamic than our own.

"Communism, I believe, is intrinsically false, but there is only one answer to a false faith—a true faith."

QUESTION: Apart from the atom bomb, what is the gravest problem facing mankind?

ANSWER: "Racialism—without a doubt. In my gloomier moments, as I look at South Africa, the United States, even Britain. I see the spectre of an appalling racial war, a war between colors.

"Communism is using growing unrest among colored people, feeding on it and fostering it.

"Unless we learn to live alongside people of different color, to look into their eyes with equality and without fear, we will move toward a fatal collision."

QUESTION: Is the present generation of youth different in any marked way, particularly in their thinking, from the generations of the past?

ANSWER: "Yes, they are, and I admire them in many ways. I like their honesty, their hatred of humbug, cant, hypocrisy, and I like their strong adventurousness.

"But in other ways they frighten me. They have almost total lack of respect for authority, tradition, age. The pendulum has swung too far.

"They are divided, too, for on one hand you have the Teddy Boy types who have no respect or reverence for anything and yet are adventurous, and on the other the more balanced serious types, many of them in universities, for whom religion has a strong appeal.

"I've had much contact with young people, and the more I try to understand them the more convinced I am that youth, not age, will lead the

spiritual awakening throughout the world."

QUESTION: You have often commented in England on the gap between the Church and the worker. What must the Church do to bridge this?

ANSWER: "A parson once said to me, 'If men won't come to me why should I go to them?' This approach is fundamentally wrong. It is an example how we of the Church have been far too aloof.

"Twenty of my 52 years have been spent among the fine men in docks and industrial areas of great cities, because I firmly believe that the Church must show it is genuinely interested in the working man.

"Parsons must move into the places where men work and play. They must meet them in the pubs and clubs.

"They must learn to talk their language and understand their expressions and slang. They must show themselves as a friend and make friends.

"In industrial areas where the parsons talk the language of their people the churches are full."

QUESTION: If, as you've often said, the Church is old-fashioned, how would you reorganise it if given a completely free hand?

ANSWER: "I would have to write three books to answer that adequately. I've already mentioned language, which should be up-to-date, simple, understood by the average man.

"Next, I'd start with the buildings, for most churches are archaic, like museums. My own cathedral is a modern building in touch with the age. Religion must be in touch with modernity.

"Older people may not approve, but church music needs to be thought out afresh. Courageous attempts have been made to use jazz, swing, modern forms. These attempts haven't been entirely successful, but they're on the right track.

"Dress needs reforming, too. I favor a uniform for parsons, even the dog-collar, but certain kinds of archaic dress need abolishing. Gaiters were designed for riding, but wear in the jet age.

"I would also like to see an end to the long divorce between the Church and the age. I strongly favor religious drama, films, poetry, dancing—all of which can be brought into the Church.

"We must also use great artists—singers, musicians, writers, actors—encourage them to come directly into the service of the Church."

QUESTION: Have you any outstanding impressions of Australia or Australians?

ANSWER: "You have great vitality, dynamism, you're going somewhere. Your great danger is that you could become soft through having so much of the good things of life—a beautiful country, sunlight, good wages and conditions, security."

QUESTION: Have you any very personal hobby?

"Painting," the lanky, blue-eyed bishop boomed, as he strode out to catch his plane—like a Crusader with a banner in one hand and a broadsword in the other, advancing against the Jerusalem-defending hosts of the great Saladin.

Baby's Name

WHAT name would you choose for the Queen's expected child—boy or girl? Would you choose a traditional Royal name, or one that is quite new?

We want you to tell us the name you would choose for a boy, and the name you would choose for a girl, stating your reasons briefly.

For the best letter received we will give:

FIRST PRIZE of £20.

We will also give:

TWO PRIZES of £10 each.

TWO PRIZES of £5 each.

For any other letters published we will pay £2 each.

Send your letters, marked "Royal Baby Contest," to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Closing date is September 9, 1959.

"Happiest woman in the world"

● Melbourne housewife Mrs. Irene Chapek (pictured at right) claims she is the "happiest woman in the world"—and not without good reason.

FOR 14 years ago Czechoslovakian Mrs. Chapek was "brought back to life" after three grim years in concentration camps, including a year at the notorious Auschwitz Camp in Poland.

Released at the end of the war, when she was 19, she found herself alone. Her parents and other relations had all died in concentration camps.

While trying to trace her family she met an old friend, Fred Chapek, who had also been in concentration camps, where his wife and family had died.

Shortly after this meeting they married, and after three years migrated to Australia.

Now in Melbourne they live happily with their children—John, aged 12, and Ann, 6—in a charming white-painted house in Caulfield.

Mr. Chapek has his own engineering business, while Mrs. Chapek has her own employment agency and translation service which provides interpreters in all languages—particularly for court and legal work—and is a member of the Migrant Advisory Council.

And here, in her own words, is Mrs. Chapek's story of why she is so happy:



... and here's the reason

● I am — without reservation — the happiest woman in the world.

YOU may think this means I must have just won the first prize in the lottery, inherited a fortune, or been given a mink coat.

But I have none of these luxuries, and I'd like to tell you why I need none of them to make me happy.

Straight after the war I married the man I'd long wanted to. We decided to leave Europe immediately.

Today, in Melbourne, I find it takes seven full working days and part of the nights to cope with looking after my husband, our two school-age children, three boarding students, a dog, a cat, six budgies, an agency I now run, several communal engagements, and all the chores in an old ten-roomed house (not yet fully paid for).

That leaves time only twice a year to go to a hairdresser, and little leisure to go for a drive in my 1948 midget car.

But, despite all this, I find my life most rewarding.

It is just 14 long years ago since I came back to life.

Three of my best years of teenage life—which most girls normally spend on studies, lessons, dancing, parties, and dates—were spent in a concentration camp.

I do not regret the time I lost. Nor do I want ever to forget it.

In fact, nearly every day my children hear about my experiences, and I believe this teaches them to appreciate many things they would otherwise take for granted.

For instance, my daily bath is still an event for me.

I can lock myself in the bathroom, I can use my own towel, and I get infinite pleasure from the hot water out of the tap.

And while I'm enjoying this I often recall those winter days in the concentration camp when 50 women had to take ice-cold communal showers under the supervision of screaming and swearing soldiers. And I often think of those dirty, lice-infested clothes we had to put on afterwards.

To get into clean, soft bed linen is today still a pleasant adventure after the filthy wooden planks I had to share.

And now I have my cupboard stacked with dozens of blouses, skirts, frocks, shoes, etc. While they're perhaps not exactly top fashion models, they seem just wonderful to me.

You see, I can't forget, either, that for more than a year—when my head was shaved—I wore the one and same set of underwear and a prisoner's linen outfit. And all this at sub-zero temperature.

Fed like animals

Even everyday dinner calls for thanksgiving, for I can never forget the dirty pot with the nondescript mash which we swallowed like animals—no spoons or forks.

And whenever there is sickness in the family or the dentist is needed I can just pick up the telephone and call for help. Is that not a miracle?

We have no TV yet, but when I'm listening to news or good music on our ten-year-old wireless it seems to me that I'm embracing the whole world.

Perhaps you can see how that contrasts with the time I was shut behind barbed-wire—out of touch even with nearest friends and relatives, and forced to listen to blaring marches.

When I am not bound too much by my daily duties I can go into the garden or walk on the street. And I am grateful for the sunshine and pure air which is here for everybody and isn't marred by the haunting smell of gas-chambers.

Every day I tell myself how lucky I am that I live in a free world. And how lucky that my children are being brought up to help maintain and strengthen this free world.

There is place for much improvement in the world. But in these hectic modern times we rarely tend to stop and think of the good things we have.

Somehow when I discuss with friends things which seem to them important—the milkman who came late, the fruit which went up 3d. today, the old frock they have to wear again—I cannot help feeling sorry for them.

The very few of us who did survive a concentration camp have acquired a certain art of living—every day is precious, every minute with your loved ones is too valuable to be spoiled by petty nonsenses.

We, the so-called "Lost Generation," are still alive and enjoying life more fully, because we lost so much.

When our children and their children grow up it will all be only from history books and hearsay that they will know that something called "scientific extermination" of innocent human beings was perceived in a human brain.

And all you who did not experience this terror cannot realise as well that it happened in your lifetime.

I advise you to make believe—only for one minute a day—that this all happened to you and that you were miraculously saved. Then you will think of this life as I do. You will regard it as a precious gift and treat every minute as such.

FRENCH WITHOUT (ROYAL) TEARS

By ANNE MATHESON

● Prince Charles is learning French-Canadian French on his holidays at Balmoral.

THE Queen has invited a burly, good-looking 27-year-old French-Canadian to be her guest at Balmoral—in fact to be one of her family during what is very much a quiet family holiday.

He is Lieutenant Jean Lajeunesse, who will tutor the young Prince in French.

There will be no formal lessons. Lieutenant Lajeunesse, of the Royal 22nd Canadian Regiment, of which the Queen is Colonel-in-Chief, was given the "drill" when the Queen chose him from a number of candidates while in Canada.

He will make up a side at football when it's a family affair. He'll play charades on wet evenings indoors.

He'll ride with Prince Charles and Princess Anne when they go pony-trekking over the Highland hills. He'll go shopping with them. And all the time he will be teaching Prince Charles the French-Canadian way of saying and doing things.

"The Queen considers that the way Prince Charles speaks French in Canada is just as important as the way he pronounces French for his exams," said one of her household.

French spoken in Canada is somewhat different from French as spoken in France. In fact, it is often difficult for French-Canadians to make themselves understood when

they visit France, and Frenchmen, on rare visits to French Canada, can't be understood at all—particularly if they are not provincial French.

Only by conversation, and speaking while he is young can Prince Charles learn to speak and understand.

Lieutenant Lajeunesse, who is from an old regiment, feels that great credit has been reflected on his regiment by the Queen's decision.

At Balmoral he will find the routine of speaking French on "French days" already established by Mademoiselle Bibiane de Roujoux, who came from Paris last year with her Paris accent to be French governess to the Royal children.

Mademoiselle's stay was by no means "French without tears." She found the boisterous Princess Anne and Prince Charles "quite a handful," but was captivated by their high spirits and their pranks. She was surprised and delighted at the homely atmosphere she found in the Castle.

The whole world learned on her return to Paris of the picnics, the pony rides, the Duke's cooking at barbecues, and the Queen's devotion to her children.

Charles is good at geography and arithmetic (top of his form in both), but his Cheam School French master comments, "Reasonably good, nothing outstanding." This no doubt caused the Queen to order some holiday swotting.



LEADING a pet Corgi, Prince Charles at Euston Station, London, leaves with the Queen, Prince Philip, and Princess Anne for Balmoral.

Paris says

FLOWERS ON WHITE



In the 1959 Spring range of Tootal materials look for CAMITA COTTON, fashion's newest. So feminine, so pretty and so inexpensive ... flower-strewn in Paris and sparkling with brilliant colour. And this is no up-in-the-clouds cotton—it's crease-resisting and minimum iron — down-to-earth qualities no woman can ignore.

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LEFT: Guests at the State Ball for Princess Alexandra held in King's Hall, Parliament House, Canberra, included Mr. and Mrs. Sim Bennett, of Kambah, A.C.T.



ON THE STEPS of Parliament House, Canberra, are Wing-Commander D. E. Moseley and Mrs. Moseley, arriving for the State Ball for Princess Alexandra. The wing-commander had the fifth dance with the Princess.



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, are Mr. and Mrs. David Morrow. The bride was formerly Elizabeth Wald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Wald, of Bellevue, Condobolin. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Morrow, of Cassilis and Church Point.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

COUNTRY engagement of wide interest is that of Patricia Saddington and Peter Burrows, of "Double Gates," Mullion Creek. Patricia and Peter are hoping to arrange the wedding for next February at St. Mary's Cathedral.

Patricia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Saddington, formerly of "Gnomery," Burren Junction, now of "Bonny Rigg," Quirindi, came to town after the announcement to begin making the arrangements and to do a little trousseau-shopping.

She will have Peter's sister, Sue Burrows, and Connaught O'Hanlon, of Quirindi, as two of her four bridesmaids.

Peter is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Burrows, of Orange.

GOING to America in the Himalaya is Mrs. Mae Lewis, of North Sydney. Mrs. Lewis, who will be away for six months, will visit her daughter, Mrs. Yvonne Spreiter, in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and her grandchildren Janet and Bobby, whom she has never seen.

LEFT: Canberra luncheon for Princess Alexandra was held at the Hotel Canberra and was attended by about 200 guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Garnett. They were presented to the Princess, and sat at the same lunch table.

HONEYMOON up north for Gwen and Roger Kerr, who were married at St. Paul's, Burwood. Gwen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Harpley, of Burwood, chose a white classical wedding gown, and was attended by Doris Aney, Roger's sister, Pam Kerr, Mrs. Leo Parris, and flowergirl Kathleen O'Brien. Roger is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Kerr, of Burwood. The young couple will move into their new home at West Pennington Hills when they return.

BUSY time ahead for titian-haired Sacha Simpson, of "Strathdarr," Longreach, Queensland, whose engagement has been announced to Bill Parkinson, of Orange. Sacha is leaving in November for a seven months' holiday overseas, and six weeks after her return to Australia she and Bill will marry.



SHORE CHAPEL WEDDING for Pamela Walker and James White. Pamela is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Walker, of Murrumbidgee, and James is the only son of Mrs. B. White, of Vaucluse, and the late Dr. Bruce White. After the honeymoon the young couple will live at "Woolartha," Mullengudgerly.

IN town for two brief days were Mr. and Mrs. Basil Brown and daughter Prudence, from Tamworth. They came down to see their elder daughter Lyndall, who is nursing at R.P.A., make her debut at the R.S.L. Victory Ball, and to allow Mrs. Brown to attend the 12th annual conference of the R.S.L. Women's Auxiliaries. Mrs. Brown is president of the Tamworth auxiliary.

EXCITING time for Lynette Jacobs, of Mosman, whose engagement has been announced to Major Jack Skipper, younger son of Mr. C. H. Skipper, of Perth, and Mrs. G. Skipper, of North Perth. Lynette, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jacobs, is helping to organise the Scaggs Old Girls' ball on September 8, is looking forward to the Golden Ball for Princess Alexandra on September 10, and is preparing for her marriage at St. Philip's on December 16.

DIARY date . . . August 28 at the Chatswood Town Hall for the annual fete organised by the Kuring-gai branch of the C.W.A. Mrs. P. A. Saunders, of Gordon, rang to tell me about the magnificent display of handicrafts.

SYDNEY will soon be a city of wine connoisseurs. The next wine-tasting in my diary is the one organised by the Bachelors and Spinners' Committee of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children, on August 28, at the Royal Commonwealth Society rooms. Sandra Cameron rang to tell me that the tasters will include Robert Hable, Kay Fuller, Noel Morgan, Jill Fuller, Carol Kerr, John Wilson, and Owen Burge.

SEE you at Princes on September 6 at the Million Dollar cabaret arranged by the Blue and White Younger Set of the Jewish National Fund.

Anne



It takes a really gentle soap to give your skin the Young Look

This is the gentlest soap you'll ever use

CORONET'S LUXURIOUS BEAUTY OILS WILL GIVE YOUR SKIN A LOVELIER, YOUNGER LOOK. Coronet is a new experience in gentleness for your skin . . . so rich in gentle beauty oils you can actually *feel* the fragrant lather smoothing your skin. Bring back - and keep - the Young Look you love, with Coronet.

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*Australian
Fashions*

• SPRING • SUMMER •

Richness in evening gowns

By M. J. McMAHON

• In this four-page fashion section is a collection of Australian-made clothes for spring and summer. These and the designs overleaf are on sale now in New South Wales at about the prices given.



• Elegant long ball gown of mushroom silk taffeta and delicate French lace embroidered with sequins. By Hartnell of Melbourne. About 47 guineas.

• White peau de soie evening dress with gay tulips on bodice has a matching coat with huge balloon sleeves. By Jinoel. About £30 each.



• Vivid red duchess satin short evening dress with bubble skirt and jacket with outsize collar. By Hartnell of Melbourne. About 53 guineas.



• Full-skirted, printed cotton, which goes to any summer party, has a matching fringed scarf. By J. J. Hilton. About £8/8/-.

*Australian
Fashions*

• SPRING • SUMMER •

Smart suits go anywhere

● Suits and ensembles in linen, cotton, and summer tweed are billed high for the new season. Their "lines" and lengths are varied—some jackets are waist-length, others are longer and neatly belted. Blousing at the back is still popular. Skirts are fairly short to short, with, preferably, no kick pleats.



JACKET and dress of beige cotton - and - rayon tweed from Pierre Cardin shows new wide neck-line. The dress has wide belt. By Lucas. About 37 gns.

SUIT of Irish yarn - dyed linen in fine navy and white weave with classic neck-line, narrow belt, and bloused back. The skirt is slim and straight. By Croyde. About 31 guineas.



MIDDY SUIT in navy and white linen. The hip-length blouse fits comfortably over a slim skirt. Easy back is trimmed with a short, broad tab. By H. Gruenfeld Pty. About £19/19/-.



PRINTED suit in grey, green, white cotton has bloused jacket. By Shirt maker. About 15 gns.



LOOSE coat of the suit in ink-blue Irish linen has a deep collar. Skirt is on a high, shaped waistband. By Croyde. About 28 guineas.



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KINKARA is very much *your* cup of tea! So economical . . . so full-flavoured . . . so refreshing when you are tired or worried. To get the most from your teapot, buy Kinkara . . .

It's the
Most!



For gala occasions . . .

*Australian
Fashions*
• SPRING • SUMMER •

These six "occasion" gowns are among the clothes you can buy this season. They combine attractive fabrics and the newest trends.



• Swiss silk ensemble in muted colors has a swathed waist. By Elvie Hill. About £47.



• Flared gown of printed nylon with swathed bodice has a nylon slip. By Lucas. About £16/10/-.



• Black and white cotton sheath with high black satin bow. By Phillipa Frocks. About £18/18/-.



• Printed Swiss cotton in tones of red, gold, and green. There's fashion interest in the big, coach collar which takes the place of sleeves, and the high waist. By Phillipa Frocks. About £19/19/-.



• Black shantung (right) with a folded skirt, sash belt, separate collar. By H. Gruenfeld. About £27.



• Simple and glamorous dress of Italian pure silk in a diffused pastel print. The bodice is plain, the waistline easily belted. Fine pleats in the skirt break well above the hemline. By Croyde. About 36 gns.

Outfits for everyday

Showing some of the shop-available shirt and sheath dresses and a smart dress-and-jacket ensemble, all for everyday wear this season.



• Cool and casual cotton shirt-dress with woven stripes in tones of apricot and pale blue. By Sports Dejour. About £12/12/-.



• Printed nylon chiffon shirt-dress, (above left) about £15/15/-. Pink-and-white nylon sheer shirt style about £11. By J. J. Hilton Pty.



• Chic ensemble in brown-and-white printed pure silk. The dress has a draped tie at the waist, the jacket is straight. Both are lined. By Shirtmaker. About 25gns.



• Classic dress (left) is bone-colored Irish linen with guipure lace trim at the neck and hem at knee level. By Croyde. About 27gns.



• Short and smart belted sheath-dress in heavy cable-stitch nylon. The waist and neckband are elasticised. By Lucas. About £8/8/-.



• Pierre Cardin model (right) in boucle sheer in a fresh shade of bamboo. By Lucas. About 26gns.



how to find your own loveliness...

Potentially, every woman has more beauty than is obvious at face value. Remember the saying, "Beauty is more than skin deep?" But how do you reach that wonderful moment when you suddenly light up with glamour? The man who will help you to bring this transformation about is the man who has the greatest range of health and beauty aids... **YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST.** Not all beauty aids are cosmetics in the strictest sense. There is a tablet or a formula that will brighten your eyes or put a glow in your complexion, that will strengthen your fingernails or add to your general vitality. Whether it's an "ageing" look or a teenage acne problem — there's a formula the Family Chemist knows about, that can help. In "Straight Out" make-up, the family chemist can help, too. He knows which colour rinse will safely change your hair from mouse to gleaming, which cream will do double work as skin cover-up and nourishment, which drops will put a sparkle in your eyes... In powders and lipsticks he handles the widest range, all reliable brands, safe to use. And every other health and beauty aid is there, too, from sunlamps to pore astringent, nail files to nail polish. Re-evaluate your beauty possibilities. Ask the help of your Family Chemist.

ask your Family Chemist... he knows!

SHOPPING AT YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST COSTS NO MORE, EVEN WITH ALL THESE ADDED BENEFITS: Free Medicine, Hospital and Medical Benefits, Tax Deductible Medicines, Pensioners' and Repatriation Medical Scheme, and Sunday and Holiday Services. YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST INVITES YOU TO ENJOY RESCUE 8 ON 4TH7 EACH FRIDAY NIGHT AT 7.30 P.M.

An announcement of the Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia. ON BEHALF OF THE CHEMISTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Chance Meeting

A complete short story

By EDITH PARGETER

THE London train had scarcely slithered backwards into its bay when young Billy, with his shiny, choirboy face, came bustling down the platform in a fawn raincoat three sizes too big for him, the kind thrifty mothers buy "to last him," and he clambered demurely into the extreme forward coach.

Once aboard, he clambered with equal aplomb out through the door on the corridor side, leaving it wide open behind him, dropped to the track of the empty bay behind, screened from observation by the train he had left and the long curve of the line, and scuttled across it into the low bushes of the embankment.

"About time!" said Freddo, reaching out soiled, sweaty hands to haul him into cover. "Are the buses loose on the station? The old bloke didn't kick off, did he?" His hands were shaking as he pulled on the raincoat, and pocketed the ticket that was going to get him safely out of Mersham.

"On the barrier, but not inside. They'll be waiting at Paddington, you can bet. No, the old chap didn't croak, nothing up with him but concussion. They picked up Fats hopping a lift out on a lorry, but he won't say nothing."

Without the raincoat young Billy looked what he was, a gangling thirteen in threadbare flannels and lumber-jacket. He watched critically as Freddo turned up the collar of the coat about his scratched brown neck, and ran a comb tremulously through his dark hair. "You'll do. Better get aboard, before the early birds start arriving and somebody spots that door. How're you going to get clear the other end?"

"Drop off the train in that tunnel before the terminus. They always have a wait there. Have a look up the line for us, quick!"

"All clear! Go on, run for it!"

And Freddo ran. Any moment now the shopping women would be rolling down the platform in droves. He clawed his way up to the open door, sweating with nerves, cold and tremulous with sleeplessness.

If they'd pulled in Fats they'd got half the money back. Where Jonty'd got to with the rest nobody seemed to know, but Freddo hadn't got a thing out of the whole business except a night out in the bushes, and the prospect of three years in jug if he didn't pick up his feet pretty lively. He hauled himself aboard, pulled the door to after him, and leaned out to turn the handle, heaving a gasping sigh of relief.

The slightest of movements in the corridor made him swing round wildly, his breath stuck in his throat. And there she was, standing in a queerly hesitant manner in the doorway of the nearest compartment, not three yards from him, the earliest of the early birds.

Sixteen, maybe, fair, with big, soft, startled grey eyes staring at him, and a thin little thrusting, eager,

To page 40

The girl looked at Freddo with large, plaintive eyes as he handed her the magazine.



TED BATTEN

Clare was a shocking skier, so quite obviously it was no use to expect this paragon of the ski-jump to notice her at all—unless it was to make fun of her.

Beauty and the absolute beast

A complete short story by DAVID BEATY

A VOICE shouted, "Down! Down! Keep your head down!" As obediently as a well-trained dog, Clare Dalton again flopped flat. Her small straight nose nuzzled deep into soft, cold suds of snow. She heard ski sticks plop down close to her. The unfrozen corner of her left eye registered a momentary darkening of the bright blue Swiss sky as two long slices of satiny gold wood and a murderous red sweater hurtled by over her head.

She shivered. Desperately, she pressed herself further down, trying to make her body as water-thin as a shadow. She closed her eyes, and kept them squeezed tight shut. She listened.

Everything was once more quiet and peaceful. There was no more of the whooshing sound of skis. A very slight wind was gently fingering the green fur coats on the trees. Even deep down in the snow, she could smell the tang of the pine trees that figured so glossily in the Slazenberg Hotel brochure.

It was quite safe now, she told herself. High time to get up on her two feet and start enjoying her holiday again.

She raised her head and opened her eyes. Four hundred yards farther down the slope she saw the object that had just missed her, and she shivered again. A hulking figure of a man, snow sprouting from his skis like twin white exhausts, was doing a Stem Christie (or was it downhill Christiana?) to the right.

She tried to stop her teeth from chattering. "What's the matter with you?" she asked herself irritably. "He missed you, didn't he?"

Briskly, she picked herself up out of her snow rut. Both her ankles were hurting from her fall. Her sheath-like black ski suit had collected a heavy decoration of glittering silver sequins.

As she slid cautiously down the slope, dead slow, placing her skis in the elementary V-shape of the snow plough braking action—the sole product of the one ski-ing lesson she had managed to afford last year—she was thinking that the least he might have done would have been to stop and help her up. For all he knew, she might have been really hurt.

Unsteadily, nearly overbalancing again in the final slowing down, she stopped at the trees and unfastened her skis. With relief, she felt the ground steady through her boots, and looked without affection at the slippery instruments of torture that lay beside her; the things that carried her off like the red shoes in the fairy tale, so that she just couldn't stop. In that story, she remembered unfortunately, the poor girl had to have her feet cut off.

Of course, in a way, it had been her own fault. It had been too ambitious to try the long run. That was a slope really reserved for experienced skiers. The practice slopes which had a gentle nursery descent were the place for beginners. Just as Alleen's Jump, the precipice-sided slope at the back of the hotel, was for the experts.

Merely looking down it yesterday, its steep white flank falling nearly five hundred feet, had been enough to make her head whirl with dizziness.

She leant against the trunk of one of the pine trees, and gradually recovered her breath. The winded feeling that had filled her whole body very slowly left her. She felt well enough to put the skis on again and to slide gingerly down the remainder of the slope.

Red Sweater flashed past her again. An enthusiast, obviously. All the same, even to her inexperienced eyes, there was no doubt about it—he was good. She watched him whirl round in a final burst of speed, throwing up a great steam of snow round him, as though he were on fire.

The snow subsided. He was standing stockstill. To Clare's eyes he looked very large. And at every cautious sliding second he got larger and larger. She could see a jaw that came out like a branch of a pine tree. His hair was black and cut rather short.

Clare had met that pattern of man before. They liked games (usually Rugger). They weren't over-bright. But they were very kind, very chivalrous to women. He would be waiting to say, "I'm awfully sorry." Then he'd laugh (they always had rather nice laughs), and add disarmingly, "Just couldn't stop in time!"

Unconsciously, she introduced a difficult limping variation into her ski-ing. As she got nearer, she looked confidently for the gentle apologetic blue eyes to make themselves visible.

But they didn't. Before she was near enough to see what color his eyes were her ideas on large men in red sweaters

were shattered into small pieces. "You!" a loud voice husky with undisguised anger was shouting, "You in the white thingumajig!"

The slope gave way to level snow. Clare stopped. His eyes weren't blue. They were grey. Slate-grey. Steel-grey. Icily, she asked, "Are you referring to me?"

"I certainly am!" Clare Dalton planted her ski sticks firmly into the ground, hung on to them hard, and drew herself up to fully five feet four. "I don't think we've met, Mr. —?"

"You're a public nuisance! Why don't you stick to the beginners' slope?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. —?"

"I should think so, too! I could have come a cropper!"

"You could have been hurt?" Clare gave a short incredulous laugh. "What about me?"

"Oh, that! You were perfectly safe. Just did a jump turn over you." For a moment his lips smiled, as though he were remembering, giving a glimpse of very white teeth, before he shut them again firmly into one straight, firm line. "It's your sitmark I'm talking about!"

"My what?" He gave a long sigh. "In words of one syllable . . . the deep hole you made half-way up the hill. In ski-ing language . . . sitmark." He spoke to her in the maddeningly patient way reserved by adults for rather backward children. "It's important to fill it in. Coming down just now, I nearly fell into it."

"I fell down," Clare Dalton said with emphasis. "Both my ankles were hurt, and I wouldn't be surprised if my left ankle . . ."

"You beginners must fill in—"

Limping away from him, Clare Dalton began to tramp a herring-bone pattern in the snow towards the ski-post.

"Did you hear what I said?" Red Sweater said in implacable tones, coming on just behind her. "You beginners—"

But this time the girl interrupted him. "I don't think much of your Stem Christie."

"You don't?"

"Very untidy! And you're crouching too much on your schussing."

"I am?"

"And from my position below you, on that jump turn you weren't getting your skis nearly vertical enough."

Red Sweater gave her a quizzical sideways glance. "I wasn't?"

Together, they stopped. They had reached the ski-hoist. Clare paid her money. The man just nodded at Red Sweater. Together they walked on to the tiny platform.

"Quite an expert!" Red Sweater said smoothly. "So this isn't the first time you've been here?"

"No," Clare Dalton said quite truthfully. "No . . . it isn't!"

"That fall just now. You slipped, I suppose? A bit of ice, perhaps?"

"That's right."

"Could happen to anyone."

"Of course."

"I'm sorry." The look on Red Sweater's face was truly penitent. "I've misjudged you. Ankle bad?"

Clare screwed up her face into a wince of pain. "Ankle not good."

The ski-hoist was one of those power-driven never-ending chains, equipped with bright yellow anchors at intervals. These moved forward jerkily and were hung from a powerful spring. The idea was that one person sat on each hook of the anchor, and the two bodies kept the spring extended by their combined weight.

Secretly, Clare was scared to death of it.

A vacant anchor approached, lolling jauntily from side to side. Red Sweater seized it, and settled himself on one of the hooks. "Are you all right?"

"Not quite."

The ski-hoist gave a lurch forward. "Here . . . better take my arm."

The hoist gave another movement. Wildly, Clare clutched a left handful of red wool and a right handful of cold steel. In a very undignified manner, she was transported up thirty feet of incline, before another lull allowed her at last to settle herself on her side of the anchor.

"All right?"

"Now I am."

Their skis, now side by side and with no weight on them, made gentle hissing sounds through the steep snow.

"Awkward things . . . ski-hoists," Red Sweater said. "But there are worse places to introduce yourself. My name's Dick Worth."

"Mine's Clare Dalton."

"Nice meeting you."

The conversation marked time with the ski-hoist. It stopped. It jerked. It started again.

"Hard luck about your ankle."

"Oh, well, it might have been worse."

"These things happen."

"They certainly do."

"Even to the best skiers."

They reached the top. Getting off was always far worse than getting on.

"That ankle of yours," Dick Worth said sympathetically, as he helped her up from the snow. "It must be very painful!"

She gave him a brave smile.

"I was going to suggest we went down together."

She shook her head. "I think I'll have to take things easy."

"Of course," he said. "Wise girl!"

Clare stayed at the top of the slope for the next hour, watching the ski-ing. Far below her was the little village clustered round the thin lance-shaped spire of the church, now glittering silver in the afternoon sun.

All sorts and sizes and colors of sweaters and ski-suits were schussing down the slope, but her eyes were continually watching for that big flash of red. He waved to her twice. Just before she left, he called out to her, "Ankle any better?"

But she just shook her head mournfully, and went on her way.

He repeated the question next morning at breakfast, in the panelled dining-room, from his table by the window. And whenever he saw her for the next two days he continued to be very solicitous.

He'd come over in the lounge, where he would be drinking hot glühwein after ski-ing, surrounded by a bevy of three sophisticated creatures, blonde, brunette, and redhead, whose sole vocabulary seemed to be the two words, "Dick, darling." He'd give her a pleasant smile and say, "Now how's that ankle?"

Coming back from a run on Thursday afternoon, he caught sight of her gingerly descending the nursery slope. "Taking it gently, eh?" he said. "Sensible thing to do."

And later that evening, as he passed her table at dinner, he stopped and turned a worried face to hers. "That ankle seems to be bothering you more than it should. Don't you think you should see a doctor?"

Clare shook her head vigorously. "It's nothing, really," she said. "Such a silly thing to happen to me."

"Must get it better by Saturday." He gave her a cryptic smile. "Now, mustn't we?" And he moved on to his table by the window.

Clare wondered what was so important about Saturday. But only vaguely. As she ate her roast chicken, she was more occupied with glancing over towards that corner of the dining-room where Dick Worth was sitting.

She'd learnt quite a lot about him. From the porter. From the little man with the pointed beard in the ski shop that smelt of waxed wood. From other guests who'd been friendly and only too anxious to point out the celebrities.

The blond creature was Frieda Haussmann, the European ski champion; the redhead was Miss Penelope Buckland, winner of the Women's Slalom; and the brunette—well, she wasn't so famous, but she had something to do with films, and wasn't she pretty?

And Dick Worth? He was the son of a well-known London economist. He'd just finished a post-graduate course at Oxford, but that was brushed aside as unimportant. He was also a Rugger and Cricket Blue, a first-class swimmer, and an accomplished ski-jumper. Not bad, eh?

"Not bad at all," said Clare Dalton sadly.

On Friday he seemed more anxious about the ankle than ever. He met her just by the ski-hoist, and said, "Not ski-ing properly yet? I say, this won't do, you know."

"It's getting better."

"But tomorrow's Saturday!"

"Oh," she said. She wasn't really listening. He had a wandering sort of smile that travelled up from his lips, and

made all his face come out in laughter lines. And his eyes weren't grey. Queer how light deceives you. They were blue, after all. Sky-blue. Mediterranean-blue. Just like her own.

"You'll be all right by tomorrow?" he persisted.
"All right by tomorrow?" she repeated. He was probably planning a tour, a ride, perhaps even a dance. The future had suddenly turned into a colorful vista of red sweaters and blue eyes and long straight shoulders. "Oh," she added, quite simply and truthfully, "I couldn't feel better than I do already!"

He seemed terribly pleased. He said, "That's my girl!"
And off he went, whoosh down the slope, a fast red zigzag against the glistening white snow.

She saw him again, just before dinner that evening. In the bar. Once more surrounded by the bevy.

He came over specially to speak to her. The smile on his face was specially friendly. The smile on Clare Dalton's face was specially friendly, too.

"I saved you the trouble," he said.

"You have?"

"I knew you wouldn't want to miss it—now you're fit."

"Of course I wouldn't. All the same, it was nice of you."

"I was putting my own name down—so, as I had my pen out, I put yours down, too."

Clare sat up suddenly and said, "What for?"

He looked surprised. "The Speed Trials down Alleyn's Jump. They're being held tomorrow. Women at two o'clock sharp. So don't be late!"

Clare Dalton gave him a look that travelled from the highest hair on the top of his head right the way down to the large black toes of his shoes. So this was why he'd been so concerned about her ankle—when all the time it was he who'd stung her

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*Returning from a run one afternoon,
Dick met Clare cautiously descending
the nursery slope.*

Illustrated by Boothroyd

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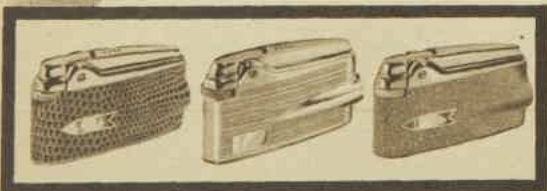
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A Hero for Leanda

STRANDED in an African port when his yacht is wrecked, Irishman MIKE CONWAY undertakes a dangerous but lucrative mission. He is asked by VICTOR METAXAS, a millionaire and Spyros patriot, to sail across the Indian Ocean to the British island of Heureuse to rescue ALEXANDER KASTELLA, the exiled liberation leader of Spyros. LEANDA SOPHOULIS, a beautiful and fanatic follower of Kastella, goes with him.

They pose as wealthy newlyweds on a leisurely honeymoon and go to Mombasa to pick up a yacht from PAUL IONIDES, another agent of Metaxas, who helps them plan the voyage to

Heureuse and back with Kastella.

After an uneventful trip they arrive at Heureuse and contact Kastella. They successfully kidnap him and sail away before the hue and cry goes up. All goes well, with Kastella doing his share of work and learning to handle the yacht.

One day, while Leanda is preparing drinking water from chemicals and salt water, a sudden swing of the boom knocks the box of chemicals overboard, and with horror they realise they are seven hundred miles from their next port of call and have no way of making more supplies of fresh water. NOW READ ON:

THE instant Conway realised what happened he let go of the sheet and leapt for the gunwale. The box had already disappeared swallowed up in the dark sea. For a second he continued to gaze down in horror. Then he turned to Leanda. "That's done it," he said softly.

"Mike, I wasn't expecting it," Leanda stood biting her lips, trying not to cry. "Mike, what are we going to do?"

Kastella appeared in the lighted doorway of the saloon. "What's the trouble, Leanda? I've dropped all the cubes into the sea. The things we use to make drinking water." "Well, we've got some other water, I suppose."

"Five gallons," Conway said, "in the emergency tank."

"Five gallons! You mean that's all—the whole ship?"

"A little less, if anything. I used some during the night."

Kastella's face darkened with anger. He turned venomously on Leanda. "Do you



Kastella reveals his true colors — concluding our exciting serial by ANDREW GARVE

realise what your clumsiness may cost us?" "Shut up!" Conway said roughly. "It wasn't Leanda's fault. It was mine if it was anybody's—I should have foreseen it. . . . Anyway, it's done. Cursing isn't going to help."

There was a short silence. Then Kastella said in a quieter tone, "How long will five gallons last us?"

"It depends on the weather. . . . Four or five days, perhaps. Maybe six, with a bit of discomfort."

"And we've seven hundred miles to go." Conway stared at him. "You surely don't imagine we can go on?"

"Of course we must go on."

Conway shook his head. "It's out of the question."

"But we've no alternative, Conway. We'll have to make a dash for it—use the engine to get as far as possible as quickly as possible, and hope for rain to eke out our water at the end of the trip."

"You're crazy," Conway said. "We've fuel for two days' steaming—say four hundred miles. That would still leave us three hundred miles out in the ocean. We'd be at the mercy of the doldrums—which could easily mean no progress and no rain. We certainly couldn't count on rain. Remember what it was like before the storm—a blistering flat calm? In these latitudes you can spend days like that. Weeks, if you're unlucky."

"We'll have to risk that. . . . Leanda, you agree, don't you? You know how important it is."

"You're wasting your breath," Conway said. "To try to cross this ocean with five gallons of water for three people would be only just short of suicide—and a damned unpleasant death it could be, too! Why, man, I can drink two gallons a day on my own when it's very hot—and still feel thirsty. You must be off your head."

Leanda said, "I read somewhere about a man who drank ordinary sea-water for quite a long time, and survived."

"He was a superman. We're not going to drink sea-water. And we're definitely not going on."

"Then what are we going to do?" Kastella asked. "You're not suggesting we go back to Heuresel?"

"I shouldn't think that'll be necessary," Conway said. "Just a moment while I get these sails off, then we'll have a look at the chart."

He cleared up on deck and then joined the others in the saloon. Leanda had already found the chart of the islands and spread it out on the table. Conway studied it for a while in silence, watched broodingly by Kastella.

"Well," he said at last, "my suggestion is that we make for Victoria." He indicated a small island on the north-western edge of the group. "It's the nearest bit of land to us—I make it about two hundred and

thirty miles—and there's a copra-trading station there. That means water."

"It also means a radio station," Kastella said, "and an English manager who'll know all about me and about this ship, and who'll have a staff to do what he tells them. Far from getting any water, we shouldn't be allowed to leave."

"If we timed our arrival properly we wouldn't be seen," Conway said. "I'm not proposing we should sail straight up to the jetty in daylight. We'd have to go in at night and anchor in some quiet spot off the coast and do a bit of prospecting. With luck we might easily find a well on the edge of the settlement. Even if we only found a stream or a pond, it would do—we could always boil the stuff."

"What would we carry it in?" Leanda asked. "We haven't got anything on board except buckets, and that would mean a lot of journeys. . . . And we still wouldn't have anywhere to store it."

"I dare say we'd find something ashore," Conway said. "Some of these native huts have old tanks outside to catch rain-water. We'd have to help ourselves."

"And probably rouse the whole place," Kastella said.

"We'd have to be careful."

Kastella slowly shook his head. "I don't like it at all."

"I don't like it myself," Conway said. "I've an interest in you, too, don't forget—quite a big one. I'm only suggesting this because I think it's the best hope."

"There's a great risk I'd be caught."

"There's a risk we'd all be caught."

Kastella gave a thin smile. "You don't seem to understand, Conway—for me this isn't just a question of a few weeks in gaol for a passport offence. My country's future is at stake. If I were recaptured now, everything might be lost. The failure would have a crushing effect on our cause. It would be worse than if I'd never escaped. . . ."

Leanda said, "But, Alex, if there's no alternative. . . ."

Kastella looked at Conway. "Give me your honest opinion—what do you think our chances really are of getting enough water for our needs and leaving without being discovered?"

Conway shrugged. "It's a tough question. I don't know what the situation will be. But I'd have thought there was a fifty-fifty chance."

Kastella was silent for a long while. Finally he said, "Well, in that case, I suppose we'd better make for Victoria."

The wind freshened a little during the night, and by dawn Thalia had logged thirty miles on a north-easterly course. Kastella merely grunted when Conway told him. He was in a black, shut-in mood, and at breakfast he barely spoke. Conway tried

to take his mind off their misfortune by calling him to the tiller and giving him another sailing lesson. Surprisingly, he did better than before—so much so that Conway left him to it for an hour, with Leanda watching over him, and spent the time with the island chart, working out the best line of approach to Victoria and planning a provisional time-table. Then the wind gradually died away, and he had to start the engine. They motored all morning over a quiet sea.

It was shortly before noon that Leanda, from the coach-roof, suddenly called, "Mike, I think I can see another boat!" and pointed over the port bow. Conway looked ahead in surprise. This was about the last place he'd have expected to meet anything. But Leanda was right—there was a tiny black dot on the sea. Presently he gave the helm to Kastella and went below to get his binoculars.

"She looks like a small fishing-boat," he said after a moment. "I wonder what she's doing so far from the banks."

"We'd better keep clear of her," Kastella said.

"Why, she might be able to let us have some water. Then we wouldn't need to go to Victoria."

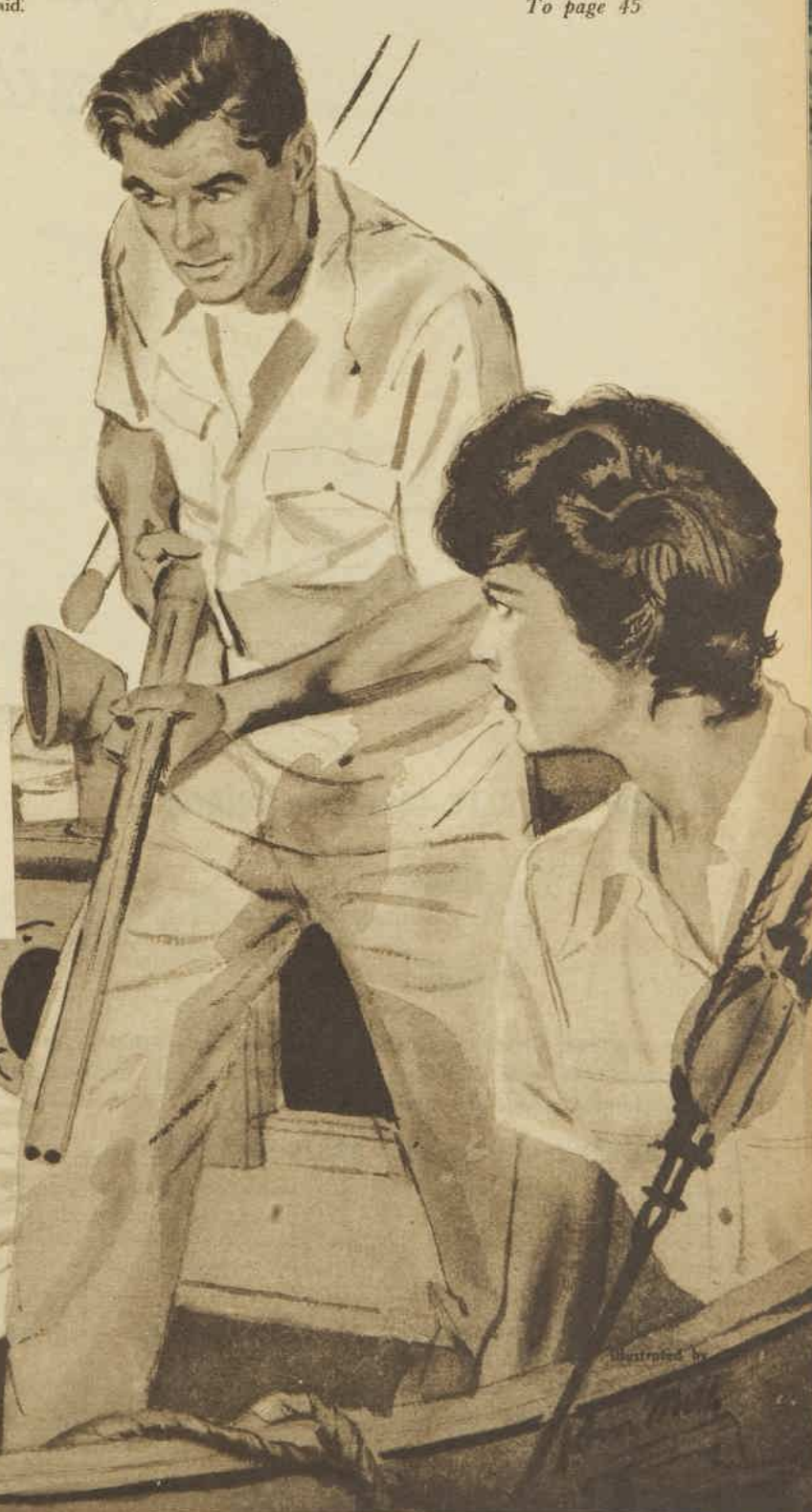
Kastella stared at him. Slowly his face brightened.

"That's a good idea, Conway. I hadn't thought of it." He altered course to port, and put on speed.

As the gap narrowed and the boat grew larger, Conway examined her again through the glasses. "She's been in trouble," he said. "Lost her foremast, by the look of it." He continued to study her. "Do you know, I believe she's that ketch we saw soon after we left the islands. She must have been blown out here by the gale."

They closed her rapidly. Now they could see two people in the bows, waving—two negroes, an elderly man and a younger one. As Thalia drew nearer, an enormous negress appeared from below, with two small children, a boy and a girl. They were all waving madly, and it was easy to see why. The ketch had taken a savage beating. The foremast was snapped off short, leaving a

To page 45



Kastella held the gun menacingly between Mike and Leanda, and for a moment the only sound was a wail from the drifting ketch.



5 new ways to make delicious

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Method: Combine all the dry ingredients in a good-sized mixing bowl. Mix well. Melt Copha gently. Pour into dry ingredients and mix. Spoon into paper cake containers and allow to set.

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Choco-Mint Crackles — Spread chocolate mixture $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick on waxed paper. Stand in refrigerator while preparing frosting.

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K779

Flowers for my love

By AUDRIE
MANLEY-TUCKER

GINNY FORRESTER walked gaily down the street, too much in love to notice that it was raining and the wind had an icy edge.

Roy had asked her to marry him, the previous evening, so the wet pavements were rosy clouds over which she sped on winged feet. Only when she arrived at the shop did she remember that Mrs. Whitney had gone to London for the day and left her in charge.

Yesterday, being left in charge of "The Flower Basket" would have made her feel important; today, that fact took second place.

She began to check the delivery list. Perhaps if she had been a little less in love, a little more aware of the world around her, she wouldn't have been so careless about affixing the labels to a couple of her orders.

Mark Weston came into the shop on his way to the office.

He looked what he was — a young man on his way to the top. But he was still such a long way from the top that even thinking about Sue Malory the way he did was sheer madness.

He had been in love with her for months; it was an expensive business, because a girl like Sue needed the best restaurants, the best theatre and cinema seats, as a background to her delicate, porcelain charm.

He wasn't the only man who felt that way about her, he reminded himself; Sue was the most popular girl in the town. She was a successful model and people prophesied a star-dusted career for her.

"A dozen red roses, please," he said to Ginny. He took two crisp new notes from his wallet without a second glance. "Send them to Miss Susan Malory, Flat Seven, Tina Mansions."

Ginny obediently wrote the name and address in her order book and promised to have them delivered by lunch-time.

Mark looked at the theatre tickets in his wallet; he simply didn't add up the cost of Sue's birthday.

His smile was rueful when he thought of the best he could offer her: a semi-detached, a temperamental second-hand car, a salary that might run to a week in Paris once a year, if they were careful.

Sue knew plenty of men who could offer much more, but she seemed to enjoy his company, and was kind-hearted enough to tell him that she liked little restaurants and didn't need the most expensive cinema seats.

Every time he was on the point of telling her he loved her, he would remember his salary.

Charles Oliver came into the shop as Mark left it.

Ginny thought absently that he looked distinguished, with those wings of grey at his dark temples; and he had the air of a man unused to being in a florist's shop.

Certainly he was more at home in an office. In fact, Marjorie had remarked rather bitterly that his world was bounded by an office desk — an unfair accusation, he thought, when all his hard work was for her. After fifteen years of marriage, did she really expect him to be romantic?

But today was their wedding anniversary; and, as usual, he had forgotten it, until she had reminded him quietly, as he bent to kiss her goodbye this morning.

The unspoken reproach in her voice made him feel both guilty and thankful.

"I'll see if I can get seats for the



Illustrated by Johnson

Perhaps if Ginny had been a little less in love, a little more aware of the world around her, she wouldn't have been so careless about fixing the labels to the orders.

new show at the Embassy," he promised hastily.

She was a pale, rather colorless woman wearing hardly any make-up and her fine hair caught casually back into a small bun.

Marjorie hardly heard him. She began to clear the breakfast table, her reminder no more than a token protest against a humdrum marriage.

Charles' conscience pricked him a little. Outside "The Flower Basket" he paused, remembering that most women enjoyed having flowers sent to them. And Marjorie loved hyacinths.

"Have you any hyacinths?" he asked Ginny abruptly.

Dreamily, she held up a bowl filled with pink spikes in full bloom, their perfume heady and sweet.

"Oh!" He was taken aback. "I mean cut flowers."

"Not these," she said. "These come in bowls."

"All right." He took out his wallet. "Send them to Mrs. Oliver, Pear Trees, Moordowne Avenue."

Ginny scribbled down the name and address.

Darling, she thought happily; I haven't long to wait; then I'll see you again. . . . When she closed the shop at one o'clock, Roy would be waiting to take her out to lunch.

Joe was waiting to load up the little green van, and Ginny's mind held only Roy — and a diamond ring — as she hastily labelled the hyacinths and the roses.

Sue was ready when Mark arrived that evening; it was one of her nicest traits that she never kept her escorts waiting.

"Happy birthday, Sue!" He kissed her lightly, and followed her into the flat.

It was full of roses — pink ones, red ones, white ones. And

in the centre of the glass-topped table, a pot of hyacinths. Amused, Mark wondered who on earth had sent Sue such a homely gift.

Sue sniffed the pale, curled petals, and lifted a radiant face to him.

"Dear Mark!" she said softly. "Doing the unconventional thing! Buying hyacinths, instead of roses. Bless you—how did you know?"

"Know what?" he stammered. "That they're my favorite flowers. They remind me of home. Mother grew the loveliest hyacinths—bowls of them, pink, blue, white—every color you can imagine. The house smelt wonderful in spring. But no one ever gave me hyacinths, until today!"

He put his arms around her—carefully, as though he was afraid she might break. He groped gently towards understanding, still out of his depth.

"So you like hyacinths?" "Isn't that what I'm telling you? Anybody can send roses, because they look exclusive; it takes a man with understanding to send a girl a bowl of hyacinths!"

He drew a deep breath; looked over his shoulder at the flowers, and gathered courage.

"That's about all I could afford, if you married me. A little house that we won't own for years, a second-hand car, no wonderful clothes—and a meal in a decent restaurant once in a blue moon!"

"Every anniversary will be often enough," she said dreamily. "I've been trying to show you for months that the expensive etceteras don't mean a thing, so long as I have you—and hyacinths every spring."

"Supposing," he said carefully, "I had sent roses—say a dozen red ones?"

"Then you would have been just like everyone else—sending me a present that didn't mean anything."

As soon as I saw your flowers, I knew they had a special message."

Later, he looked at the flowers and reflected that, expensive though they had been, they were worth the money he had handed over the counter of "The Flower Basket."

A pity, he reflected regretfully, that he would never know who had received one dozen red roses, meant for Miss Sue Malory.

Charles made an effort and arrived home from the office slightly earlier than usual.

There were no theatre tickets to be had, and Marjorie would say, "I told you so," in a flat, rather tired little voice. They would eat a meal for two, read, look at television, go to bed.

Perhaps it wasn't an exciting way to spend an anniversary. But he would give Marjorie a cheque—a reasonably big one—to buy herself whatever she wanted.

As soon as he stepped into the hall, he knew that something was different.

Marjorie sped, gay as a girl, down the stairs, in a new, rustling, paper-thin taffeta that was a wonderful shade of red; the little bun was replaced by a froth of curls.

"Darling, oh, darling!" She kissed him, and smiled happily.

"They were lovely. What a beautiful extravagance—a dozen red roses! Just like those I carried in my wedding bouquet, and I thought you'd forgotten, long ago!"

"Roses?" he said cautiously.

"Charles, don't pretend that you didn't send them!" She was laughing, her cheek against his. "It's years since I had roses from you, darling! And I got around to thinking about our marriage, after they arrived. I'm letting it get stale; being too busy for glamor. Look at me!" She stepped back ex-

citedly. "I'm starting all over again! That kind of present demanded a new dress. Then I looked at my hair and let them cut it to bits; and I bought a new lipstick—oh, and dinner's special, too."

He followed her thoughtfully into the dining-room; the candles were lit, the wine decanted, she had set out the hand-made lace mats and the best silver. In the centre of the table stood a bowl filled with crimson roses.

"Perhaps I think too much about the office, Marjorie. I could relax—we'll go out more, have fun!" He grinned ruefully. "No theatre tickets for tonight though—that's a bad start!"

"It doesn't matter. We'll stay at home."

"We will not," he said emphatically. "We can still go somewhere and dance, can't we?"

He kissed her again, and she murmured something about a chicken in the oven that needed attention. She was gone, leaving a tantalising echo of perfume, and Charles stroked his chin thoughtfully.

Somewhere there had been a mistake; although he certainly had value for his money, in every sense of the word. He would have to go into "The Flower Basket" and sort things out.

However, he decided against doing that, after all; Marjorie might discover the truth if he made inquiries, he wasn't going to risk that—not now, when she had begun to look like the girl he had married.

It was wonderful what a bunch of red roses could do for a woman, he thought soberly.

He took a rose from the bowl and stuck it jauntily in his button-hole, sending up a small, silent prayer that Marjorie would never discover his anniversary present to her had been a pot of hyacinths.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1959

Page 29

A short short story complete on this page

stepped back ex-

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The most bitter pill to swallow

ABOUT eight weeks after returning from hospital, following an operation, I received a chemist's bill for more than £2. It listed tablets and capsules (no mention of how many or what kind), and 2/6 was charged for a patent room freshener preparation. No one informed me I would have to meet a chemist's account. Checking with my own chemist the prices of the items charged, I realise I have been thoroughly "got at." Make no mistake, the patient is left wide open to be slugged!

£1/1/- to "More Than Disgruntled" (name supplied), Lower Mitcham, S.A.

What of mankind?

SOON it will be Royal Show time again in Victoria, with judges coming from overseas to say of our stock: "This cow is good for leather... this one for meat... while these others are good as milkers." No one will think this is tomfoolery. But what about our boys leaving school? They don't know what they are good for; neither do mothers who have nursed them for years. Their fathers also know little or nothing about them. Many begin work, then have to go back to school to "find themselves." Is it not time we knew something about man and the work he is most suited for, instead of going through life blindly?

£1/1/- to Mr. W. F. Corfield, Lower Ferntree Gully, Vic.

Silence of shame

WHEN the breadwinner of a family dies unexpectedly, neighbors usually rally with assistance, sympathy, and understanding. Yet, when a man deserts his wife and family, people look the other way in hushed silence. Couldn't a little more friendliness be extended? The children who have to go through life "fatherless" have a feeling of shame, too.

£1/1/- to "Sympathiser" (name supplied), Ashburton, Vic.

Why so glum?

A POLISH visitor recently asked me why all the people here looked so unhappy. Shocked and amazed, I then spent about an hour watching lunchtime crowds in a busy Adelaide street, without seeing one really happy face. Surely Australians living in this wonderful country are not as glum as they appear. What about more smiles instead of frowns, fellow Aussies?

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Ellery, Hove, S.A.

Calling all cities

A LOT of good work is done for children in the outback, but what about those out from kiddies living in lighthouse? Books, comics, and letters from city children would brighten their lives. Paperback novels and magazines sent to their parents, too, would make lighthouse families feel the job they do is appreciated by a few of the thousands who benefit from their being "out front."

£1/1/- to Miss Jacqueline West, Cape Cleveland Lighthouse, c/o Sub-Collector of Customs, Townsville, Qld.

Polish problem

OUR small sons made a mess when cleaning their shoes until my father came to the rescue. He cut a piece of flywire to the size of the imprint into the polish. Now just the right amount is collected by the shoebrush.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Barbara E. Clarke, Salisbury North, S.A.

Thanks that last

I OFTEN wonder why those in charge of presentations to artists at charity and church functions always give a spray or bouquet of flowers to express their appreciation. Beautiful though flowers are, in a few days they are gone forever. How satisfying it would be for the artist to have a collection of butter-dishes, vases, even handkerchiefs with notes of thanks attached. Just enough to be able to say, years later, "I received all those for singing." When one's singing days are over, there is nothing except a few newspaper cuttings to show one's grandchildren.

£1/1/- to "Warbler" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

BABIES AT PARTIES

● In our issue of 5/8/59, "How Cruel Can You Be?" said that thumb and dummy sucking infants were the victims of an anxiety neurosis caused by having to attend noisy evening entertainment with their parents—instead of being left in a peaceful cot. Some readers reply:

CONFIRMATION.—When my husband and I arrived at a party recently we were considered old-fashioned to have left our three-week-old baby at home with her grandmother, instead of bringing her with us to be passed round for inspection, gushed over by beery breaths, dumped on somebody's bed, and expected to go to sleep to the accompaniment of shuffling feet and blaring music.

£1/1/- to "Bye-bye, Baby" (name supplied), Penhurst, N.S.W.

"MORE OF IT."—"How Cruel Can You Be?" need not fear Australia breeding "a race of gibbering idiots." Look at our world-famous medicos, artists, and sportsmen. If they are the products of parents who take them to keg parties during infancy, then there should be more of it!

£1/1/- to J. McDougall, Norman Park, Brisbane.

COMFORT.—My three children sucked their thumbs from infancy—not because they suffered from anxiety neurosis or attended keg parties. Their thumbs just seemed to be a comfort to them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Pailthorpe, Kaepowar, via Gladstone, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

PLUGS — for sinks, basins, and baths — are small things. But they can cause more annoyance, for their size, than almost anything except mosquitoes.

Look at the sink-plugs in holiday cottages. They are slightly too big so that you knock them out while you are washing the dishes. The hot water, that you slowly heated on the primus runs away, and you have to heat some more, muttering "Oh, bother! Dash it!" and other comments.

One of the most alarming things I have heard about Russia is that the hotels have no bath or basin plugs at all. It is almost too horrible to think about.

If there was any department, I imagined, where America would have the Russians licked, it would be plugs.

Yet on my recent visit to the U.S.A. I was shocked to find they are not all that much ahead.

In San Francisco I was allotted a fine, roomy hotel room with an amazing number of reading lamps. A dozen students could have studied

PLUG UGLY

comfortably there for exams — though I am glad to say that they did not.

The trouble began when I went into the bathroom.

The shower was over the bath, an arrangement I don't like much. Intending to have a shower, I stepped into the bath. At once I skidded and fell on my back.

I lay in the bath half-stunned,



wondering if I had broken something and ruined my 'American visit.

I learned afterwards that all Australians fall down like this in baths in San Francisco. They are the most slippery baths in America.

When I felt a little better I set about having a shave. I put the plug in the hole in the basin and ran some hot water. But a minute later all the water had gone away.

It was an old, worn rubber plug that had grown too small for its job. I just had to run some more hot water, and then some more.

Nevertheless, my San Francisco plug was better than the one in my wash-basin in Los Angeles.

This was one so worn that in order to make it grip I had to push it some distance down the plug-hole.

When I had washed, I tugged the chain attached to the plug. But it pulled out of the rubber and left the plug stuck down the hole.

I tried for a while to pull it out with a pencil. All I could do was knock it sideways, so that the water ran slowly past it. For all I know it is still down the hole. It was a real horror of a plug—the kind the landlord of any N.S.W. seaside cottage would be proud to install.

I turned on the air-conditioning and the TV in my Los Angeles bedroom, but they didn't quite restore my confidence in the American way of life. There is a hole in it that needs to be plugged.



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

* Windswept Tasman Island lies off the southern tip of the Tasman Peninsula, on Tasmania's rugged south-east coast. The island's dolerite cliffs rise almost 900 feet above the sea. A one-mile strait separates the island from Cape Pillar on the mainland. Supplies and mail for the three families who man the lighthouse are sent by fishing-boat from Hobart once a week and landed by flying-fox. This picture by Graeme Jones, of Sandy Bay, Tas., shows the island surrounded by calm seas. In stormy weather, however, it is often hidden by the wild sea spray.

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You must learn to meet his emotional needs

THERE'S A MAN FOR EVERY WOMAN

Part 5

Continuing the series from the book
by DR. RICHARD H. KLEMER

● *The real and underlying reason why a man will fall in love with you is because you have demonstrated a greater ability than any other person to meet his emotional needs.*

BEING the sweetest, kindest, gentlest person in the world, being the most beautiful, the most glamorous, the best dressed, or the most intelligent, the wittiest, the most brilliant conversationalist—all these will help to make a man love you, but are not enough if you cannot meet his emotional needs.

What are these needs men have?

First there is a large group of physical needs or drives which are common to the species.

Hunger, self-preservation, warmth and shelter, and sleep and sex are basic and elemental ones.

It almost goes without saying that to be loved any woman is going to have to recognise the existence of these physical needs as well as the emotional ones.

But let's be clear on one thing. Sometimes these so-called basic needs are put aside in the interest of conforming to some cultural pattern or some spiritual desire.

Men go on long fasts and they take vows of celibacy because of beliefs they learned in their cultures. They even kill themselves in contradiction of the most basic natural instinct to satisfy some cultural belief. Apparently, we can sometimes alter most physical drives if we want to badly enough.

It should also be pointed out that no one necessarily gives his affection because someone satisfies one of the particular basic drives.

A man doesn't fall in love with the cook at his favorite restaurant because she makes a good curry. Nor with the landlady because she provides his place to sleep. Nor—and this is important—with a particular woman because she meets his physical need for sex.

Clearly, there are some psychological needs and drives which are more powerful than the physical ones in the inducement of love.

But sometimes after love has been induced the delightful encouragement and satisfaction of the basic physical needs by a woman who has finesse and understanding can contribute to the growth and continuance of that love.

Self-sacrifice

What is undoubtedly more important to the development of the love relationship in the early stages is meeting the inner emotional needs that men have gone on learning from the moment of birth.

There are many of these needs. Among the more important are the needs for recognition, response, security, and new experience.

A little self-sacrificing to the point of earning a man's love first will pay off in the end. For, ordinarily when someone begins to love you, he will then spend his time trying his level best to meet your emotional needs.

But there is a major question yet to be answered. How do we tell what the other person's important needs are?

If you are introduced to a tall, handsome Greek-god type of man who is quite obviously popular and manifestly self-sufficient, he may seem very secure and capable.

It may be hard to see how he could need any recognition, response, security, or new experience that you could provide.

The biggest part of the problem is that there appear to be great differences in the way various individuals express the same need.

A man who has never had any embarrassment or difficulty in having a particular need satisfied may still be able to express that need openly and directly.

The situation is confused when a man has been ridiculed or corrected because of a need.

Then he develops all kinds of devices for trying to hide the need even while he is desperately eager to have it satisfied. Often he may have needs which have been so repressed and disguised that he himself doesn't recognise they exist.

This can work for you as well as against you.

While the efforts of the man to hide his needs often complicate your problem, sometimes you will be able to see them even when he can't. Then you will be able to anticipate his desires and you will be even more wonderful in his eyes.

Fortunately, many women have acquired a so-called intuition.

Many psychologists now think this is a manifestation of women's more intensive study of people. By your deeper analytic interest in the behaviour of other human beings, you have developed an ability to recognise facial cues and intonations of voice to an extent which men can only envy.

By further developing this perceptive ability you can become very clever in distinguishing the emotional needs of a man.

You may see that far from being the poised, socially assured type which he first appeared, he is actually more like the bashful, introverted type who has a very great need for your help to be secure in a social situation.

He may be tall and handsome and physically strong. But he may also have all sorts of butterflies in his stomach when he is in your presence or with any other woman.

There are some people, of course, who wear their needs where they can be readily seen.

The man who constantly demeans himself with an obvious bid for attention is so needful as to be almost obnoxious.

His counterpart, the man who boasts and brags, again as a demand for recognition, is equally distasteful.

There are many other cases which will occur to you—the man who is obviously hungry for new experience, the fellow who is so hungry for a response that he will risk offending you, and so forth.

I don't know of a better way to analyse needs than in lectures I have given on Marriage and The Family. I would ask the young women students to name the things they disliked about young men they dated.

The list was sometimes long and thorough. Generally, it contained items such as:

1. They talk about themselves.
2. They're fickle.
3. They don't hold car doors for us.
4. They are "wolves"—they make too many sex advances.
5. They call too late for a date.
6. They suggest the same old places to go on a date.

This list is by no means complete, but is fairly typical.

What needs are involved in these complaints and, more important, whose needs are involved?

First, let's assume that the number of times a person does the same things has at least some valid relationship to his motives.

Then we can assume, for example, that the boys who talk about themselves have both a need for recognition and for response, and, of course, ultimately for the security of knowing that they are worthy persons.

It would seem to be an almost equally valid deduction that the boys who are fickle possibly

have a greater-than-average need for response from a large number of persons.

Time and time again this has been shown to be true of promiscuous individuals who go from one sex partner to another trying to satisfy a driving need for an affection.

The response need would also tend to explain the behaviour of the "wolves." However, it should be added at once that in this case biological drives enter the picture. Also there is a recognition value accorded to the young man who can report back to his men friends that he has won in another encounter.

But what of the young men who don't hold the car doors, who call too late for a date, and who suggest the same old places? There would seem to be a clear indication that somebody's needs weren't being met.

But whose? Not the man's but rather the young woman's.

The man who doesn't hold the car door is not giving the recognition to the young woman which she needs. He is not responding to her sex worthiness.

If he calls too late for a date, he is obviously placing her in an insecure position in addition to not recognising her popularity.

And if he takes her to the same old places he is not meeting her need for new experiences.

This latter part of the analysis sometimes comes as a surprise to those who, because they have for many years been catering to the obvious male need for recognition, have felt that they have been completely self-sacrificing. Their true attitudes haven't been apparent to them. They haven't realised how demanding they have been about their own needs.

It is genuine self-giving which leads to real emotional indispensability.

It sometimes takes a good many insights into your own behaviour before you are ready to see how you can be a little more attractive, though placing the first emphasis on the other person's need.

Dorothy started the counselling session one day by announcing flatly that she had had enough of trying to do anything nice for Dick. Three weeks before she had told him that she was going to get some special theatre tickets for Friday night, his birthday.

No way to behave

Ever since then she had been thinking how pleased he was going to be with the tickets and the play. Then at the last minute Dick called and said an old Army pal was coming in for just a few hours Friday evening and could he please be excused.

"I told him there and then we were through. The way he behaved just wasn't right," Dorothy said.

But after she said it the pensive look of a person who is getting an insight into her own motives crossed her face. She was silent for a while. Then she said, "I suppose I only thought I wanted to do something for him; really, I wanted to please myself."

"But," she added, "it still wasn't right for him to ring up like that." She thought some more.

Then having found the self-justification she was seeking, she said, "If I hadn't got upset and broken off with him he would have done something like that the next time. You can't let people walk all over you."

No more was said about it that afternoon. But the next morning Dorothy phoned me and said:

"Just after I got into bed last night I realised why I was so upset. It wasn't only the disappointment—sooner or later I would have been happier that he was happier. I was afraid, because it wasn't right or fair."

"Being right is very important to me, I suppose. Actually, he had never broken a date before and I had no reason to believe that he might again. But because I was so insecure about what might happen in the future if I let him 'walk all over me' I threw away a lot of happiness and a nice fellow."

Dorothy hadn't thrown him away. Her ability to understand herself and to change

Continued on page 37

● *Meeting a man's needs requires understanding the complexities of his personality and tolerating his faults.*



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It takes courage to be unselfish

Continued from page 35

had made it easy for Dick to love her in the first place. Now they are married.

It takes a lot of courage and a lot of ability and, most important of all, a lot of spirit to be able to put aside one's own needs.

From the very earliest years most of our young people are taught that status, prestige, and aggressiveness are important. For them it is hard to be self-denying.

And then there is the minority composed of those who have been so overcontrolled by their parents that they are extremely reticent and self-effacing. It is even harder for them to be selfless.

It is easy to see why it is difficult for the critical, aggressive woman to set aside her own emotional needs.

It's harder to see why it is difficult for the timid woman to be self-sacrificing. But before she can do anything else she has to placate the overneed for security which enslaves her.

Yet the rewards for meeting other people's needs are so tremendous as to be worth risking a temporary loss of status, or the wound of a misunderstanding rebuff.

I know you have heard such advice given to single girls as, "You mustn't let him walk all over you," or "Don't let him push you around," or "He never will respect you if you don't stand up for your rights." And there are situations, as we shall soon see, in which this advice may be applicable.

But such advice is usually highly questionable. Often it is the very opposite of what will lead to a firm love relationship.

If a young woman can once rid herself of fear — either fear of loss of status or fear of a rebuff — and give herself over to a whole-hearted selfless type of interest in the personality of the man with whom she has already established a warm, sex-appropriate friendship, indispensability will usually set in.

Unfortunately, meeting another person's emotional needs can sometimes be both misused and misunderstood.

I had a sad case recently: Linda had a father she worshipped and a mother who rejected her. She had no dates until she was far beyond the usual age for dating. But then at work she met a young man who seemed to have a great perception of her needs. He recognised the affection and recognition and security for which she craved. He took time to give her these things.

Becoming a slave

But she didn't know how to go about meeting his real needs. She didn't realise that he was a demanding type of individual, highly self-centred, from a different social group where exploitation of another individual was a casually accepted custom. In effect, she became his slave. This included being his mistress as well.

In the case of this man, let's call him Ted, the woman who became a physical outlet for his sex tensions was not, by any stretch of the imagination, meeting his emotional needs.

Ted really needed a secure, determined girl who would refuse his demands, even though he insisted on submission.

Ted's cynical misuse of Linda's emotional needs and Linda's misunderstanding of Ted's needs point up some of the difficulties.

Actually, needs are an exceedingly complex business. Here are just a few of them:

1. In the first place, there are many more needs than we have given here, such as for power, dominance, martyrdom, and hostility.

2. Individuals being as different as they are, even if we had an exhaustive list of needs for all the individuals in the world today, it would probably be obsolete tomorrow.

3. There are individual differences in the intensities of needs.

It is probably true that almost everyone in our culture has a need for response from another human being, but there are wide differences in how strong this craving is.

4. There are individual and cultural differences in the way needs can be satisfied.

Let's take the need for security. In the conditioning that most average women get, security is thought of in terms of money in the bank, a roof over one's head, and a clear understanding of the customs and conventions which govern everyday living.

Are you a more desirable woman if men whistle at you, or are you a more desirable woman if they bow and kiss your hand? The culture in which you grew up is the final arbiter of how your needs are satisfied.

5. There are the imagined satisfactions for emotional needs that further complicate any discussion of the needs' theory. It is possible to have one's emotional needs met almost wholly by auto-suggestion.

Dream man

You can fall in love with a movie star, a ghost, or a dream man and fully believe that he is meeting all of the needs that you have.

In your imagination he can respond to you, give you recognition, make you feel secure.

Women have told me about real men who once loved them but who moved away or were killed in the war.

But the memories continue to provide these women with satisfactions in their dreams.

On the opposite side of the problem, if a would-be-to-be-married Miss is after a

young man who is receiving his emotional need satisfaction from some imaginary princess, she is going to have a difficult time competing.

Often, though, with a little persistence, he can be made to see there is more

warmth and softness in reality.

6. Finally, there is another problem concerning the satisfaction of needs — there are men who never learned to love.

Perhaps the one you choose will be an extraordinarily selfish individual who has been absorbing need satisfaction like a sponge for years and has never given anything in return. There are such people. Sometimes they can be deceptively considerate in the beginning. And there are others with insurmountable fears and inhibitions.

Moreover, needs change from time to time and perhaps over a long period of time your mutual need satisfaction may drift into one-sidedness — if you let it.

This, of course, is reason enough in itself for getting to know him well enough so that you are absolutely sure that you can meet his present and future needs.

And be sure, too, that he is the kind of man who can meet the needs of the older woman you will someday be.

These six difficulties involved in meeting needs had to be pointed out if this series of articles are to be of realistic help to anyone.

For some very popular people, saying just the right things and doing just the right things to provide psychological fulfilment seems to be almost instinctive. But it is not. It was learned.

By studying the creature you want and by studying the creature you are, by curtailing your self-needs — whether that means pushing your critical self back into its shell or dragging your shy self out — and by developing a sincere interest in your fellow man, you can do it, too.

(Copyright, Richard H. Klemer, 1959.)

Supplies of "A Man For Every Woman," published by Macmillan and Co., have been delayed. The book from which this series of articles was taken will soon be on sale in Australia.

NEXT WEEK:

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The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love ...
PINK • SKY BLUE
PRIMROSE • WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil



So lavish,

luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

Cotton stars in the Paris high couture

● Three models from our Paris Parades made in cotton, the season's star fabric. Note the cool look of black and white, and orange worn with astonishingly pretty results.



"PARIS," from Maison Dior, is a crisp, cool one-piece shirtwaist dress made in black-and-white printed cotton, belted and buttoned in black. Wide-brimmed hat is by Dior. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by Boussac.



"INVITATION," by Jean Patou, a strictly city suit, showing the new drama of black and white in fashion. The hat is also by Patou. The suit is shown above with its jacket, and below without. Worn by Monique.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 2, 1959

Teenagers' WEEKLY



*How to
change
your
personality
— Pages 8, 9*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

But why boots at dancing?

I HAVE always thought that dancing had beauty of movement as its prime element. How can girls preserve this when they arrive for an old-time dance in desert boots or thong sandals? When they're matched with Bermuda shorts on a dance-floor, girls, you look ridiculous! Not only that, but you are letting down womankind by giving men the opportunity to

OUR COVER

A pretty girl (Pam Quinn) in a pretty hat (rose plus whiff of veiling). Picture is by Geoff Lee, of Sydney.

● NOW TURN TO page 6 for Australian Women's Weekly columnist Ross Campbell's interview in Hollywood with sensational young singer Ricky Nelson.

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

laugh at us, and they do!—*Elaine Peterson, Telopea, N.S.W.*

Few country jobs

THERE is a big shortage of jobs for young boys and girls in country towns. Hundreds of boys and girls leave school at 15. They hunt for jobs and never find any. Employers say they're too young, not stable enough; they would rather employ married women or older single girls who are more experienced. Youngsters should be given a chance to learn to become efficient and stable. How did the employers come to be in their positions if they were not given opportunities in the past? It's a shame that so many young country people have to leave home to seek jobs elsewhere, mainly in the city.—*"Het-up Teenager," Narromine, N.S.W.*

Student wail

I WANT to air a musty thought which has been on many youngsters' minds for some time. Why should fourth-year students have to clean their playgrounds (when there are cleaners) and why should we be given punishments for trivial matters, such as coming late to lines, and so on?—*Anna Lee, Blakehurst, N.S.W.*



ANNA LEE
... a musty thought.

Pattern service

IT would be a wonderful idea if you devoted a page of Teenagers' Weekly to Teenage fashion dresses, providing paper patterns from which we can make any that catch our fancy. I always look forward to seeing the latest styles in dress, and am disappointed when there is no pattern available.—*Ildiko Liti, Kensington, N.S.W.*

[We agree with you, Ildiko—so next week we will have a cover and two pages of beach clothes—in full color—for which patterns are available.—Ed.]

Be thankful

I FEEL sorry for boys. From the moment they start dating—girls start picking. You'll often hear a girl complain that her boy-friend talks of nothing but football and cars. Good luck to the boy who raves on about cars or sport in which everyone (including girls) should be interested. Girls who grumble should be thankful that the boys talk to them at all.—*"Satisfied Sis," Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

Not a bore

I AM sick to death of reading of Pat Boone and his ideas of love, death, and marriage. People make out he's so good, and religious, and what he says goes. Maybe Pat Boone is a decent fellow. So is Elvis Presley. But Elvis doesn't bore us to tears with his sermons about a pure, honest life.—*"Fed-up," Campsie, N.S.W.*



ESTHER DALLAN
... for a fair go.

For tolerance

WHY are so many people against Italians? Teenagers mostly seem to dislike them, and yet just look how many film stars and pop singers are of Italian parentage or backgrounds. There's John Saxon, whose real name is Carmen Orisco, Perry Como, Annette, Dean Martin, Frankie Avalon, and many others. The same teenagers who can't stand Italians swoon over these stars. Come on, kids, pull yourselves up, and give the Italians a fair go.—*Esther Dallan, Japers Road, McKinnon, Vic.*

NOT space-niks

WHAT'S wrong with such coats and desert boots? When girls—and boys, too—go up the street on cold mornings in these warm clothes people look at them as though they come from outer space. But they never stop to think that we might be ordinary kids trying to keep warm! We never criticize what they wear, even if they dress in those ridiculous fashions that some of them do. It's just because we dress in brighter colors to suit our personalities that they are so critical.—*"Criticised Teenager" (aged 14), Maitland, N.S.W.*

School rules

IN schools it is generally accepted that the teachers make all suggestions dealing with matters concerning the pupils and school rules. If pupils were encouraged to make their own suggestions, new ideas would come forward and most likely be beneficial to the school. Pupils would be more inclined to co-operate with rules if they had suggested them. A suggestion box in the school library would be a start.—*"M.M.," Maitland, N.S.W.*

Ruins effect

WHY do boys take their coats off at dances? It seems strange to me that when a girl makes herself attractive for his sake, a boy ruins the general effect by lounging around in crumpled shirt-sleeves. Is a dance with a girl such a difficult job to tackle?—*"Perplexed," Willoughby, N.S.W.*

WHAT AGE FOR DRIVERS?

● Doug Kilworth (T.W. 15/7/'59) said that the age for car licences should be dropped from 17 to 15 or 16, "as most teenagers can drive better than adults."

FOR...

I AM all for Doug Kilworth's suggestion. Surely parents and police could tell with a year's trial if the teenager is sensible enough to have a licence or not. Most teenagers have as much sense on the roads as men or women who have been driving for years. It's no wonder teenagers of 15 and 16 become mixed up and wild because adults appear to have no confidence in them or what they do.—*Bev Hammond, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.*

I THINK girls and boys should be able to hold a motor-cycle licence at 15 years and 10 months. Some kids of that age can handle a bike better and are more careful on the road than some who have held a licence for years. And what's the difference between a girl riding a motor-bike to a boy? My parents nearly died when I told them I was getting a licence.—*Dawn Ashman, Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.*

FOURTH and fifth year students should be taught to drive. But I think they should have their parents' consent before they are given the tuition. Tuition would give the student the knowledge and experience

required to obtain a licence as soon as he is old enough.—*"Foo," Newcastle, N.S.W.*

...AND AGAINST

NOT only do I strongly advise against lowering the age limit for a car licence, I maintain that it should be raised. Doug Kilworth argues that many teenagers can handle a car or motor-cycle as well as, or even better than, an adult.

What he has overlooked is that a mature adult, driving a car, would most certainly be more nimble-minded in a dangerous situation than would a teenage driver of the same ability.



COLLEEN KNAPMAN
... they're too young.

Even now with 17 the age limit for a driver's licence, there is a fairly high percentage of road fatalities caused by, or involving, immature teenage drivers.—*"R.C.," Manilla, N.S.W.*

THE average lad of 15 to 16 has not the commonsense nor the ability to handle some of the situations which arise from the traffic which congests our roads. Maybe some teenagers at 15 are good drivers, but just imagine how much better they will be at 17. Admittedly, well-brought-up teenagers do not touch liquor, but what about the irresponsible ones we will always have in our community? Should the age be lowered you would find most of the teenagers flocking to obtain licences and we would have far more fools on the road than we have now.—*"Jane," Mosman, N.S.W.*

I HAVE just turned 16 and although I hate to admit it I seriously think that I am not mature enough to take the responsibility of driving a car. Personally, I think that the 15-16-year-old girl who could sensibly handle a car would be very hard to find, and a

sensible boy of the same age even harder.—*Colleen Knapman, "Cooingoo," Lower Hawkesbury, N.S.W.*

THE prospect of 15-year-old drivers is ridiculous. Even though some adults don't fit the bill, a driver behind the wheel of what has been called a lethal weapon should have a well-set and balanced reflex system. He should be tolerant, courteous, obedient, and have a strong awareness of his responsibility. In short, he must be what under-18's generally are not.—*"Patience," Essendon, Vic.*

ALTHOUGH "some" teenagers of 15-16 may drive better than "some" adults, it is not a question of technical skill in driving but rather of maturity, responsibility, and experience. In our middle teens many of us unconsciously show off, and the results in driving could be disastrous. Doug's idea of a probationary driving permit has some merit, but there is the risk that those who eventually fail to qualify for a permanent licence would still have a year of legal driving, in which accidents could happen.—*H. S. Boyd, Brighton Beach, Vic.*

DANGER AHEAD—

By PAT BOONE

● On car dates you'll be wise to heed just a few don'ts. Here are some suggestions by film-star-singer Pat Boone, whose best-selling "Twist Twelve and Twenty" proved that he knows his teeners and their ways.



TO begin with, I'm all for car dates.

I first kissed Shirley in the back of a car, and my television sponsor is a car company, and my first movie was about a guy who raced cars—but I'm getting the car before the horse.

Anyhow, the car has replaced the front parlor as the only place where kids can be alone. That's most likely one of the problems. A girl and boy can be TOO alone.

Before I get in deeper, I'd like to say something I've said a million times before. I'm no preacher, and I'm no philosopher, and I don't feel my advice is the last word.

I can only talk about my own experiences and tell what I've discovered to be true. I'm interested in what you teenagers are going through because I've been there myself. Though not as an ingenue, now that I think of it.

Should a boy and girl go out on a car date all by themselves? Well, forgetting the "should," I think double-dating is more fun. Personally, I always enjoyed having another guy to talk to, and I have a hunch girls feel the same way.

Sometimes it's tough to make conversation with a girl, particularly if she's shy and you haven't known her long. Another couple helps break the ice.

On the other hand, if you

know a girl very well, it's even better not to be too much alone. I won't labor the point, but why tempt nature?

Four kids on a date provide four minds, four times the good humor, four times the laughs.

Of course, I don't advise anybody to carry my theories to extremes the way I did. Shirley has only recently forgiven me for some of our more memorable car dates.

They'd start like this. I'd ask Shirley out, and I'd also invite a buddy to double with us. Call him Joe.

for nine months before I had the nerve to kiss her, and, as I mentioned earlier, it happened in the back seat of a car.

We'd been on a double date, and the boy who was driving knew I'd been trying to work up the courage to make the move. He was on my side; he was a regular cheering section. He dropped his own date off first and started slowly towards Shirley's place. He told me later he drove right past the house two or three times. He was determined that I should quit mooning and act.

ley, and by the time I was a sophomore in college I had my own automobile. But necking in a jallopy in some parking place is my idea of a dangerous game.

I said some of what I felt in my book, "Twist Twelve And Twenty," but I'll repeat it here. I believe a kiss means a lot more than just a pleasant pastime or a test of popularity. It's an expression of love—real love—and it's a powerful stimulus of emotion.

Kissing for fun is like playing with a beautiful candle in a

Kids who take chances in cars take chances with other people's lives, and there are plenty of ways for your date to show he's a big man without resorting to tragic accidents. A boy who has any real self-confidence doesn't have to prove his worth in a hot-rod going 99 miles an hour.

This isn't to say that every fellow who's interested in car-racing is a menace.

Out in California (and other States, too) there are strips set apart just for drag racing, and lots of guys who fix up their own jalopies have governors on them so they can't go over a certain speed.

Racing's a perfectly valid sport, but not in

the streets of a town, and not with a car full of passengers, and not to impress some girl, and not just to get somewhere you shouldn't be going in the first place.

Okay! Enough don'ts! Avoid liquor, and speed, and the dark parking spots, and you take the danger out of car dates.

There's plenty left. There are the bright summer days when you drive off to a picnic with the top down and everybody's singing.

There are the summer evenings when you drive under the stars, and everything you say sounds wise and clever, and you can't stop laughing.

There's the thrill of being helped into a car when you're wearing a long party dress and you realise you're a young lady, and your family trusts you to drive out with a young man, and the two of you don't have to head for the nearest bus or subway any more.

Driving to the beach, to the country—even to the movies—can be fun, and should be fun. I just wanted to point out the trouble spots, so you and your gang could have car dates without paying an ugly price for your pleasures.

Pat's first kiss was in the back seat of a car

"Sure," he'd say, and then he'd wait till the last minute to discover he couldn't get a girl. We'd drive over to Shirley's, and I'd go in and fetch her. She'd come out to the car, say hello to Joe, and we'd head for the movies.

As we approached the marquee Shirley would catch on. We weren't going to pick up another girl. She and Joe and I were going to spend a romantic evening together.

Shirley stuck it out because she was crazy about my white teeth and my broken nose (that's what she says), but I have the feeling most girls would have turned me in on a new model.

I went around with Shirley

During the whole trip I'd had my arm around Shirley, and my heart was pounding. I finally turned her face up, kissed her, and very nearly fainted. Maybe it wasn't manly, but it was terribly sincere. I was floating.

I found out afterward that Shirley felt dreadful about the evening. She figured, since I'd only kissed her once, I must have been disillusioned. DIS-ILLUSIONED? I was cooked, hooked, and engaged to be married, if only she'd known it!

I guess I've done an average share of kissing in cars, and out of cars. From the first game of spin-the-bottle right up to the altar I remember it all. I went steady twice before I met Shir-

roomful of dynamite! And it's like any other beautiful thing—when it ceases to be rare it loses its value and much of its beauty.

So there! I hope I don't sound stuffy, but I mean every word of it. If you're looking for amusement, go to a basketball game or try bowling. Don't fool around in parked cars with emotions you can't and shouldn't handle.

That brings me to the subject of liquor in cars.

First of all, as far as teenagers are concerned, drinking is actually against the law. You HAVE TO BREAK THE LAW IN ORDER TO DRINK, if you're under 18, and that in itself is enough to make straight-thinking kids avoid it.

I can't see that it's healthy for young people to drink anywhere, but the combination of cars and liquor really scares me. When you've got one or two couples in the car, that's a time for cool judgment, and drinking and thinking just don't mix.

Speed is another menace to teenage dates. Reckless teenagers have been involved in too many accidents, and I'd advise any girl who's invited on a car date to do a little investigating.

If you discover the boy's idea of a good time is to get on a road and play "Chicken," excuse yourself and stay home with a book.

IF YOU WERE IKE OR EVEN MR. K.

● If you were President Eisenhower, what would you say to Mr. Khrushchev when he called on you at the White House?

AND if you were Mr. K., what would you say to Ike?

Teenagers' Weekly invites you to write what YOU would say on such an occasion—Ike to Mr. K. and Mr. K. to Ike.

Your entry can be amusing or serious, as brief as you like but no more than 100 words

for each (200 words in all), clearly written. We will pay 20 guineas for the best contribution received, and five guineas for all others published.

The contest closes on September 2. Address your entries to "SUMMIT CONTEST," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Look what Germany's done to -

WHEN Private Elvis Presley walked down the troopship gangplank into Germany in October, 1958, he was the most unwelcome American visitor since V-E Day. Even some Americans criticised the Army for sending Elvis to Europe.

Today, 10 months later, Corporal Presley is beyond all question the most popular GI in the country.

Even adult Germans regard him as a fitting idol for their youngsters.

American teenagers, of course, won't be surprised to hear that Elvis' rock-n-roll has captured the musical hearts of German boys and girls. But U.S. grown-ups may be surprised to learn that Elvis himself has done a little growing up.

It didn't happen overnight. Presley had to overcome an advance reputation that classed him with gangsters and juvenile delinquents.

"We Germans will never understand U.S. foreign policy," a public relations expert in Bonn said laughingly when Presley was sent to Germany.

● It was "Presley go home!" when he landed in Germany. But after ten months he has grown up—and the Germans have grown to like him.

"You save Europe with the Marshall Plan, you save Berlin with the Airlift, and then you turn around and give us Presley."

Elvis Presley first pounded into German ears in 1957 with the recording "Heartbreak Hotel."

He smashed an Elvis disc

The top German disc jockey, Werner Goetze, reacted by smashing the record against his mike-stand. Reviewers pegged Presley with names like "the whiner," "yowling boy," and "the lovesick stag."

Ferdinand Anton, archaeologist and president of the Munich Hot Club, complained to the popular U.S. Armed Forces Radio Network: "Presley's howling is a throwback to sexual Stone Age cave music, without its religious overtones."

Then, somehow, "Don't Be Cruel" slid safely past Goetze's hammer and became a block-busting teenage hit.

On the autograph market

Presley's signature, climbed sharply from one to three German marks.

A signed Presley photo could be traded for ten of his closest German imitator, Peter Kraus.

A Munich publisher felt the lifting Presley tide and rushed out the first German teenage magazine, "Bravo." He at once discovered what other German publishers have since learned, that a Presley photo cover guarantees heavy news-stand traffic.

Disc jockey Goetze, overrun by the stampede, looks back through the dust at what happened: "Our bomb-shelter generation revolted against the stiff, straight old ways. They threw away their *lederhosen* (traditional leather shorts) for blue jeans and started standing and walking like cowboys. They were bored with 'O Tannenbaum!' and skipped 'Ach du lieber Augustin' to hear rock-n-roll. Elvis Presley was just what they were looking for—an American Pied Piper to lead them to excitement."

Presley's first formal meeting with the German people was at a Press conference staged a few days after his arrival.

For two hours, under frying hot lights, his face pushed into a microphone bush, Elvis sat at a small wooden table and let 150 reporters hit him with questions.

Newsreel and television cameramen peered into his mouth and behind his ears while other photographers aimed under the table at his shifting, nervous feet.

"Do you like classical music?" asked a reporter from Hamburg, birthplace of Brahms. "It puts me to sleep," Elvis blurted, then recovered himself.

"I mean it doesn't say anything to me. Like Stan Kenton's music doesn't say anything to me, either." Germans who had their own difficulties with Kenton nodded understandingly.

"Would you like to meet Brigitte Bardot?" another reporter asked innocently. Presley grinned, "Yes, I would."

"But she's engaged," the reporter slyly shot, and the room hushed.

Elvis' face grew serious. "I meant I wanted to meet her as a performer."

The conference was a turning point. German reporters were amazed that the untrained, unschooled singer they'd been calling "lardhead" could master so wild and cynical a meeting.

They found him likeable, modest

They went to their typewriters and conceded that Presley himself was "likeable," "modest," "a well-mannered, intelligent young man"—however hideous his music might be. "Bravo" appointed itself Elvis' shield-darting defender.

There were other victories for Elvis. Traffic police who kept a watchful eye on his powerful cars were impressed enough with his responsible driving habits to use him to publicise a safety campaign. (Each day knots of teenagers fidget at traffic lights between Presley's home and his camp, playing an innocent gamble.

If a red light stops him they win an autogram. They groan and beg grinning police to lift a hand when a green light lets him roll past.)

German soldiers, who first believed rumors that millionaire Private Presley had a captain as his personal valet, were surprised to learn the facts: that he pulls slightly more than his share of dirty jobs (to offset suspicions of favoritism), that he stands in line on payday with everybody else, that he shows a snappy respect for rank, that his own men approve of him,



German kids can't spell his name, but they love him just the same.

that officers decorated him with their prize verbal medal—"good soldier."

Elvis employs two full-time German secretaries to translate and help answer the 1500 to 3000 letters that tumble into his home each week at Bad Nauheim. Batches of the letters read alike, word for word—they've been copied from various model English letters supplied by film magazines.

Many of his correspondents are confused about Presley's rank, addressing him as "Captain," "General," and even "Senator."

Actually Elvis is Special Fourth Class—he was recently promoted from Private First Class. His pay was raised 20 dollars monthly—to 135 dollars, including overseas pay.

Military duties, his ignorance of German, and his very popularity have in fact kept him out of Germany's loneliest GI. "Elvis knows only GI German," giggled a 17-year-old Frankfurt secretary sometimes escorted by the singer. "He says things like 'Auf wiener schnitzel!' for 'Auf Wiedersehen.'"

"It doesn't matter what he speaks," complained another girl. "There's never a chance to talk. He always has to be busy writing his name."

Whenever Presley closes in on a girl, the friendship is usually blasted by Press flash bulbs, then snowed under by high drifts of protest mail.

The closest Presley has come to a real romance was with Vera Tschechowa, a film and theatre actress in her late teens. Elvis had a brief, bedazzled meeting with Vera last winter, then later drove 440 kilometers—275 miles—from Bad Nauheim to Munich to repeat the experience. From the moment his finger touched the Tschechowa doorbell till his red tail-lights disappeared back up the autobahn three days later his visit was given careful coverage by reporters, official and unofficial.

Vera defiantly stayed loyal

Vera's 65 fan clubs pelted her with letters, many of them scolding. "Presley is cheap... uncouth... a gangster..." they said. "Anyone who would attend the theatre without a shirt or necktie is no gentle-



Up with the duffel bag...



... and here we go.

**A German mother
says: "Teenagers can
be proud of Elvis"**

● Here is Corporal Elvis Presley, U.S. Army, at the time he was dating German film star Vera Tschechowa.

ELVIS!

man." Friends, producers, and newsmen said Vera was risking her career.

Vera remained defiantly loyal. "Elvis," she said, "is very much misunderstood. He is a sensitive, honest, and good-hearted friend."

Presley has certain qualities which appeal in a special way to Germans — for example his respect for his father and grandmother and his devotion to the memory of his mother.

He was discovered by accident anonymously waiting in line to donate blood to the German Red Cross.

He keeps as far as possible from public tangles and, were it not for the teenagers, people would forget he is stationed here.

The German teenagers are at times a headache. When a practice alert sends 3rd Armored tanks rumbling over the roads near Frankfurt, Presley's platoon is thrown ahead to clear the way.

"We can't use Presley because he'd be a roadblock," his sergeant frowns. "The only way to avoid people is to post him out in some field under a tree at two in the morning."

... But Elvis doesn't drink

Musicians, theatre owners, charity-drive chairmen, and Army entertainment committees here find it baffling that the father of German rock-'n-roll has not given a single public performance, although at least half a dozen Presley imitators get chills when they think what might happen to their careers if he did.

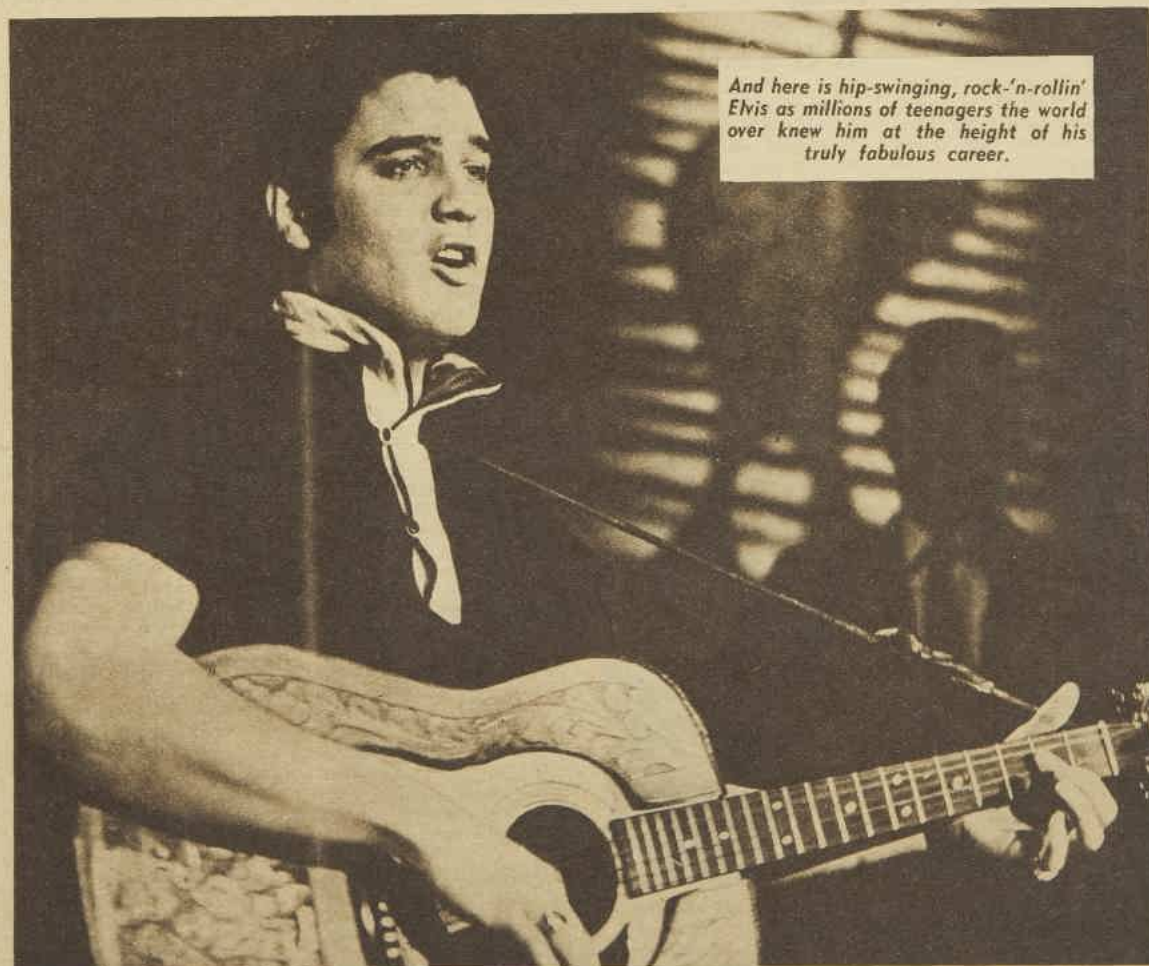
Michaelis, brewmaster of Lowenbrau, one of Germany's most ancient breweries, invited Presley to a bock beer-tasting festival, winced when he learned the singer had never tasted his beer — Presley drinks only soft drinks.

A lederhosen manufacturer sighed dreamily. "Imagine what would happen if Presley would get up on a stage wearing lederhosen."

There is little doubt that Elvis Presley is an American public relations asset in Europe.

Ada Tschechowa, Vera's mother and a theatrical agent whose dominance in the youth-talent market gives her a privileged view of Germany's six million teenagers, says: "Elvis is a simple, intelligent boy, who, though he is rich, never forgets he once drove a truck for 35 dollars a week. He does his work as a soldier without whining. Teenagers do not have to be ashamed of such a hero."

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And here is hip-swinging, rock-'n-rollin' Elvis as millions of teenagers the world over knew him at the height of his truly fabulous career.

Ross Campbell meets our Pin-up Boy

I went to see Ricky Nelson

By ROSS CAMPBELL

● "I'm sorry, I can't check out of my room till three o'clock," I said to the girl assistant behind the reception desk at the hotel in Hollywood. "I have to interview Ricky Nelson."

HER eyes widened respectfully. "Ricky Nelson!" she gasped.

I confirmed that it was indeed the case. I was to meet, in person, the handsome, casual 19-year-old who is currently on the top of America's teenage entertainment world.

Before going further, perhaps I should give a few details about the phenomenal Ricky.

Originally a child TV actor, he shot to his present eminence as a pop singer.

He gets 10,000 letters a week from many parts of the world, mostly from girls. The letters are handled by a team of secretaries in a Hollywood office known as "the Ricky Nelson Branch of the Los Angeles Post Office."

Around his birthday (May 8) he receives hundreds of socks, ties, sweaters, and other gifts. To his amazement, most of the wearing apparel fits.

His income is about £180,000 a year in Australian money, but he sees very little of it. He uses a few dollars a week, which he gets from his father, for soft

drinks and sundries. Tax-gatherers remove about 90 per cent. of his earnings, and the remainder is invested by the family's business advisers.

Ricky likes being a celebrity ("I'd only start to worry if it stopped," he says), but he does not get too excited about it. He is used to show business, having been in his parents' radio and TV programmes since he was eight years old.

Immediate hit

His father, actor-singer Ozzie Nelson, makes the successful family show "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" — known in Australia as "The Nelsons" — which is in its seventh year on television.

Two years ago young Eric Hilliard (Ricky) Nelson branched out on his own as a singer. Although his voice was untrained and his guitar-playing was self-taught, he was an immediate hit with teenagers in America, and has many thousands of fans in Australia as well.

He has collected six "gold records," each signifying that one of his recordings has sold more than a million discs. Three

albums of his songs have been smash hits.

Ricky sings in an easy, relaxed style, and excels in ballad-type songs. His methods are a contrast to the frantic rock-'n-roll purveyed by Fabian — usually called the Fabulous Fabian — who is the other fastest-rising junior star of U.S. pop-singing. (I sat at a table next to a party given for the Fabulous Fabian in the Coconut Grove nightclub in Los Angeles. A smallish, dark, polite boy, he was surrounded by a large and boisterous crowd of uncles, aunts, and hangers-on.)

The appointed scene of my meeting with Ricky was the General Service Studios, where the Nelson family TV show is made.

I went into the studio grounds, past some small wooden houses, one of them with "Raymond Burr" painted on the door. These are bungalows where very important persons of TV rest between bouts of work.

A guide conducted me to a room near the Nelson bungalow, and a minute later Ricky came in — a slim young man with black hair and blue eyes, wearing a red-brown Paisley summer shirt and slacks.

He said he was glad to see someone from Australia, because he was going there later this year to do some shows. The date was not fixed, but it would probably be in November. "Is that a good time to go?" he asked.

Tennis star

I told him the weather would be warming up, and gave him a fairly glowing account of the swimming, tennis, and other summer doings in Australia. Ricky was interested. He was once ranked No. 5 among under-15 tennis players in California. In his schooldays he was a friend of Alex Olmedo — "a very nice guy."

"Do show people draw crowds in the streets in Australia?" Ricky asked. He sounded slightly apprehensive.

"Fans, you mean?"

"Yes."

I told him there would probably be a fair number of admirers anxious to see him.

"Do fans follow you about much here?" I asked.



RICKY NELSON'S pride and joy is his red Aston-Martin. He showed it to Australian visitor Ross Campbell.

"Quite a bit," he said. "When I and my friends go to a movie we usually go to a drive-in, because we don't attract attention there."

I told him that when Johnnie Ray was in Australia he wore a specially made suit which tore easily when fans grabbed it.

Ricky laughed. "I haven't got a suit like that. But you don't need one — they get torn, anyway."

His press-agent told me later that Ricky gets a thrill out of personal appearances, but has had some rough handling. Two ex-footballers shepherd him on the more perilous occasions. His home phone number — supposed to be top secret — has to be changed monthly because the numbers leak out.

"What about girls — do you go out with them much?" I said.

"Only at weekends. I don't go steady with anyone."

I had read in a magazine that Ricky was regarded by Hollywood girls as a "shy guy," and I asked if this description was correct.

He thought for a moment. "I think I'm shy with some people, not with others," he said.

I said to Ricky: "We've heard a lot in Australia about jive talk — 'cool, man', 'dig that jazz,' and so on. Do teenagers in America speak that way?"

"Only a few of them do. Beat talk we call it. I don't say 'Cool, man' or that sort of stuff; my friends don't, either."

"Do you think teenagers get unfair publicity — all the emphasis on delinquency, I mean?"

"Yes, I think some unfair things are said about us. About being rebels without a cause, say. Most of us aren't rebels. Why should I want to rebel against my mother and dad? I like them!"

Bullfight fan

Ricky offered to show me his new car before I left — a red Aston-Martin. Cars are a touchy subject in the Nelson family. When Ricky got his first car, a Porsche, he turned it over and nearly killed himself. But he has had no trouble with the new one.

The Aston-Martin was clearly his pride and joy. He frowned and expressed concern over some small cracks in the duco.

"One thing I forgot to ask," I said. "Is it true you are keen on bullfighting?"

"Yes, I saw some of it in Mexico. I want to go to Spain and see some more. I'd like to have a try at it myself."

Ricky meant what he said. I could see. But somehow I don't think he will be allowed into the bullring. He's too valuable. Personally, I would not like to see him take up this hazardous sport, because with all his fantastic success Ricky is a very nice fellow.

● To page 16 for
Ricky Nelson pin-up.



ROSS told Ricky he could look forward to lots of swimming and tennis when he visits Australia this year. Ricky was a high-ranking under-15 tennis player in California.

Potato peeling put him in the chips

By SHEILA McFARLANE

● Young Victorian vocal star Frankie Davidson first took to the stage when he was doing his National Service training — to dodge peeling potatoes.

BEING in the unit's concert party was the only duty that got us out of Kitchen Patrol, so it seemed worth trying," Frankie explained.

Looking back now, Frankie can see that it was well worth trying. He has already cut three discs for a local recording company, and is known to thousands through his appearances on radio, television, and the concert stage.

His three recordings currently spinning on the turntables are "Dream Lover," "I'll Be Satisfied," and "My Heart Is An Open Book."

This 24-year-old dynamo's greatest talent lies in his versatility. His repertoire ranges from the wildest rock-n-roll songs to the most sentimental classic ballads.

Frankie's recording manager said: "Rock-n-roll is bound to get the knock one of these days, and when it does Presley won't be top happy, but our Frankie will be okay because he'll just flip over to another style like changing his coat."

"Frankie doesn't really need a gimmick, but he's got one anyway," he added. "He sings in key."

Frankie has given up his trade, electroplating, to concentrate on singing.

He is studying music with Jack White, who coached young singer Diana Trask, now making a name for herself in show business in the United States.

No mumbling

"I want to be able to read music, not just grope around a new piece; and I want people to be able to understand what I'm singing without having to guess every second word," Frankie said.

He is also studying dramatic art, finding it a great help in expressing the lyrics of his songs.

Dramatic coach Agnes Dobson recently offered Frankie a part in one of her productions, but his musical engagements were too heavy to allow him to take it.

Frankie's tiny blond wife, Barbara, studied ballet for five years, but devotes all her time now to housekeeping, gardening, and looking after three-year-old Philip Davidson.

"I'm a real square," she told me, "but it is just as well one of the family is, because Philip is really hep."

"When Frankie is appearing in Town Hall shows I have to sit upstairs with Philip; otherwise he rushes up on to the stage to join in the act."

Barbara told me that Frankie is his own strongest critic.

"He's hardly ever satisfied with his performances," she said. "And, though he looks confident on stage, he's always nervous about the way he will be received."

Football career

His early ambition was to be a Rugby League star, but a shoulder injury soon put an end to hopes of a career in football.

"When I had to give footy away I developed an interest in music," Frankie said.

Winning a competition at a

St. Kilda coffee lounge led to Frankie's first radio engagement. Next came an act in a stage revue, then a regular engagement as a ballroom vocalist.

Now he is appearing regularly as a freelance artist on Melbourne radio and television, in pop concerts, and as guest artist at balls.

"I would like to see teenagers take a more balanced interest in music," Frankie said. "If youngsters would be more tolerant of music in general and try to appreciate more than just the 'rock,' they would really get more out of everything and not lose any of their enjoyment of rock-n-roll."

Frankie is happy enough doing rock-n-roll numbers, but finds more satisfaction in singing popular or classic ballads, because he feels they require more than the showmanship which puts over a "rock" number.



MELBOURNE vocalist Frankie Davidson with his wife, Barbara, and three-year-old son, Philip. Frankie started his singing career with his National Service unit.

However, he expects rock-n-roll to shoot to an all-time high in popularity as soon as Elvis Presley is released from Army service next March.

Frankie can rock as wildly as the best of them, but he dresses soberly on stage.

"Orange jackets and purple

shirts do give impact to an act, but people tire of them," he said.

The ultimate ambition of this young electroplater turned heart-throb is to become a successful international entertainer and follow in the footsteps of his idol in the entertainment world, Sammy Davis Junior.

Listen here!

POPS: A solid but catchy lyric, the ebullient Mr. Lloyd Price at his most aggressively enthusiastic, and the result, "Personality" (WG-SPN-800), is a hit-parade leader that will take some shifting.

Talking of hits, keep an eye on that handy perennial "As Time Goes By" (flipside "The Voice Of Love") recorded by Johnny Nash with Don Costa's Orchestra on WG-SPN-763.

Handsome Johnny, the 18-year-old who was once a caddy attached to a Houston golf pro's shop, has a warm, flexible style and a feeling for the music quite remarkable in such a youngster.

That Turkish delight petite Eydie Gorme, the Bronx daughter of Turkish parents who has made such a name on Broadway and in TV, packs a lot of emotion into the title song from the film "Separate Tables" (WGN-SPN-737). "Voice In My Heart," the flipside, is just the thing for a mood of self-pity.

Eydie's a little woman, but she has a big voice.

Two to watch out for

(they're due for release at the end of this month): The Four Aces' "Ciao Ciao Bambina" (Festival FK-3090) and Jackie Wilson's "I'll Be Satisfied" (Brunswick-B0420). The Four Aces really make things hum in a strong, driving version of



the Continental hit, fast heading for the top in the U.S.

And the boys are pretty uninhibited on "Saturday Swing Out."

Jackie does a first-class rock-n-roll job with "I'll Be Satisfied."

But what on earth possessed him to link with it the phony "inspirational" ballad "Ask," complete with organ accompaniment?

If you're thinking of an LP investment, have a listen to Top Pops In Hi-Fi (Festival FL-7100).

Twelve rattling good tunes, and the artists are the best in the business.

Examples: "I Want To Be Happy Cha Cha" and "Tea For Two Cha Cha," from the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, starring Warren Covington, "Smiles" from The Four Aces, and "Only The Beginning" from the Kalin Twins.

Incidentally, the disc comes in both stereo and monaural sound.

Like the Belafonte musical approach? Then Presenting the Belafonte Singers (RCA-LP-10671) is your cup of tea. A salute in music to the American story—stirring songs of the frontier, love songs, and touching negro spirituals.

CLASSICS: Far and away the pick of the week's classical releases is, to my mind, Dvorak's "New World" Symphony with Kubelik and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

The music, by turn strongly sinewed, tenderly lyrical, is wholly enchanting. And it is shaped by conductor and orchestra with loving care.

This Decca 12-inch is on stereo. To hear it is to appreciate just how superior the new technique at its best can be.

If your musical taste is to the light and lively, with the accent on singing strings, you should enjoy The Best of Strauss.

A little judicious pruning has enabled the very competent Mishel Piastro and Orchestra to squeeze nine of the waltz king's lilting melodies on to one Festival stereo LP.

Fontana are doing much for music by recording the best of it in potted form at prices people can afford.

Fontana's latest "masterpieces in miniature" offering is of three extracts from Bach's mighty B Minor Mass.

The contralto is Hertha Hopper, and Eugen Jochum conducts the Bavarian Chorus and Orchestra.

How to change your personality

Bored with being tired old you? Would you like to be new and different for spring? Jocelyn Wiseman rings the changes on her personality with new make-up, wigs, and a plait. Wigs are expensive, but a wash-in-wash-out hair rinse is just as much fun. Try it.



THE REAL Jocelyn, the sort of girl every boy would like to have living next door, has a scarf of silky blond hair and honey-colored skin which needs the lightest of make-up.



MOONLIGHT LADY with the faraway gaze is Jocelyn plus an ash-blond wig and pale, iridescent make-up. The cool, remote look gives her a fragile, touch-me-not beauty. Pictures by photographer Ernie Nutt.





HEY PRESTO! She's a coppertop, a quicksilver crazy redhead, who's really got IT. The men adore her, the girls abhor her, but she's still the centre of attention at parties. And all because she's different.

SULTRY SIREN TYPE in her black wig and curling false eyelashes, Jocelyn plays her youth right down with pearly lipstick. See how the dark line drawn on the tip of her nose makes it more finely chiselled.



A GAMIN—gay, carefree, and casual. She glows with youth and happiness and is always fun to be with. Jocelyn's single plait exactly matches her own polished head and her clothes are really hep.

By
Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

Puppy love?

"I AM 15 years old, a boy, and I am very much in love with a girl of 13½. Her age may seem young, but I can assure you that she is much older than her age, although she doesn't act so. We are both very sensible, I'm sure, and enjoy each other's company. I have been to different functions with her, and I think I have reached the stage where I understand her. She has told me that she loves me. We have been interested in each other for about 4½ months now. We both agree that we are still very happy together. Would you please tell me if you think we are really in love, or do you think it is a case of puppy love, as they term it?"

"Troubled," N.S.W.

No, I don't think you are really in love; I think you just like each other especially well and enjoy going out together. I'm sure you're both a bit carried away with the idea of "love" and being "in love," but do leave it to the birds until you are much, much older.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



● Did you ever notice how girls who have that wonderful, lickety-split, out-of-the-handbox look are clever, too? They know tricks that cut jobs in half, that give them that unruffled calm that goes with good grooming.

For instance, before you wash that sweater that's likely to shrink, draw a rough outline of it on paper so that you have a pattern of the proper size for when you press it. And just in case the neckline is going to stretch, run a thread around it.

To keep your bias-cut skirt from taking on that big-dipper look, iron in the direction of the threads, and do it all the way up from hem to belt.

And next time you make a skirt, do away with all that tiresome tacking. Stick the hem in position with sticky tape, then stitch. The tape pulls off easily.

Those black pans and billies that come with the end of a spring picnic are easy to manage if you soap the bottoms of the cooking gear before you go—the black just wipes off like magic when you wash them in hot water. This tip pays dual dividends, makes you an unruffled hostess and a mother's favorite daughter.

You should wait until your girl is 16 to court her, or choose someone your own age when you turn 16.

She can't forget

"ABOUT 2½ years ago I was introduced to a boy by a girl-friend of mine and we both became attracted to each other. I was 14 at the time. I have never dated him, although I used to see him quite often at my girl-friend's place. I broke off with him because we both thought I was too young. Last Saturday night I saw him again and that old feeling came back again. I have never forgotten this boy, even though I thought I had until we came face to face again. Hoping with all my might that you can help me to do the right thing."

J.R.C., N.S.W.

The right thing for you to do is sit pretty. If he got that old feeling, too, he'll get in touch. It's up to him.

Boys—they're funny

"A FEW months ago I went out with a boy who was very considerate towards me. He asked me to go steady. I refused him and told him he could only be second best, as I had a boy-friend in my own State with whom I still correspond. I think this hurt him, as I have not heard from or seen him since then. I would like to go out with him again. What should I do?"

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

Kiss him goodbye. Boys are funny creatures. Out of their mouths they say they like to know where they are with a girl; in their hearts they retire hurt if you tell them the truth.

Your honesty—and yes, it is the best policy—may have caused you to miss some pleasant outings, but has probably saved you difficulties later on. You'd have to have told him some time about the other boy. Forget him.

Ways of kissing

"FIRSTLY, I am 18 and I have never been in love. All my girl-friends have. Do you think there is something wrong with me? Secondly, would you say that a girl who only enjoys kissing and necking with boys she likes was cold? And, finally, is there a technique to kissing, and can it be acquired?"

W.W., S.A.

The answer to your first two questions is — there is nothing wrong with you, you are completely normal.

And yes, there is a technique to kissing. You must have seen many variations — a good-night kiss to your mother, a greeting to an aunt, or the least like a real kiss, that between two grown-up women, who land a glancing blow on each other's cheek.

Between sweethearts kisses differ. There are no rules. There is an af-



"I don't care if men ARE all alike. I want one."

fectionate or loving kiss, and there is a petting kiss. Petting kisses have different degrees of intensity, according to your involvement with the kissing partner. As to acquiring kissing technique, you'll find it's easy when you're in love. But there are no rules.

Mixed marriages

"I WROTE to you a few weeks ago.

In my letter I mentioned I was going with a boy whose father was of an Eastern race (he died in India a few years ago). Since I wrote to you I have become engaged to this boy and I still have not told my parents about his father. Do you think I should tell them? I know they would be against my marriage to him if they knew, and I am afraid they may forbid me to see him, as I am only 19. Would you please advise me as to what I am to do as soon as you possibly can?"

"Worried," W.A.

You must tell your parents straight away. The longer you put it off, the worse the situation and their reaction. They will have to know some time.

Deceit is the thing surest to undermine love and trust and make your parents doubt you. Tell them the whole story and you'll find they react much better than you expect. Parents always do.

The worst thing they can do to you is refuse their consent to your marriage before you are 21. Well, they could do that, anyway. And it would probably be very wise if they did.

Marriages such as you propose are sometimes very successful, but they have special problems. If you can learn to cope with them during your engagement, you have a greater chance of happy years ahead in a successful marriage.



"Come in! Betty isn't ready yet, so you'll have time to shave and brush your hair."

You are already up against one of the special problems, and deceit is no way to deal with it—it builds another set of problems. Tell your parents and ask for their help. Their love and understanding can help you greatly.

You need their unqualified approval and consent to your marriage even if you wait until you are 25, because marriages made despite parental disapproval have not nearly as much chance of success. It takes a lot of love of a special, enduring kind to overcome such a hurdle.

Do tell your parents now. In the long run you'll all be happier, you, your fiancé, and your parents.

Engagement gifts

"ONE of my girl-friends has recently announced her engagement. I have been invited to a party given by the girl's parents to celebrate the engagement. My friends and myself are in doubt as to whether guests give gifts."

"Doubtful," Qld.

There is no custom or tradition that demands the giving of a gift at an engagement party. Often best girl-friends or close relatives give a newly engaged girl some little thing, but the gift is loving, not customary.

For extra money

"I AM a working-girl of 17, and after paying board, travelling, fares, etc., I come out with hardly any money to spend on clothes. Also I am trying to bank some money each week, as later on I would like to travel. I am wondering if you could tell me of a way to make extra money at night. I have made inquiries about a few things, but they all seem to be rackets. I am no good at dressmaking."

"Hard-up," Qld.

Making money at night is very hard. I really don't approve of 17-year-olds with two jobs; you want to watch out for your health.

The only thing I'd approve of for you would be some job like baby-sitting, where there is no great physical labor involved. Why don't you advertise in the local paper? The only other job I can think of is ushering at the pictures.

Baby-sitting rates vary, but the average seems to be 4/6 an hour, with fares or transport home provided. It's not a job to be undertaken lightly, either; it is a great responsibility.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Suzanne's a changed girl

By CAROLYN EARLE

● For a teenage girl, the important step of leaving school and starting her first job usually means deciding on a really new and suitable hairstyle.

THIS question bothered 15-year-old Suzanne Leuenberger, a Sydney teenager who lives with her mother at Padstow, and the pictures on this page are the answer to her particular hair problem.

Suzanne went straight from school to work in the city office of a film company. She wore her hair pulled back from the forehead and arranged in two silky plaits tied at the ends with rubber bands.

Certainly a job doesn't usually hang by a hair, but Suzanne, who is small and slim (height 5ft. 2in., weight about 6st. 3lb.), soon decided that pigtales aren't appropriate for a budding business girl.

A bouncy ponytail didn't fill the bill, nor did Suzanne's mother's idea of fixing

her long locks in a bun on the back of her neck. Suzanne soon decided that what she wanted was a short, curly crop that looks right for the office and fits in with her gay young social life as well.

A "before" glance at Suzanne Leuenberger (top right) shows her arriving at the hairdresser's in school uniform, ready to be shorn.

Below left is the "after" picture with the new hairdo, grown-up party dress and all.

The difference is striking to say the least.

Hair-stylist Reg Andrews planned a bouffant style for his young client to improve her natural hairline and to give her small face added width. Suzanne loves it, and her mother, too, is all in favour of the change.

First he clipped off a hank of each braid, then layer-cut the remaining hair.

The cold wave that was used for Suzanne's poker-straight locks was applied after a thorough shampoo and rinse and before she was finally popped into a heating cap.

Suzanne sees to it that her hair is washed and set once every week or ten days, and keeps daily care at a maximum.



Before . . .



GOING . . . one last look.



GONE . . . goodbye plaits.



BASIC cutting over . . . Suzanne's hair is wound on rollers, and then the heating cap (left) is placed on top.

. . . After



FROM RECTORY TO FOOTLIGHTS

For actress Patricia Conolly there are two off-stage backgrounds.

ONE, the noisy dressing-room of the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, all cluttered with wigs and costumes and make-up, and the other, the dignified Church of England rectory of All Saints', Woollahra, where she lives with her parents, Canon and Mrs. G. A. Conolly.

A sincere and sensitive young actress, Patricia Conolly sees nothing remarkable in the fact that she, a clergyman's daughter, has chosen the stage for her career.

"After all," Patricia said, "so many really well-known people in the theatre have come from a church background — Olivier, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and many others.

**By
HELEN FRIZELL**

"My parents have been really helpful and behind me all the way. Whenever father can leave his work he and mother come to the theatre, and usually bring another dozen people along."

The Conollys have seen their daughter in many roles at the Elizabethan, where she is a member of the Trust Company.

Patricia was born a long way from any theatre, in an African village where her father was a missionary and her mother a kindergarten teacher. Both were Australians.

Mrs. Conolly came from a "church" family, too. Her father was an archdeacon and four of her brothers became clergymen.

When Patricia was four the family left Africa for Australia,

and Mr. Conolly became rector at St. Stephen's, Mittagong, N.S.W.

It was there that Patricia had her first acting part in a kindergarten play.

Patricia took many parts in school plays before winning a Commonwealth scholarship and exhibition to Sydney University, where she gained her Bachelor of Arts degree — and acted in any play she could find a part in.

Patricia's first big break came with the leading part in Girardoux's "Amphytrion 38." When the group took the play to Melbourne John Sumner saw the production.

"He was really responsible for me taking up the theatre as a profession," Patricia said. "Some years later he saw me playing the title role in Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler,' and offered me an audition."

Since then she hasn't looked back, and now her whole life revolves around the theatre.

But her religious background is still very important. Patricia was one of the many Australians who made her "decision" at a Billy Graham meeting.

Recently, at a follow-up meeting of the Graham campaign, Patricia spoke to a huge crowd.

"I was terribly nervous. It was the hardest thing I've ever done," she said.

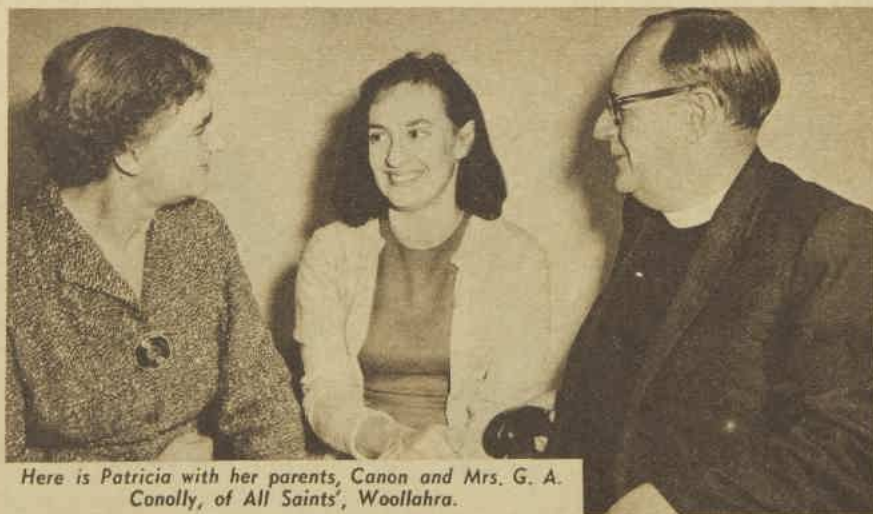
How do some of her stage roles tally with her beliefs?

Patricia feels that the theatre is an art like writing, painting, and music, and that you should dedicate yourself to it, and act as well as you possibly can.

"I wouldn't turn down a part unless it was really corrupting, and I'm sure that I wouldn't be given such a role to play," she said.



PROMISING young actress Patricia Conolly made a "decision" during the Billy Graham Crusade.



Here is Patricia with her parents, Canon and Mrs. G. A. Conolly, of All Saints', Woollahra.

Deaf — but life's fun



● Pretty 19-year-old Janice Nixon (above) is one of the most popular and competent members of a Melbourne comptometer college staff.

SHE is a keen swimmer, tennis player, and table tennis player, loves fishing, and has completed a modelling course "just for fun."

Yet Janice has never heard a sound in her life—she was born deaf.

Janice, whose family is on the land at Orbost, Victoria, was educated at the Victorian School for Deaf Children.

After leaving school Janice returned home to Orbost, but after 10 years in the city she found the country lonely. She decided to settle in Melbourne.

So Janice enrolled at the Peacock Comptometer College, where she completed the course in record time, gaining 100 per cent. in both tests.

The comptometer, which handles all classes of commercial arithmetic, is a machine which demands a high standard of intelligence from the operator.

The college was so impressed with Janice's work that they asked her to join the staff, which handles work for outside business firms.

Footnote: The Victorian school for deaf children has nominated Janice as a candidate for the Moomba Queen Competition, which is a feature of Melbourne's Moomba Week in March.

OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

It pays her to advertise

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● It wasn't the best day to ask Sarah Garland about her job. She was feeling a bit fed up with things.

ANSWERING the switchboard and running messages seemed a too, too boring start to a brilliant career in advertising.

"I was pushed into it," she pouted prettily. "No, I wasn't, really. It's just that my brother Tony is in advertising, and we thought it would be a good idea."

Sarah flipped her shoulder-length locks. "For instance," she said, "in advertising, if you work hard enough, a girl can get further than she can in most other jobs. And it's the sort of job you can go back to after you're married."

"Also, when you've had training you can get a job in all sorts of different agencies. There can be a lot of variety."

Her wide green eyes widened. "Do you know how much I get?" she asked. "£7/10/- Oh, it's very gay, because I'm getting five bob more than my boy-friend."

Sarah has been in the advertising game for only two months, so she's a bit hazy about wage rises—she's been scared to ask.

"I'll HAVE to get a pound rise my next birthday—that's a rule—but I'm not 18 for another whole year," she said.

"I'm a junior now—that's why I'm answering the switch, but soon I hope to be doing layouts and copy-writing and all

that sort of REAL advertising. The only grades you can get for promotion are experience and ability."

"What do I do with my wages?"

"Well, I give Mummy a pound for board, and I have a pound for transport and lunches, and I put a pound in the bank. Then I've got £4/10/- for clothes. Oh, I really must get some new clothes," she pulled a face at her checked skirt, V-necked green jumper, and pointed flat shoes.

"I'm going to be smart this summer, just as you'd expect a young advertising junior to look."

Wants to be "beat"

"Oh, I know what I want to tell you," she grinned. "I want to be a beatnik, and I'm mad—just mad—on interior decorating."

Sarah is a bit of a tease. But underneath the long hair and the seventeenish froth and bubble she's quite dedicated to her career.

"I'm working in a retail store in the advertising department—not nearly as glamorous as some of the agencies, but it's the best training ground. Everyone's all in one room and I can see all the different parts of making an ad."

"Everyone tears round and works madly, and I just keep my eyes and ears open as hard, as



"That's good," says Tony Garland as he and sister Sarah browse through magazine advertisements at their home in the Sydney suburb of Double Bay.

hard as I can. Pick up bits here and there."

"I don't know if I'm going to be any good," said a dubious Sarah. "Tony says the only thing to do is to start from scratch—you've got to—and then see what you're best at when you work your way up."

"It's fun writing copy. Tony's teaching me at home and we go through all the magazines and he says, 'That's good. That's bad,' until my head is buzzing. No one at work knows I'm doing that. I just keep it a secret and answer the switch. Ooh," she groaned.

Sarah had her first little burst into advertising in quite a non-professional way. Tony, who's 26, and some of his cronies were having a party to celebrate the start of the financial year—of all things—and were stuck for an idea for an appropriate invitation.

Talk of the town

"I know," sparked Sarah. "Print it on a great big pound note."

And that invitation was the young talk of the town.

Sarah, with her piquant personality and unusually pretty face, could be, too.

She denied it. "Oh, no. I'm in love. But it's hopeless. He doesn't like me. I know he doesn't. Sometimes go out with a crowd of uni. students. Crumbs, they're gay!"

"Did you ever want to go to the university?" I asked her.

Sarah laughed. "You've got to have brains to do that. Anyway, it wouldn't help in advertising. Just a waste of time. Advertising is a whole course in itself."

What about advertising types as boy-friends?

Learning layouts, Sarah Garland, advertising junior, takes a lesson from Wendy Stringer.

"No, no!" she said. "I suppose later I'll meet all interesting people. You mostly meet photographers and models—not that that's anything."

(Sarah is a bit blase because her elder sister, Robyn, is a successful photographic model.)

Her real ambition

Sarah's ideal in advertising is to be connected with fashion. Her bent is artistic rather than academic and she has a lot of fun doodling at home, doing fashion drawings—when she's not helping her mother with re-decorating the big house the family has just bought—or even keeping the household running,

as she did recently when her mother was in hospital.

"Know what I'd really like to do?" she said out of the blue.

"I'd like to concentrate on fashion, but I'd like to be in an agency and handle the work of big firms—I s'pose I might be able to in the dim, dim future—"

"I mean you could achieve such a lot, if you controlled an account for a fashion house or something."

Sarah looked at the time.

"Oh, heaven, I'm late for work! Oh, dear, what'll I do? The switchboard will be having a fit! Oh, dear! G'bye."

And she dashed back to her career.



LOVE STORY

Star Struck



BRAIN TWIZZLERS

● Here are two more **BRAIN TWIZZLERS** for you to try. Some of you may find these teasers easy—others will think they are not so easy. However, you are all sure to find them entertaining. Look below for last week's solutions.



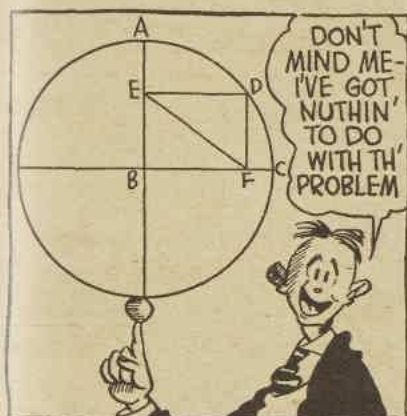
"YES, he was nuts, just plain nuts—but don't think he didn't pull one fast one before we took him away." So spoke the nurse. We awaited the rest of the story breathlessly.

We found that the man had gone round the bend listening to his family squabble over the proposed division of £45,000 which had been won in a lottery.

Finally, he had to be taken away, and all he could think of was the number 45. He discovered a strange thing.

He divided 45 into four parts, and found that by adding two to one part, subtracting two from one part, multiplying one part by two, and dividing one part by two he had an answer of 10 in each case.

Do you know what the four parts were?



THIS is a superb problem. It is magnificent in its simplicity. It is the kind that makes you fairly reek with pride when you spot the solution, or it will make you cringe in shame if you look for something complicated and thereby miss the point. Enough hinting.

In the little circle shown at left there are two diameters drawn, perpendicular to each other. There is also a rectangle, EDCF with E on the radius AB, F on the radius BC, and D on the circumference of the circle. The distance from F to C is one inch. The diagonal EF is five inches.

What is the length of BC?

And here are the solutions to last week's Twizzlers:

THE coded letter was divided into three distinct paragraphs. The stamps were in three rows, and the numerical values of the stamps in each row gave words counted from the beginning of the corresponding paragraph. The message was: "CONSTANT AIR ATTACKS CAUSE WEAKENING SPIRIT COLLAPSE VITAL INDUSTRY."

EVIDENTLY the thrill-giver, who made the complicated will, had intended the friend to have twice as much as the baby if the baby were a girl and half as much if a boy. So the amounts would best be 4000 dollars for the boy, 2000 for the father (the friend), and 1000 for the girl.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

● It's an awful experience to be presented with the menu in a restaurant only to find you can't understand one word on it!

YOU'RE afraid to order because you have no idea of what you are going to get.

To spare yourself a lot of embarrassment and make sure you are able to order what you would really like to eat, swot up on these French terms which appear on most restaurant menus.

Agneau—lamb; aspic—jelly made from stock; an gratin—prepared with sauce, cheese, breadcrumbs, and browned; au naturel—uncooked or without dressing.

Beurre—butter; beurre fondu—melted butter; boeuf—beef; bouillon—a meat broth.

Canapes—toast in small pieces covered with savory mixtures; canard—duck; cantaloupe—melon; champignon—mushroom; compote—fruit stewed in syrup; consommé—clear soup; croutons—small square pieces of fried bread.

En tasse—in a cup; entrecôte—steak; epinard—spinach.

Flan—a pastry-case filled with fruit, cheese, or custard; fondue—light preparation of melted cheese; fraise—strawberry; fricassée—meat cooked in white sauce; fromage—cheese.

Gateau—cake; glace—iced or frozen. Hors d'œuvre—some appetiser served at the beginning of the meal; huîtres—oysters.

Langouste—lobster; mouton—mutton; oeu—egg.

Petit fours—small fancy cakes; poisson—fish; pomme—apple; pomme de terre—potato; potage—soup; poulet—chicken; puree—mashed fruit or vegetables.

Ragout—a stew; raisins—grapes; roti—a roast.

Saute—fried; veau—veal; vol au vent—light pastry filled with meat or fruit.

Girls give
this GUY

Food for thought

● The stomach isn't only the way to a man's heart. A lot of fellows think that it's the way to a girl's ticker, too.

BECAUSE of this belief, you have that time-honored ritual—the dinner date. What a good time that **SHOULD** be.

It should be not just an opportunity to eat well and put on smart clothes, shave lotion, and My Sin; it should also be an opportunity to exercise social graces.

Often, unfortunately, this opportunity **takes** the knock.

Here are some of the ways dainty diners-out get off (main) course...

Overcome Olive is one of the most embarrassing dinner dates.

Her boy takes her to a slick restaurant and soon realises he should have taken her to a hamburger stand. He wants them to slip easily into the sophisticated surroundings. But what happens?

The strange (to her) fancy trimmings at the neatery make her uncomfortable—and she lets everyone know about it.

For instance, the unaccustomed courtesy of the waiter solicitously seating her gives Olive a fit of the giggles.

And when the waiter asks her if she would like a demitasse she stutters, "Oh, no, I don't drink!" thinking he was offering her a drop of the Demon Grog.

By this time her escort is ready to hang himself with his serviette.

Girls like Olive point to a crying need for instruction in social graces to be a big part of girls' education.

Big-eyed Betsy is another tucker-mucker.

She sets her heart on a big feed, but has a change of heart as soon as it arrives.

I'd like a T-bone steak for every time I've heard a girl say, "Oh, goodness! I couldn't eat all that!"

Just as bad as Betsy is the girl who acts as if she's on a bread-and-water diet. Surrounded by steak, stuffed chicken, and side-dishes, she asks for a toasted sandwich.

It's a waste of time for her to go out for dinner and it makes her boy uncomfortable as he knocks over his three courses.

Primping Penny mucks up a dinner date with make-up.

She's the lass who puts everyone off their tucker by repairing her face and hair at the table. She puts hair and pancake (make-up) on the menu—literally—and at the same time puts her escort on an embarrassing spot.

A girl who publicly uses powder will soon make her boy-friend take one!

Flitty Fay's antics are about as enjoyable for her dinner partner as a burnt chop.

She sees a mate across the room, and, after a welcoming yell that makes every other diner spill the soup, rushes across to natter, forgetting her dinner (and the bloke who's buying it!).

Another trick of hers is to ask for a table change a couple of times before she's happy.

Of all dates who grate, however, the **Duck Bill Natterpuss** is the one boys fear most.

She ducks under her escort's guard and grabs the bill. Not to pay it. Oh, no.

Just to have a sticky. Then she natters about either how big it is or how small. Either way, the boy is embarrassed.

If a girl wants to eat out regularly she ought to watch the things I've mentioned.

On the first date she might score a meal fit for a Queen. But next time it's odds-on she'll only get her just desserts!


—Robin Adair



RICKY NELSON

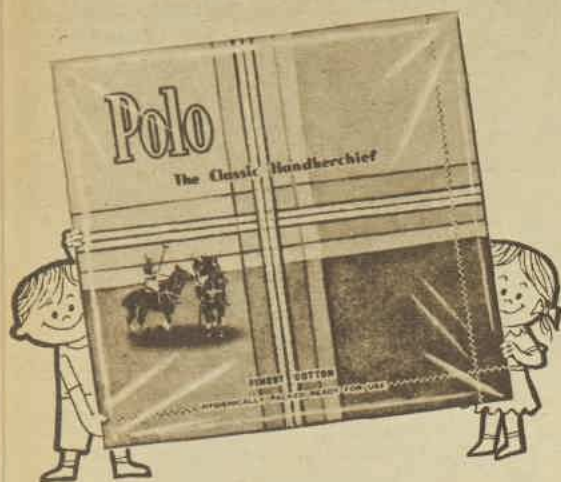
Page 16 — Teenagers Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—September 2, 1959

A full-page photograph of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair, smiling and standing on a thick, dark tree branch. She is wearing a vibrant red, short-sleeved dress with a wide, flat collar and a full skirt. She is also wearing white gloves and white pointed-toe shoes. Her arms are outstretched, and she is leaning against the trunk of a large tree on her right. The background is a lush green park with many trees and a body of water visible in the distance.

"COLLIOURE," by Jacques Griffe, made in orange cotton with a sleek collared top and skirt spreading from a tiny waist. The dress was photographed in the park-like Bois, Paris. Worn by Olivia. S.F.T. fabric by Wallace.

For Dad . . .



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Be sure it's
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anxious face, her head inclined sideways, as though she were listening.

She stood staring at him for a moment and then a deep flush surged upward from chin to brow and she backed hurriedly into the compartment and sat down in the corner, her shoulder turned upon him. But she didn't remove her attention from him. Her hand quivered with tension on her little bag. The birdlike turn of her head still listened to him.

She'd seen him climb up from the line. She must have seen him run out of the bushes. Hang it, what did she have to come so early for? And why walk all the way down to the forward coach? And what was he to do about her now? Walk down the train and get well out of her sight? What good was that, she knew he was aboard. No, don't leave her. Stick to her close, so close she won't dare to make a move. I'm not going to be stopped by a dowdy little skirt like her, after getting by half the cops in Mersham last night.

He slipped into the compartment and sat down opposite to her, and then the afternoon shoppers began to slip along the platform in a languid, lengthening wave until they washed even into this advanced position, and the spray deposited in the carriage two fat, respectable women and a courting couple who clung entranced in their corner, unaware that they were not alone.

The last flurry washed up the length of the platform, slamming the doors. The train began to move. Three-quarters of an hour to the tunnel, half an hour's walking from there to Eddie's place, a change of coats again, a new haircut, glasses, and who was going to pick out Freddo in a London crowd?

BUT she knew! She was drawn back constrainedly into her corner, her face turned to the window, but he knew she was studying him with desperate attention. When he couldn't bear it any longer he felt in the pockets of his coat for the means of occupying, or at least hiding, his trembling hands.

Young Billy had done him proud. A morning paper, a magazine, cigarettes, and matches. He unfolded the paper as a screen between himself and her, but he still felt her there, thinking about him. After a while, not knowing himself what he was going to do, he lowered the paper, looked straight across at her and held out the magazine with a half-hearted gesture of invitation.

She looked stonily back at him with those large, plaintive eyes of hers and neither moved nor spoke. His motion froze in mid-air, and clumsily he tucked the magazine away under him in the corner of the seat.

He felt sick with fright and even sicker with hatred of her. He wished he could wring that skinny little doll's neck of hers. Sweat was crawling down his back like beetles. She had him spotted. For sure! She wasn't going to talk, she was too scared, but she was only waiting her chance.

Twenty-five minutes yet to the tunnel. The girl got up abruptly, opened the door, and went out into the corridor. Panic boiled up in Freddo's throat like nausea. He dared not let her out of his sight. Once she was away from him she could buttonhole the guard, anyone, and blurt out what she'd seen. He blundered out after her and closed the door.

She was leaning forward against the window rail on her

Continuing . . . CHANCE MEETING

from page 23

folded arms, her head turned away from him. He came to her elbow, the packet of cigarettes quaking drunkenly in his outstretched hand. "Like to smoke, miss?" he quavered.

He'd said a magic word or something. She turned a small, flushed face suddenly shining with a diffident smile. She shook her head shyly and didn't say a word, but she'd come alive. It was then that he saw the lingering tears in the grey eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked, confounded.

"You're quite young!" she said surprisingly. "I felt sure you were, but I didn't know for certain until you spoke."

He stared back at her and didn't know what to make of her or what to say. "I'm eighteen. For heaven's sake, I don't look as ancient as all that, do I?"

"Did you really not notice, then?" She flashed into joy.

"I was afraid it was obvious."

"What, that you — You don't mean to say you're blind?" He couldn't believe it, he felt his knees turn to jelly with relief, and yet it was he who winced away from the word, not she. She was beaming. She was

gaze, and ticket, and everything, that's why I came so early. In case I got into difficulties, you see. I wanted to show how normal I could be and how well I could manage. The first time alone.

"But now I'm a bit scared. London's different. Big and busy. I'm frightened of it." She smiled at him, but in the middle of the smile the corners of her mouth turned down and her chin shook.

Freddo stretched his arm round her to lean on the rail beside her. He felt her shiver for a moment and then relax against his shoulder. "No need to be scared. Somebody'll look after you."

"I'm glad there was somebody young," she said. "Older people frighten me." And after a moment: "My name's Linda. What's yours?"

"Anthony," he said. It was the name he'd always wished they'd given him. Classy. And it felt like his name. Anyhow, he didn't feel like Freddo now.

The guard came swaying along the corridor and collected their tickets without a second glance. She was telling him all about the school and how you learn to play the piano when you can't see, when the shrill of the whistle tore him

stopped being frightened just because he came near.

The train slithered into the long arrival platform and Freddo lifted down her suitcase and her raincoat and then took both her hands to guide her from the train. And there, along at the end of the curving platform, strung out so that the scurrying arrivals must pass between them, he counted six policemen.

"You sit here a minute," he said, steering Linda to a seat and placing the cases beside her, "and I'll go and get you a taxi."

It was no use trying to snaffle one and send her on her way before they saw him, they'd only fall on him at the wrong moment and ruin everything.

He marched straight towards them, his hands out of his pockets so that they should see he wasn't up to anything; and before he was within twenty yards of them they had him spotted. They drew together, peaceful smiles on their happy faces, navy-blue arms reaching to surround him protectively.

"O.K., O.K.," said Freddo. "I came straight to you, didn't I? I'm not making any fuss. Only do me a favor little, will you? You can keep hold of me if you like, there's enough of you." They were sceptical and wary, but having their hands on him made it worth while listening.

"See that kid there with the luggage? She's blind — well, practically blind. She's going to a school here, first time, see, she wanted to be big and do it alone and now she's scared. I told her I'd get a taxi for her. Let me send her off safe, and then I'll come along quiet. There's enough people about, you can stand all round us and she won't know. Only keep your mouths shut, see?"

IT was out of sheer curiosity that the sergeant complied. There was nothing to lose with so many ready hands at his disposal and so little prospect of a break for freedom. And it might even be true. Something odd was always happening in this racket.

Nothing odder, however, than the flourish with which hard-case Freddo Evans handed this big-eyed waif into the taxi and gave the driver the address of her college and a ten-shilling note out of his own pocket. And nothing more unexpected than the way she leaned out at the last minute and offered her face to be kissed and said: "You've been so kind, Anthony! I shall never forget you!"

Anthony! The sergeant was still grinning when he stewed his silent, pale, entranced prisoner into the police car and climbed in beside him. After all those obliging young ladies that ran around with Jonty's gang, this pretty boy had to walk into a net for a shy little thing who kissed like a child, out of gratitude.

"Gimme a cigarette," said Freddo, coming to slowly. "I left mine in the train." And when it was lit he drew in smoke hungrily and sat with the stunned look still on his face, not uttering a word.

"And you don't know her full name," said the sergeant, shaking his head helplessly, "and you're never going to see her again!" He never was, but it didn't matter. "Boy, I simply don't understand you!"

"I don't suppose you do, chum," said Freddo loftily, watching his shining new vision of himself stalk forward into a future as void, and strange, and golden as the sky. "I don't suppose you ever will."

(Copyright)



Don Day

almost pretty, she was so pleased that he hadn't realised she couldn't see him.

"Well, not really blind — what we call partially sighted. I can see light and just shapes, you know, but that's all."

"You poor kid!" he said. "You poor kid!" He, who'd been thinking nothing but "Freddo, you poor kid!" ever since the old nightwatchman had yelled and the gang had scattered last night.

He experienced an anguish he couldn't account for, never before having felt sorry for anyone but himself. Those great eyes, and yet she couldn't see. Only a twilight of moving shapes, nothing more. Like night all the time.

"You mustn't be sorry for us," she said, and smudged the tear away with one finger, "it's bad for us. Could you really not tell?"

"Never dreamed! You manage fine." He felt light and safe, because she hadn't seen him, and desperately sad because she never would, not him nor anyone. He closed his eyes, letting a vague filtering of light pierce the long, lowered fringe of lashes. Like that all the time. Only in earnest. No good opening your eyes again.

"I wanted to," she said, blinking. "I'm going to the College of Music for the Blind to study the piano. I used to be at the Blind School in Mersham until last term. I wanted to do the journey all by myself, lug-

away from her and back to himself.

The tunnel! He had to go. There wouldn't be another opportunity after this. The train began to slow, pounding forward into thick darkness. Slow flares passed. Steam hissed and the train shivered and was still.

He mumbled some excuse into her ear and walked away to the end of the corridor. When he looked back over his shoulder she was standing there quite still, her anxious, listening face turned to follow his going. The great eyes peered through their everlasting twilight after him with an inexpressible sorrow and loneliness. He still saw them when he was round the corner of the coach, alone, safe, cautiously opening the door upon the friendly darkness.

And then, quite suddenly, he couldn't go. It was no use poking one foot out into the void, he was only pretending, he knew he couldn't do it. He shut the door again, cursing horribly under his breath.

He went back round the corner and watched her glow as she picked up the sound of his step. "Think I'd left you? I wouldn't do that. Come and sit down for a while, we shall be in in ten minutes."

When she smiled at him he knew it was something he'd never forget. He couldn't think of anyone else who'd ever

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ECONOMICAL
BOTTLES
5/6 AND 9/6

BUBBLES 1/3



EC530.143

Page 42

Continuing . . . BEAUTY AND THE ABSOLUTE BEAST

from page 25

into that brief illusionary pose of being an expert on skis. This would be his idea of humor.

Queer how light deceives you. His eyes weren't grey. They weren't blue. They were black. Black as the ace of spades.

She put her chin up as high as it would go. "I'm surprised you took the trouble."

He gave her a crafty, lopsided grin. "No trouble." "Thank you," she said with dignity. "Thank you very much indeed."

He went back to the blonde, the brunette, and the redhead. Suddenly she felt rather cold, rather lonely. The blonde seemed to be looking at her and laughing. No doubt he'd explained the joke. They'd expect her to go rushing to the notice board to scratch her name out. Well, she thought to herself, biting her lip hard, even if it kills me, that's the last thing I'll do.

She could see that Dick Worth thought it was very funny. For what remained of the evening, he grinned broadly every time he saw her. On Saturday at breakfast-time, he said, "They'll be taking the list down at ten."

"So?"

"Your name's still on it."

"So?"

"I was just thinking—" He stopped. The grin disappeared. He was staring out of the window at the snow. There had been a thaw during the night that had given way to a hard frost at dawn. There was an icy top layer of marble crust. He mumbled something.

As he walked away, a frown came over his face. And as the morning progressed, the frown grew deeper and deeper. His eyes looked worried. The red sweater didn't look half as bright and cheerful as usual.

"You're going to cancel it, of course," she heard him say to one of the officials.

The man looked astonished. "Cancel? The Speed Trials? These are the sort of conditions for someone to break all . . .

their necks," Dick Worth supplied grimly.

Twice he came to her and tried to say something about snow conditions. By lunch-time he seemed hardly able to leave her alone.

In the dining-room he stood by her table, and said desperately, "Look—you're going to listen to me!"

Clare Dalton looked right through him.

"The snow's terrible," he went on. "There's ice all the way down. It'll be suicide!"

She surveyed his anxious eyes coldly. "Miss Haussmann will be competing?"

"Well—yes."

"And Miss Penelope Buckland?"

"I suppose she'll be there."

"And me," Clare Dalton said. "I'll be there, too."

Lunch passed for her as though in a dream. She had no idea what she was eating. A kind of numbing excitement mixed with a frightened feeling down in the middle of her small body; she was aware that her heart was thumping loudly and her mouth was dry. All her energy seemed to be expended on keeping her face looking calm and collected and unafraid.

Dick Worth made another effort to dissuade her from competing as she left the dining-room. Clare hardly heard him, her mind was racing through all the tips she had ever had on keeping upright at a mile a minute on two thin pieces of wood.

She was conscious, as she skied gently behind the crowd to Alleyn's Jump, that he had

tagged himself on just behind her. He seemed to have appointed himself her trainer, second, and coach.

As they waited for the first competitors to start he was still urging her to scratch; and when she said nothing—she had completely lost her voice—he added urgently, "Well—don't take it straight. Traverse in a zigzag from side to side."

They watched Miss Buckland shoot off like a rocket.

"Miss Crossley?" the starter called.

There was no answer. He held a whispered-consultation with another official, before announcing, "Miss Crossley has scratched." He looked down at his list. "Miss Dacres?"

More whispering. Then—"Miss Dacres has scratched, too."

Dick Worth was saying to



her, "You'll be next. Here—I'll see your skis are properly fastened."

He bent down and fiddled with the fastenings. Clare could feel him tugging and pulling, but she was hardly conscious of anything, except that in a few seconds her name would be called, and straight after that she would be launched into space.

"Miss Dalton?"

Clare gave a little push with her sticks that sent her towards Alleyn's Jump. The precipice below gave her an icy stare.

"Ready?" the starter asked her kindly.

She wasn't conscious of how it started, but the next thing she knew she was on her way.

For the first few seconds she seemed to be going quite slowly. She leant a little forward, and a vicious acceleration resulted.

Alleyn's Jump gaped. Her skis kept her hurling down into the yawning valley below.

Steady, she thought, I'll traverse to the right. She started to turn, and cut across someone else's tracks. Her skis clattered and her body shook just as though she'd shot over a railway level-crossing. The wind stung her eyes.

And then, suddenly, out of the corner of her eye she saw him. Over on her left, he swung round towards her. In her efforts to slow up, her skis crossed each other. She tried to swivel them straight with her heels. The bindings gave a quick, sharp twang. Then she was conscious of her skis shooting on ahead without her, and her side hit hard against an icy crust of snow.

She tried to stop herself falling with her hands and legs as she rolled downwards. A succession of cold hard bangs and bumps were being relentlessly distributed all over her body

when suddenly she felt herself skilfully fielded.

Two huge hands caught hold of her. She was conscious that her nose was now digging into a massive red sweater. She heard Dick Worth's voice say, "It's all right . . . hang on to me!"

Opening one eye, she could see him twist his skis off and dig his heels in—to slow them both up. Suddenly, blissfully, they stopped in what appeared to be a mass of ice-cold cotton-wool.

She opened her eyes, and saw Dick looking down at her. They were in a little hole in the snow. The face of one of the time-keepers peered down anxiously. "Are you all right?"

Dick answered for both of them. "Perfectly." The face disappeared. "You are all right, aren't you?" he asked her.

She looked at him and smiled. "Fine."

Together they peered out of their lair.

"Broke right through the crust into the soft snow," Dick said. "Lucky for us!"

"Lucky my skis came off," Clare said fervently. "Heaven knows what might have happened—" She stopped. "They came off very easily." Then she remembered. She turned to him. "It was you! You did something to my skis so that it would happen. You knew they'd come off."

He grinned at her sheepishly. "I'd a pretty good idea. I didn't want to see you do a Jack and Jill act down Alleyn's Jump. Not in your skis. Not without Jack."

She felt her cheek pressed a little deeper into the warm wool. She looked up at him intently. "Your eyes," she said. "What's the matter with them?"

"Nothing—nothing at all." Clare Dalton's voice sounded very contented. "Except I can see they're blue, after all."

There was a cheer from the crowd round the finishing line.

Dick said with a singular lack of interest, "That'll be Frieda Haussmann beating the record."

A shower of snow, like white confetti at a wedding, fell down on them—a gentle backwash from the champion's skis. Dick put out his hand and turned Clare's pink cold face towards his. Nobody noticed. In perfect privacy, they kissed each other, as they sat in their sit-mark—family size.

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I'M FIGHTING FIT AT FIFTY . . .

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1959

WORTH REPORTING

FOUR hundred lb. rice plus 40lb. split peas—that's the annual school "fees" paid by boarders at St. Xavier's, a boys' school at Hazaribagh, Northern India.

St. Xavier's, which has 600 pupils, was established by the Jesuit Fathers.

"These 'fees' are their food for the year," said Father



FATHER LACHAL, Jesuit missionary in India, riding a jungle route on his motor-cycle—a gift from former school pupils in Sydney.

Lachal, S.J., a teacher at St. Xavier's, and formerly of Riverview College, Sydney.

He is one of 46 members of the Australian Jesuit mis-

sion in India, and has been there for nine years. He is visiting Australia to thank the people here for their generous help to the mission.

"We do educational and social work among the tribal peoples," Father Lachal said.

"Their villages are on the fringe of the jungle. The main crop in this district is rice—the people eat, think, and barter in rice."

Many of the parishioners have never been beyond their district. They are many "jungle-ly" miles from the nearest railways, and for four months each year are cut off by streams that swell into rivers during the rainy season.

Then Father Lachal rides to the villages on horseback.

When the roads are good he rides a motor-bike.

"My bike was a present from the boys I taught at Riverview, before I went to India," he said.

Wet or dry season, there are always hazards.

Herds of elephants roam, occasionally damaging rice crops—a major disaster for a poor man.

"If you keep out of the elephants' way they won't hurt you," Father Lachal said, "but if you disturb them they can be savage."

Father Lachal will be at Riverview College, Sydney, for the Indian Bazaar on September 12, and hopes to meet many of his old friends.

The look called "fragile"

THE far-reaching effect of the words we publish came home to us on receiving a letter from a reader who signed herself "These Young Moderns," Drummoynne, N.S.W. She wrote:

"I was travelling in the bus and overheard something which would interest you.

"Two teenagers were sitting in front of me. One, about 17 or 18, had no lipstick on,



FRAGILE GIRL—this picture of an American model appeared with our recent story headed "The Look—Oh-so-fragile."

although she wore face make-up nicely applied and was quite pretty.

"Behind her, sitting next to me, was her mother. When we were near town the lass turned to speak to her mother, who noticed then that the girl had no lipstick.

"In reply to her mother's objections she said: 'You read The Women's Weekly—it's the new fragile look. You know, touch-me-and-I'll-break look'.

"I, too, had read your article in the July 29 issue: 'The Look—Oh-so-fragile'."

★ ★ ★

MRS. BETTY DUNLEAVY, who, as Leila C. Howard, conducts our cookery pages, has won a culinary distinction.

She was awarded a prize for coming top of her class for the year in Hotel and Restaurant Cookery, conducted by the Food School at the East Sydney Technical College.

Two women and 13 men took the course, most of them professional chefs and apprentice chefs. Mrs. Dunleavy was the only one to be awarded an "A" pass in the final exam.

Mr. Norman Frakes, a cook at Concord Repatriation Hospital, came second in the course; and Mr. Reg Rankin, from the Union Club, Sydney, was third.

CAPTAIN COOK has left his mark!

In "Impact of Design," a recently published book by Sydney interior decorator Clive Carney, is a picture of a big store in Honolulu. It is among photographs of the interiors of offices, shops, and restaurants in the U.S., England, and Australia, which the decorator collected during a 40,000-mile air journey.

The store is McInerney's, of Waikiki, and above its marble floor and sunlit counters is a large photographic mural of the landing of Captain Cook at Hawaii. It shows the Endeavour, anchored within a palm-fringed bay and surrounded by native-manned canoes.

Jolie's jolly good

JOLIE GABOR, the amazing mamma of the gorgeous Gabor girls, Eva, Magda, and Zsa Zsa, has sent her sister, Mrs. Rosalie Reiss, of Mosman, N.S.W., some recent snapshots of herself, one in a bathing suit.

She also sent a Press cutting of an interview with a woman reporter, published in the "Toronto Telegram" (Canada), July 17, 1959, which reads:

"Madame Jolie Gabor has the smile of an archangel, the vanity of a 20-year-old, the figure of a ripe chorus girl . . .

"I sat on the end of Madame Gabor's bed as she was being fitted for a new dress—studying her glittering theatrical face, her eloquent hands, her incredible body.

"Her deeply tanned back, completely exposed in the low



JOLIE GABOR shows her form. She sent this picture to her sister, Mrs. R. Reiss, of Sydney.

V of the dress, was so flawless I commented on it.

"Yes," agreed Madame Gabor matter-of-factly, 'my back is good and my legs are good, too. People say to me, 'How eez eet you have soch loffy daughters—but why not? Jolie eez not so bad, eh?'"

Jolie is married to Count Edmund de Szigethy, her third husband.

You're In A Real Dilemma, Emma!



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Spiced Steak with Parsley Dumplings

2 lbs. Blade Steak; 1 Teaspoon Grated Nutmeg; 1 Teaspoon Brown Sugar; 1 Teaspoon Salt; Pinch Pepper; 1 Tablespoon Flour; 2 Cups Water; 1 Dessertspoon Vinegar; 1 Dessertspoon Worcestershire Sauce; 6 or 7 Small Onions; Carrot.

Method: Trim Steak, cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ " squares. Combine Nutmeg, Sugar, Salt, Pepper, and Flour. Rub thoroughly into Meat. Place in Agee Pyrex Casserole, add Water, Vinegar and Sauces. Cover closely. Bake in moderate oven for 1 hour. Add whole Onions and Carrot Wedges, return to oven and cook for a further $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Add Dumplings for last 25 minutes of cooking.

1 Cup S.R. Flour;
1 Teaspoon Salt;
Pinch Pepper;
1 Tablespoon Shortening;
1 Dessertspoon Coarsely Chopped Parsley;
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cup Milk.

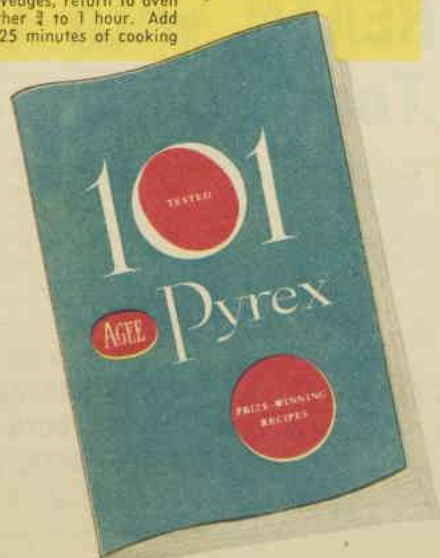
Method: Sift Flour, Salt and Pepper, rub in Shortening, add Parsley. Mix to a soft Dough with Milk. Shape into 8 small balls, rest them on top of Meat. Cooking time 25 minutes.

To-night delight the family with this delicious prizewinning recipe

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1959

Four Prizewinning Recipes from the AGEE Pyrex Book



Canton Steak and Rice

1 onion; 1/2 cup celery; 1 green pepper; 2 oz. shortening; 1 lb. chuck steak; little flour; salt and pepper to taste; juice of 1 lemon; 1 cup water or stock; 1 level teaspoon mustard; 1 level teaspoon ground ginger; 1/2 cup chopped eschallots; 3 cups boiled rice.

Method: Chop onion, celery and green pepper. Melt shortening, saute vegetables for 5 minutes. Remove from pan and set aside. Cut meat into thin strips, roll in seasoned flour and brown in pan. Add water, lemon juice, mustard and ginger, stir well. Place in Agee Pyrex Casserole with lid on. Cook in moderate oven about two hours. Half an hour before serving add vegetables. Garnish with chopped eschallots and serve with boiled rice.

Sherried Chicken in Casserole

1 roasting chicken; salt and cayenne pepper to taste; flour for coating; 1/2 cup oil; 1 cup diced celery; 2 level tablespoons minced onion; 1 level tablespoon plain flour; 1/4 cup sherry; 1/4 cup thin cream or top milk.

Method: Cut up chicken, season, flour lightly and fry in oil to golden brown. Arrange pieces in Agee Pyrex Casserole. Add celery, onion, and flour to the oil, stir over a low heat 2 minutes, season lightly and add to chicken. Add wine and cream, cover and bake in moderate oven 30-45 minutes or until quite tender.

Schnapper Continental

Ingredients: 1 1/2 lbs. schnapper steaks; lemon; 1 tablespoon butter; salt and cayenne.

Mayonnaise: 6 stuffed olives, sliced; paprika.

Method: Prepare steaks and rub over with lemon. Season with salt and cayenne. Arrange on greased Agee Pyrex dish, put butter on each piece and spread with mayonnaise. Place in hot oven and bake 25-30 minutes. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives and sprinkle with paprika and serve in Agee Pyrex dish.

Golden Date and Nut Dessert

2 oz. shortening; 4 oz. S.R. flour; 1 level teaspoon salt; 1 level tablespoon brown sugar; 1 level teaspoon grated lemon rind; 1 cup chopped dates; 1 egg; 1 cup cold water; 2 cup hot water; 3 tablespoons Golden Syrup; 1 level dessertspoon shortening.

Method: Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt, add brown sugar, lemon rind, dates and nuts. Mix into soft dough with beaten egg and cold water. Place hot water into Agee Pyrex dish and drop in a teaspoon of mixture at a time, until half quantity is used. Trickle half the Golden Syrup over, then spoon in the balance of the mixture. Top with remaining Golden Syrup and dot with extra shortening. Bake in moderate oven 35-40 minutes. Serve hot in Agee Pyrex. As the dessert cooks it makes its own delicious butterscotch sauce.

RECIPE COMPETITION WINNERS

Mrs. T. Acheson, Katherine; Mrs. D. Apsey, North Sydney; Mrs. S. Barraclough, Wilcannia; Mrs. G. Bartlett, Westmead; Mrs. A. Berman, Auburn; Mrs. L. Blewitt, Goulburn; Miss G. Bowler, Westmead; Mrs. M. Branwhite, Bondi; Mrs. B. Breeding, Blair Athol; Mrs. Brine, Hamilton Park; Mrs. J. Burnett, South Yarra; Miss M. Burrows, Mosman; Mrs. M. Cole, Matraville; Mrs. J. Coleman, Yerragon; Mrs. C. Coleman, St. Clair; Mrs. M. Collingburn, Ermine; Mrs. B. Connor, Merrylands; Mrs. R. Coombe, Carleton; Mrs. E. Cooper, Sandgate; Mrs. T. Cross, Cremorne; Mrs. C. Cudmore, Griffith; Mrs. B. Davies, Turramurra; Mrs. J. Dibbs, Pymble; Mrs. J. Diedrich, Wallaroo; Mrs. A. Duck, West Wyalandi; Mrs. M. Duncombe, Springwood; Mrs. M. Dunkerton, Parkside; Mrs. M. Eggleston, Mount Waverley; Mrs. H. Emery, Ryde; Mrs. O. Evans, Orange; Mrs. J. Fabry, Hobart; Mrs. R. Fantini, Mt. Gambier; Miss M. Fatsos, Inverell; Mrs. D. Ferguson, St. Marys; Mrs. J. Fitzess, Maitland; Mrs. F. Feitz, Boonah; Mrs. K. Gortner, Canterbury; Mrs. M. Gibson, Charlestown; Mrs. A. Grant, St. Marys; Mrs. E. Green, Fullarton; Mrs. P. Griffiths, Watsons; Mrs. D. Hamilton, Melbourne; Mrs. M. Hamilton, Brisbane; Mrs. R. Hansen, Newcastle; Mrs. F. Haenschel, Wyong; Mrs. J. Hayes, Ermine; Mrs. K. Hewitt, Broke; Mrs. Hickling, Caringbah; Mrs. D. Hill, Rothbury; Mrs. E. Hitchcock, Belmont; Mrs. N. Homan, Arncliffe; Mrs. A. Jackson, Darwin; Mrs. M. James, Narraginn; Miss P. Joubert, Hobart; Mrs. H. Lord, Claremont; Mrs. L. Law, Toowoomba; Mrs. E. Lee, Darling Downs; Mrs. C. Leonard, Braxton; Mrs. M. Loughran, Adelaide; Mrs. P. McConchie, Rochester; Miss H. McDowell, Earlwood; Mrs. M. McKinnon, Burwood; Mrs. D. McMullan, Perth; Mrs. J. McPhee, Tingha; Mrs. R. Maltby, Bowen; Mrs. K. Manning, Cairns; Mrs. L. Mallis, Stenhouse; Mrs. V. Monaghan, Wonthaggi; Mrs. A. Morgan, Newcastle; Mrs. E. Newman, Coburg; Mrs. E. Nettleton, Buderim; Mrs. A. Nugent, Fairfield; Mrs. E. Nutty, St. Ives; Mrs. W. Passmore, Townsville; Mrs. T. Parkinson, Mackay; Mrs. M. Perry, E. Victoria Park; Mrs. I. Parnell, Redfern; Mrs. C. Rattle, Earlwood; Mrs. L. Richie, Toronto; Miss C. Rook, Balmoral; Mrs. E. Rose, Normanhurst; Mrs. J. South, Moreland; Mrs. B. Seckald, Holbrook; Mr. T. Smith, Bundaberg; Mrs. W. Spratt, Geelong; Mrs. A. Stealing, Mitcham; Mrs. A. Stirling, Bealieu; Mrs. A. Stretton, East Benleigh; Mrs. R. Stubbs, Windsor; Miss S. Sullivan, Hay; Mrs. J. Terlich, Manly; Mrs. J. Theodore, Kingsford; Mrs. C. Trahair, Myrtleford; Mrs. M. Tregunno, Griffith; Mrs. P. Varley, St. Camerwell; Mrs. R. Vincent, Bridgewater; Mrs. M. Webber, Hamilton; Mrs. A. Wilkinson, Dulwich Hill; Mrs. White, Mt. Hawthorn; Mrs. L. Woolford, Eyre Peninsula.

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Continuing... A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 27

jagged stump. A mere shred of tattered sail drooped from the mizzen. The ship was motionless.

Conway steered Thalia carefully alongside and passed a line to the elderly negro, who made it fast. His eyes were bloodshot, and his coal-black face looked grey with tiredness, but his mouth gaped in a huge smile. In a moment he was pouring out a flood of information, in an incomprehensible French dialect. The only word that Conway could get sounded like "Tempete"—and that told him nothing he didn't know.

The little boy's head had a dirty bandage round it, smeared with dried blood. There was blood on his blue cotton shirt, too. Conway said, "What happened to him?" pointing. The negro said, "Tombe—tempele!" The flow of words started again.

Leanda said, "Don't you think I ought to put a proper dressing on, Mike? We've got lots of stuff." Conway said, "Good idea!" and held out his arms for the boy and lifted him into Thalia. Then he climbed aboard the ketch. The boat was no more than forty feet long, and very ancient. From stem to stern it was in a state of frightful disorder. Lumps of shark meat were drying in the cockpit, giving off a powerful smell of ammonia. The cabin was piled high with tangled ropes and salvaged gear. The mizzen mast, Conway saw now, was badly split. The mainsail was in ribbons. Conway said, "No more sail?" gesturing with his arms. The negro shook his head. "Fin, massa—fini."

"What about your engine? Moteur!"

"Fin," the negro said sadly. "Tout fini."

Conway bent to examine it. It was a petrol engine, a very old one. He tried the starting handle, but nothing moved. He took the dipstick from the sump and found it dry. The engine was seized up solid.

He got to his feet, frowning, and looked around. "How much water have you got? Water. L'eau." He pretended to drink.

The negro smiled. "De leau, oui." He took Conway's arm and led him to the stern. There was a largish tank under the transom, once galvanised but now very rusty. Conway unscrewed the cap and looked in. It was about three-quarters full.

"Good," he said, and replaced the cap. "Wait, now—two minutes." He climbed back aboard Thalia. Kastella, who had been watching and listening from Thalia's cockpit, said, "Well?" Leanda was just finishing bandaging the little boy's head. Conway held the end while she fixed it with a safety-pin. "Is it a bad cut?" he asked.

"It's quite nasty, poor little kid, but it should be all right if they look after him... I think something must have fallen on him."

Kastella said impatiently, "What's the position, Conway?"

Conway sat down. "Well, it's a bit difficult."

"What about the water?"

"Oh, they've plenty of water—thirty or forty gallons, I should think... The thing is, we'll have to give them a tow."

"A tow! Where to?"

"To within sight of land, anyway. They're helpless."

"That's not our business," Kastella said sharply. "We've got our own troubles to worry about. Someone else will have to look after them."

"There isn't anybody else," Conway said. "There probably won't be. No one fishes out

here. They've no sails and no engine. If a storm got up from the west they wouldn't have a chance. They'd blow ashore and pile up on the coral. We can't leave them."

"If we tow them in, we shan't have a chance either," Kastella said. "Don't worry about them, Conway—they'll get home somehow."

Conway said, slowly and contemptuously, "You swine!" He got up and went back aboard the ketch.

Kastella looked at Leanda. "It's madness... we just can't afford to take the risk."



"Oh, Alex," she said, "how can we leave them... Mike's absolutely right." She went into the saloon and rummaged among the stores and came up after a moment or two with chocolate and sweets for the children.

By now there was considerable activity aboard the ketch. The young negro was filling a small can with water from the tank. Conway was talking to the old man, gesticulating a lot and drawing painfully on his schoolboy French. The negro was smiling happily, hugging the bandaged boy, while the little girl peeped shyly from behind her mother's skirt. Presently the two men helped Conway to lift out their water tank and lower it into Thalia's cockpit. Then Conway fetched one of his strong warps and made one end fast to Thalia's stern and threw the other end to the young negro to make fast on the ketch's bows. Kastella looked on, scowling.

LEANDA asked, "What's the plan, Mike?" "I'm going to tow them to Victoria," Conway said. "I've fixed everything with them, and they understand. We shall do the last bit in the dark and take them as close in as we dare—close enough for them to be safe, anyway. When I give the word they'll cast us off and we'll motor straight out to sea again without stopping. If the weather stays calm, everything should go smoothly. We've got all their water, apart from the gallon or two they'll need on the way, so we won't have any more worries on that score. It strikes me as a very satisfactory arrangement."

Kastella said, "You're a fool, Conway—a sentimental fool. Somebody's sure to see us... You're throwing away twenty thousand pounds."

"I don't think so," Conway said, and started the engine. As Thalia gathered way, the ketch swung in astern of her. Conway hauled the towline short, so there would be no danger of it catching in the propeller, and made it fast again. Then he took his seat at the tiller. Leanda went and sat beside him. Conway looked up at the young negro, who was

squatting in the bows of the ketch, and gave the thumbs-up sign. The negro grinned happily. Back in the ketch's cockpit someone was singing. Kastella gave Conway an ugly look and went below.

As soon as Thalia was on her course Conway started to make some calculations. It was a hundred and fifty miles to Victoria. The ketch was towing well—they should average, he reckoned, about five knots. A hundred and twenty miles in the next twenty-four hours if the flat calm held. Then a final dash in the dark.

Leanda suddenly cried, "Alex, what are you doing?"

Conway looked up sharply. Kastella was standing by the saloon door. He had the shotgun in his hand and he was pointing it at them.

"All right," he said, "don't move, either of you." He advanced slowly. "This is where you start taking orders from me." He continued to approach until he was only a few feet away. Then, still watching Conway out of the corner of his eye, he turned the gun on the young negro in the ketch's bows. "Let go that rope," he called. "Let it go, boy, or I'll blow your head off."

For a moment the negro seemed paralysed. Kastella pointed to the rope and jerked the gun. The gesture was more effective than any words. Suddenly the boy flung himself on the rope and cast it off.

"Keep her going, Conway," Kastella said.

The ketch quickly fell away astern. The negro boy was shouting. Soon the others joined him in the bows, crying and gesticulating. The gap widened. A long, despairing wail came over the sea. It sounded like "Na pas di leau! Na pas di leau!"

The gun was pointing at Conway again. Kastella's face had the closed look of a man who'd made up his mind on a course of action and meant to go through with it. His forefinger was crooked round one of the triggers in a very businesslike way. Conway had to fight the urge to turn his head away from the barrels. A blast of shot in the face at that range! Sweat poured off him.

"Be careful, Kastella!" he said. His mouth was dry—words came with difficulty. "You'll never get to Africa if you press that thing too hard, you know."

"That's true," Kastella said. "Of course, the opposite is also true. Unless I have good hopes of getting to Africa, there'll be no particular reason why I should be careful. It looks as though co-operation is in both our interests."

For a moment there was no sound in the ship but the beat of the engine. Then Conway said, "Is it all right for me to get the tow-rope in?"

"Of course," Conway hauled the trailing rope clear of the propeller and silently coiled it. Leanda was staring at Kastella and the gun as though hypnotised.

"Now let us get back on our proper course," Kastella said. "To the west!"

Conway moved the tiller over and took Thalia in a tight half-circle until she was heading into the evening sun. As they swept past the motionless ketch the wailing broke out again. Leanda suddenly came to life. "You can't leave them," she cried. "Oh, you can't!" She half rose from her seat.

"I must," Kastella said. "Sit down and keep still. Full speed ahead, Conway!"

For a second Conway hesitated. The gun jerked. Conway bent and opened the

To page 53

COOKING FOR CONVALESCENTS



ANYONE recovering from illness requires greater amounts of nutritious food than a healthy person. But to induce an appetite these must be served often, in small quantities, and as tastefully cooked and served as possible.

Avoid rich, highly seasoned, or fried dishes; serve instead such easily digested foods as steamed or grilled fish, meats and poultry, and light refreshing sweets.

Do not ask your patient to suggest a menu, unless he requests a particular food that is suitable. The element of surprise in a patient's menu is much more likely to excite curiosity and perhaps create an appetite.

Prepare foods so they are easily manipulated, especially if the patient is still in bed. Foods cut into bite-sized pieces are preferable to meats left on the bone or large pieces of vegetables and fruit.

Convalescent children sometimes present a real problem, especially when they are not old enough to realise it is only by eating that they will regain their strength and vitality. An effort must be made to serve their food as gaily and attractively as possible. The use of colorful novelty dishes which catch a child's eye and imagination is also helpful in persuading them to take essential nourishment. However, foods should not be forced on convalescent children, because this may lead to later feeding difficulties.

Keep a jugful of fruit juices or water beside your patient's bed and give him plenty of broths, soups, tea, and soft drinks. Liquids are necessary to prevent dehydration and so maintain the body's water balance—particularly if there has been a fever with the illness.

Before planning any meals for your patient, ask for full advice from your doctor. Follow implicitly his rules about types of foods that can and cannot be served. Be more particular than usual about the rules of cleanliness when preparing a convalescent's tray, because a system which has just combated an illness is in no condition to fight the effects of poisonous food bacteria.

In the following recipes the quantities, wherever possible, are given for one person. Spoon measurements are level, and cup measure refers to an eight-liquid-ounce measure.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,** OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

SEAFOOD CHOWDER

Half-pound white fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 bay-leaf, sprig parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon dry breadcrumbs, lemon.

Cut fish into neat pieces. Place in a saucepan with bay-leaf, parsley, salt, pepper, and water. Bring to the boil, remove any surface scum, then add diced potatoes. Continue cooking gently until potatoes are nearly done, then add milk and cook until mixture is thick and creamy. Remove parsley and bay-leaf; stir in breadcrumbs. Re-season if necessary. Serve with a slice of lemon on side of bowl.

BAKED FISH CREOLE

Half cup stewed tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped peeled mushroom, 1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar, pinch mustard, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish steaks.

Place all ingredients except fish in saucepan and simmer, stirring occasionally, until vegetables are tender. Grease shallow ovenware dish, season fish with salt and pepper, place in dish, and pour vegetable sauce over. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes.

SOUFFLE OMELET

For each egg allow 1 teaspoon cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, butter for cooking.

Separate the white from yolk of egg, and beat white with salt until stiff. Beat the yolk lightly with water, then fold into the stiffly beaten egg-white and season with pepper. Heat 1 teaspoon butter in an omelet pan (or sufficient to just cover base of pan). Carefully pour the egg mixture into pan and cook over gentle, steady heat until the omelet

is set and lightly browned on the bottom and well puffed on top. Remove pan from top of stove and place it under griller or in a moderate oven to set and brown top. When it is set, the omelet should be elastic to the touch. Fold over, and serve on a hot plate immediately.

Variations

Cheese Omelet: Fold in 2 tablespoons grated cheese before cooking, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated onion, if desired.

Ham or Bacon Omelet: Sprinkle some chopped ham or chopped cooked bacon over the omelet before folding it over.

Prawn Omelet: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shelled, chopped prawns with sufficient white sauce to bind. Season with lemon juice and spoon the mixture on to the omelet before folding over.

Corn and Bacon Omelet: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet corn, 2 tablespoons chopped cooked bacon, and 2 tablespoons cooked green peas. Spoon mixture on to omelet before folding over.

Parsley Omelet: Add 1 tablespoon of coarsely chopped parsley to omelet before cooking.

CAULIFLOWER LUNCHEON DISH

Two or 3 pieces cauliflower, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons dry breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Cook cauliflower in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the liquid for sauce. Place cauliflower pieces in greased ovenware dish, cover with sliced hard-boiled eggs. Heat butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Remove from heat, gradually add milk and reserved vegetable stock. Return to heat, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Add half the cheese, stir until melted. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over eggs in dish, sprinkle with combined breadcrumbs and remainder of cheese; dot with extra butter. Place in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until top is golden brown.

MUSHROOMS PRINCESSE

Two to 3oz. mushrooms, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons butter, salt, pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 slice toast.

Peel and wash the mushrooms, cut into small pieces. Place in pan with butter and a little salt and pepper. Cover, cook

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1959

**Get your patient back to health again by
providing plenty of calories, proteins,
fluids, vitamins . . . and an appetite.**



NUTRITIOUS FOODS, carefully prepared so they will tempt the appetite, are the most essential factor for a speedy recovery from illness.

gently until mushrooms are tender. Blend flour with a little of the milk, add this to mushrooms with remainder of milk. Stir while mixture simmers for 3 or 4 minutes. Spoon on to hot buttered toast, serve.

DEVILLED KIDNEYS

Two to 3 ounces kidney, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons tomato puree, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce (optional), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water or stock, salt, pepper.

Chop up kidney into small pieces and slice onion. Heat butter in pan, brown kidney and onion. Add stock, tomato puree, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer until cooked (about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour).

STUFFED TOMATOES

Two tomatoes, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 1oz. grated cheese. Mark a ring round the stalk of each tomato with a small, round cutter. Using a sharp knife, remove the tops, then scoop out the pulpy centres (use in soups or sauces). Sprinkle insides of tomatoes with salt and pepper, then break an egg into each and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place tomatoes on an oven-tray, bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

SUPER EGGNOG

One egg, 1oz. non-fat milk powder dissolved in 1 cup fresh milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, flavorings such as chocolate, butterscotch, strawberry, or maple syrup, or vanilla as desired.

Beat egg well, add sugar, and beat in milk mixture. Add flavorings to taste, and serve in a tall glass with a colored straw.

CREAMED VEAL

Half-pound fillet of veal, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed), salt, pepper, sprig parsley, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 teaspoons flour, little extra milk, squeeze lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, chopped parsley.

Cut veal into small pieces, chop bacon. Place in a saucepan with parsley sprig, grated lemon rind, and milk, season

with salt and pepper. Cover with a tightly fitting lid, and simmer until veal is tender (about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour). When veal is cooked, lift out on to a heated serving-dish. Strain liquid, thicken with flour which has been blended with extra milk. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and egg-yolk, mix well. Reheat, but do not allow to boil. Pour over veal, sprinkle with parsley.

CHICKEN AND RICE

Half-cup cold chicken meat, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sauce.

Mince chicken meat, combine with egg-yolks (removed after splitting eggs carefully in halves), half the butter, evaporated milk, and seasonings. Fill into egg-white hollows. Dot tops with remaining butter, spoon over sauce, sprinkle with parsley, and serve on a bed of rice. Reheat by covering and placing in moderate oven for 15 minutes.

HIGH PROTEIN SPONGE CAKE

Three-quarters cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup non-fat milk powder, pinch salt, 3 large eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water.

Sift flour, baking powder, milk powder, and salt together three times. Beat eggs until thick and lemon-colored, gradually add sugar, and beat well. Carefully fold in flour mixture and lemon juice. Pour hot water into side of basin and fold in quickly and lightly. Pour into 2 well-greased and floured 7in. sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes. Cool on racks, fill, and frost with a chocolate cream made from 2oz. softened butter and 2oz. melted chocolate, being beaten together and gradually thickened with 2 cups sifted icing sugar.

MOCHA DESSERT

One-third cup non-fat milk powder, 1 cup fresh milk, 2oz. cooking or semi-sweet chocolate, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, vanilla.

Dissolve milk powder in the slightly warmed milk. Place in top half of double saucepan with the grated chocolate and cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, until chocolate

is melted. Mix cornflour and sugar in a small basin, stir in coffee essence and a small amount of the hot milk, blending well. Return to chocolate and milk in saucepan and stir again until thickened. Cool slightly, add vanilla, and pour into serving-dish. Chill, serve with whipped cream.

RICH ICE-CREAM

One teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup non-fat milk powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 cup fresh milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Soften gelatine in water. Combine milk powder, evaporated milk and fresh milk, blend well. Place sugar and egg-yolks in top half of double saucepan, stir in milk mixture, and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until thickened slightly. Allow to become cold, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and whipped cream. Pour into freezing-trays and freeze until mushy. Return to bowl, add vanilla, beat again until fluffy, return to trays, and freeze until firm.

FRUIT-ADES

Two tablespoons lemon, orange, lime, or pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons sugar syrup, iced water.

Mix sugar syrup and fruit juice together. Add sufficient iced water to three-quarters fill an 8oz. glass. Add crushed ice and a thin slice or wedge of the fruit used.

Sparkling or carbonated water can be added in place of the iced water if preferred.

To make the sugar syrup: Mix 1 cup water and 1 cup sugar in a saucepan. Heat to dissolve, then boil for 2 minutes. Chill and set aside to use as required.

LEMON PUDDING

One ounce butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon self-raising flour, juice of a small lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Cream butter, sugar, and lemon rind together, add egg-yolk and lemon juice, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and then milk. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into greased ovenware dish, and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Note: It is advisable to stand the dish in another dish of warm water to prevent the mixture curdling.



GRILLED LAMB CHOPS served on a bed of savory rice and accompanied with a tangy curry sauce make a substantial and nourishing dinner dish. See recipe this page.

Dinner dish wins prize

● An unusual savory dinner dish which is practically a meal in itself, especially when served with a crisp salad, wins the main prize of £5 this week.

RECIPES for fruit-filled fried sandwiches and an orange-flavored dessert win a consolation prize of £1 each.

A recipe that is old to you may be new to many of our readers, so enter one of your family's favorite recipes in our weekly contest. Write on one side of the paper only, in ink or type, and include full name and address (including State) to each page. Send entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Spoon measurements are level.

CURRIED CHOPS MEXICANA

Four or five lamb leg or chump chops, 1 bacon rasher (rind removed), 4 cups boiled rice, ½ cup chopped gherkins, ½ cup sultanas or capers, little oil or fat for frying.

Chop bacon roughly, saute in a little heated oil until cooked. Add rice, gherkins, and sultanas, fry 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly with a fork to prevent rice grains sticking together. Arrange rice mixture over base of greased serving-dish, keep hot. Grill chops on both sides until cooked through, arrange on rice mixture; meanwhile, prepare curry sauce.

Curry Sauce: One tin celery or mushroom soup, 1 cup

cooked or frozen green peas, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon oil, 1 dessertspoon curry powder.

Fry onion in heated oil until soft but not browned. Add the soup, water, salt, pepper, and curry powder, stir over heat for 5 minutes. Add peas, cook 5 minutes longer. Pour over chops just before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 100 Marius St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

HAWAIIAN SANDWICHES

Half cup mashed ripe banana, one 3oz. package cream cheese, 1 cup crushed, drained pineapple, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, salt and

pepper to taste, 8 slices bread, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Mix banana, cream cheese, pineapple, and chopped nuts. Combine milk and eggs, season with salt and pepper. Spread banana mixture on four bread slices, cover with remaining bread. Cut each sandwich in half diagonally. Dip into egg mixture, brown quickly on both sides in heated butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Anderson, "Mundani," Taylor's Ave., Golden Beach, Caloundra, Qld.

ORANGE DELIGHT

Crunch Crust: One and a half cups rice cereal, 3 table-spoons brown sugar, 3 table-spoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, ½ teaspoon cin-

namon, 4oz. melted butter or substitute.

Place rice cereal in basin, add sugar, cocoa, coffee, and cinnamon. Add melted butter, mix until all ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Press over base and sides of 8in. tart-plate, chill in refrigerator until crust is quite firm.

Orange Filling: One and a half table-spoons cornflour, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, grated rind of 1 orange, ½ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg-yolk, ½ teaspoon salt.

Place cornflour and sugar in basin, add milk gradually, stir until well blended. Add orange rind and juice, stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter, egg-yolk, and salt, stir well. Fill into prepared case, chill well. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Ginnane, 14 Glendon Rd., Double Bay, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

THIS delicious sweet is equally good with custard, cream, or ice-cream. It serves 4 or 5 people and costs approximately 5/6.

CONTINENTAL PEAR CAKE

Two table-spoons good shortening, 2 table-spoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 table-spoons milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, cooked pear halves, drained from syrup.

Spicy Crumble Topping: Half-cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon each spice, cinnamon, and nutmeg, 1½oz. good shortening, 1½ table-spoons brown sugar.

Beat shortening and sugar with lemon rind until very soft and creamy, add unbeaten egg, mix well. Add milk, then sifted flour and salt. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, place pear halves on top, cut side uppermost. Prepare crumble topping: Rub shortening into sifted dry ingredients, add sugar. Sprinkle over pudding. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Regular habits help pre-school child

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

PARENTS should recognise that during the formative pre-school stage of a child's life the growth and development of his body and character are greatly affected by environment, nutrition, and management.

Often standards of good nutrition and regular sleep, carefully established in the first year, are allowed to slacken in the toddler and child of pre-school age.

It is important that the child in the two- to five-year-old age group be carefully trained in habits of eating and sleeping at regular hours.

He should not be allowed to stay up

late or to eat sweets and unsuitable foods between meals.

A child's physical and mental health are closely related, and correct management, proper diet, and regularity in all things, especially in hours of sleep, will encourage independence and morale that will help him in his early school days.

Parents who wish to know more about the problems of the pre-school child can obtain a free leaflet on this subject from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send a stamped self-addressed envelope for the leaflet.

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To Know Him Is To Love Him
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Danna

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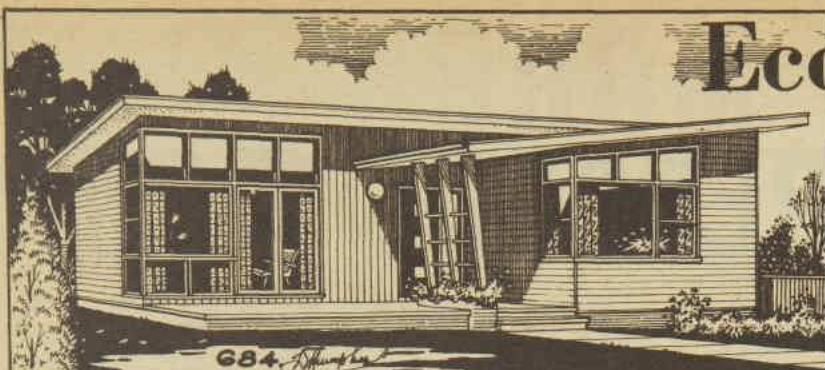
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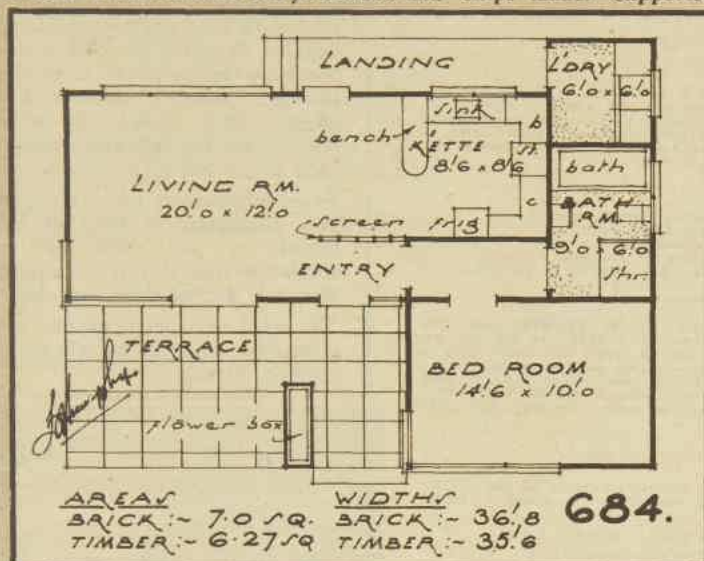
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THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set (five copies of plan and three copies of specification) from any of our Home Planning Centres which have been established in conjunction with leading stores. Addresses are:

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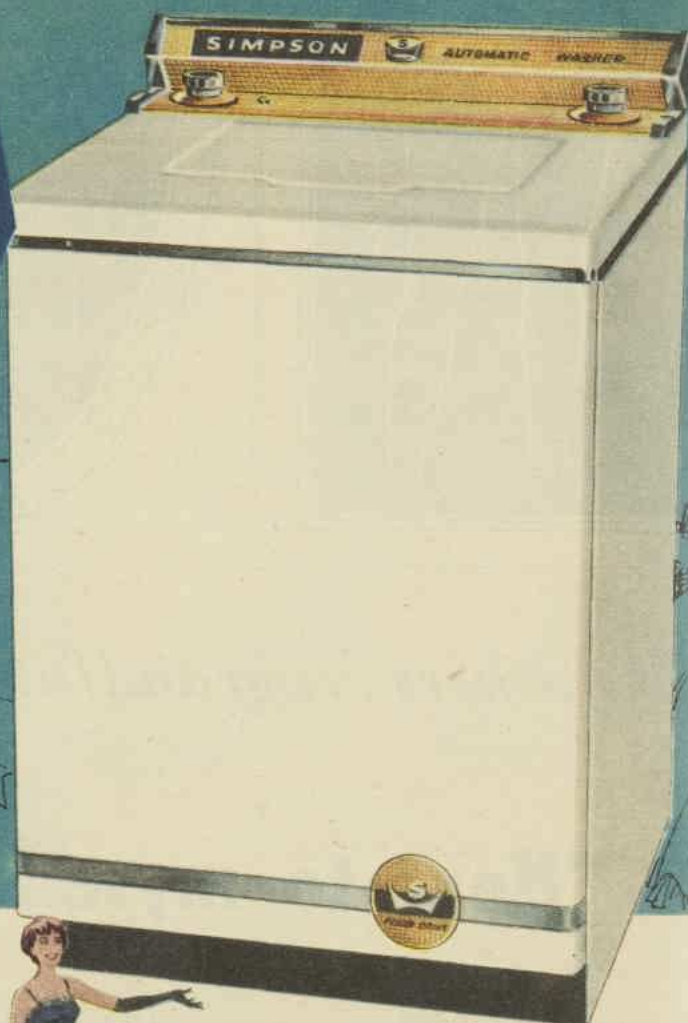
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throat wide. "You callous, double-crossing swine!" he said softly.

Kastella shook his head. "Not callous, Conway—just realistic. Not double-crossing, either—the arrangement to tow them in was yours, not mine. I warned you not to make it."

"They've only enough water for a day or so," Conway said. "At least you could stop and give them a bit more—we can easily spare it."

"We don't know that. Didn't you say this passage could take weeks? I'm determined to run no more risks."

"Not long ago you were prepared to cross on five gallons!"

"That was when there seemed to be no alternative."

"It's murder, I tell you. They'll die of thirst."

"I hope not, Conway. If they do, it can't be helped."

"Oh, it's wicked," Leanda cried, "its monstrous. How can you?"

"I have to put first things first, Leanda. Our people need me. You know that. You came on this expedition because you knew it. Now success is within sight. We can't risk throwing everything away."

"But those poor people, those children!"

"In time of war," Kastella said, "the innocent always suffer. Spyros is at war. The people of Spyros are suffering, too. They, too, are being murdered—by the English. This is no time to be squeamish."

Leanda gazed at him incredulously. "I scarcely recognise you," she said. "You talk like a stranger."

"It could be that you never really knew me," Kastella said, with a thin smile.

By now the ketch had fallen far behind. The cries were growing faint. Leanda looked appealingly at Conway.

He shrugged. "What can we do?"

She got up, white-faced, ignoring the gun. "Can I go below?" she asked.

"Certainly," Kastella stepped back to make way for her, the gun still at the ready. "But I warn you not to do anything silly. You'll only get—very badly hurt."

She walked past him into the saloon and closed the door behind her.

There was a little silence after she'd gone. Conway sat hunched over the tiller, his face wooden. Presently Kastella said, "I know what you're thinking, Conway."

"I'm thinking you've lost a supporter," Conway said.

"That's not all . . . You're thinking how you can get this gun away from me."

"I'd be surprised if you weren't! Then, when you'd got it, you could go back and find the ketch and tow it into Victoria. You're an obstinate man."

"I'm a careless one," Conway said. "I ought to have thought of the gun."

"Well, you didn't—and now it's too late. You won't get it away from me—I shall see to that. I've handled guns before, you know."

"That's pretty obvious."

"During the war, when I was in the resistance, I learned all the tricks . . . It's as well you should know. In any case, in a

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 45

few hours it'll be impossible for you to go back to the ketch, because you wouldn't be able to find it again. Am I right?"

"I guess so."

"In a few hours, then, perhaps we shall be able to come to a sensible understanding . . ."

Conway said nothing. He continued to sit crouched over the tiller, his face a mask of blankness.

It was a fantastically strained night. At dusk Kastella took up a position on the coach-roof, with a supply of food and water—and the gun. From there he could command the cockpit in safety and make sure that Conway didn't attempt to change course. Leanda prepared food for Conway and herself and did her two-hour stints at the tiller as before, but she hardly spoke a word. She had the dazed look of someone whose whole world had suddenly crumbled about her.

Conway was silent, too, watching for any slip on Kastella's part. Once, just before a change-over, he thought he saw Kastella's head droop on his chest and took an experimental step away from the tiller—but the gun came up at once, and he didn't try it again. The engine beat steadily on. The flat calm persisted.

At dawn Conway took star sights and worked out their position. They had covered ninety-six miles during the night, and were more than three hundred miles from Heuresse. Leanda prepared breakfast in silence. She looked as though she had been crying. When the meal was ready, Kastella waved her to the stern with Conway and climbed cautiously down and backed into the saloon. He breakfasted with the gun pointing out of the door.

Then he returned to the coach-roof. He looked a bit tired, but he was still in full command. Conway topped up the fuel and checked the supply in the spare tanks. The engine was doing well, using less than he'd expected. Leanda went listlessly through the essential jobs below.

The day was already blazing hot, without a breath of wind. Waves of heat came up from the engine; waves of heat poured down through the awning that Conway had rigged again. On the coach-roof, Kastella had pulled out a corner of the stowed mainsail and made himself a bit of shade.

It was Conway who broke the long, suffocating silence.

"Well," he said, "I reckon those people on the ketch will soon be down to their last pint or two if this goes on."

Leanda said, "Don't, Mike—I can't bear it."

"It's going to be a sizzling day," Conway said, looking at Kastella. "Those kids'll be in a bad way before long. Especially the one with the cut head. They'll soon be as dried up as their shark meat."

Kastella stirred. "There's no point in dwelling on it, Conway."

"We could still go back," Conway said. "We might find them . . . How would you like to die of thirst, Kastella?"

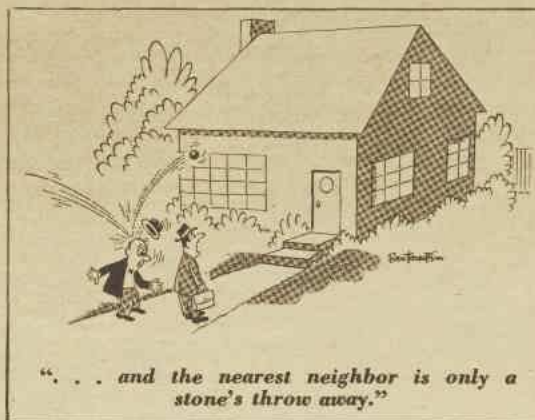
"What's done is done," Kastella said. "It's all over."

"All over?" Conway shook his head. "I should say it's just beginning for you. When the news gets out that you deliberately left five people to die of thirst, your reputation in Spyros is going to be damaged quite a bit."

Kastella said, "Heuresse is a long way from Spyros."

"Sure—but news travels."

"If this news travels," Kastella said, "it will travel by way of the English—and in Spyros nobody ever believes what the English say. They've been trying to blacken me ever since I took over the leadership—there's never a week goes by without them thinking up some new accusation. My people never pay any attention—they know it's all propaganda. The reaction's automatic—and it will be the same this time. So



“. . . and the nearest neighbor is only a stone's throw away."

you see, I'm not at all worried about the news getting out . . . Besides, aren't you forgetting something?"

"What am I forgetting?"

"If those people survive, as they may do, it will prove they had enough water and were in no real danger, so they'll have no serious ground for complaint. If they die of thirst, no one will ever know what I did."

Conway eased up a section of floorboard with his foot and gave the grease cap on the stern tube a couple of turns. "There were witnesses," he said. "Leanda and myself. Remember?"

Kastella gave a bleak smile. "Well, I hardly think I've anything to fear from you, Conway. You, after all, are going to take me to Africa—not merely because I have a gun but because you intend to earn your twenty thousand pounds and keep this ship that you're so fond of. And you're not likely to go spreading it around the world that you knowingly carried a callous murderer to safety for money, are you? I think I can rely on your discretion. As for Leanda—I know I can count on her."

"Do you?" she said.

"Of course, my dear girl. At present you're shocked and angry at the methods I've had to use, you're full of a very understandable compassion. But in the end you'll agree that I was right. You'll realise how unimportant yesterday's incident was against the general background of our struggle. Spyros comes first—and you belong to Spyros. You belong to the liberation movement, whatever your personal feelings may be at this moment. You've already served it magnificently, and you'll go on doing so. Your allegiance is to it—and to me, its leader."

"It was," she said. "Until yesterday, I think I'd have given my life for you. Now things have changed. The man I believed in, and followed, wouldn't have done what you've done. I don't acknowledge you any more. I don't trust you any more. I—I think you might be an evil thing for Spyros."

Kastella said, "That's dangerous talk, Leanda."

"Dangerous?"

"If you translated it into action, very dangerous." He regarded her thoughtfully for a moment. "If you were to spread hostile reports about me—stories about abandoned fishing-boats, for instance—you would be undermining our work and helping the English. And you know how the movement treats those who help the English, don't you? You remember the village of Meos and what happened to Sophianopoulos and Kalides and the rest? Even worse things could happen to you . . ." He paused again. "And no doubt would happen."

Leanda gazed at him in mingled horror and disbelief. "I—I don't understand . . . You were against what happened in Meos—you denounced it. Now you sound as though you'd approve!"

Kastella's smile was sardonic. "You know," he said, "I think it's about time I told you some of the facts of revolutionary life—if only to stop you doing anything rash . . . The truth is, I am not quite the person you imagine. I denounced what happened in Meos, yes, but I wasn't against it. On the contrary—I ordered it!"

She stared at him. "You?"

"Who else? I lead the movement—the whole movement. I am the movement. And it had to be done. You cannot win freedom for a country without ruthlessness."

She had turned very pale. "But you were always against terrorism . . . Those speeches you made . . ."

"My dear Leanda, a good leader must be a Machiavelli. The world dislikes terror. Terror is bad publicity. So there must be a constitutional front, a respectable front. The leader must denounce violence. He must appear a humanist and talk of rights and dignity and urge conciliation and negotiation. In that way he wins over not merely the neutrals but also wealthy romantics like your friend Metaxas, so that the coffers are kept filled."

"The real work, the fighting, must be done secretly through lieutenants, with guns and bombs. With care, the leader can thus have the best of both worlds—he can reap the fruits of moderation and of terror. And that is exactly what I've done. Not that it is much of a secret now in the top ranks of the movement. You and Metaxas have been too long away from Spyros . . ."

"When the ordinary people know," Leanda said, "they will never forgive you."

"Not if I fail, my dear. But if I succeed I shall be doubly a hero. My deceit will be wisdom and my severity courage." "Meos wasn't just severity! It was a hideous, unforgivable crime. A ghastly atrocity . . . Do you know what they did?"

"I know very well. Traitors and fainthearts have to be

eliminated with the maximum of violence and terror and pain, so that others may profit by the lesson. In this case the lesson was most effective."

"And you think that can lead to freedom and happiness?"

"It can lead to victory!"

There was a little silence. Kastella, looking pleased with himself, fingered his gun. Conway stared at the compass. Leanda said after a moment, "At least I know now that I owe you no allegiance. I hate and loathe everything you stand for . . . I came to Heuresse because I believed in you. I shall never cease to regret it."

"It's a little late for second thoughts about that, isn't it?" Kastella said. "What you should think of now is your own safety, your own future. If you talk unwisely you will suffer as the traitors of Meos suffered. You have been warned! But if you are discreet and forget the unpleasantness of our trip there may be great possibilities for you. In a little while the English will have left our country and I shall take over supreme power . . ."

"Then heaven help Spyros!" Leanda said. She stood looking over the sea, her eyes brimming with tears. After a moment she went below.

Kastella said, "Well, Conway—you took no part in our little argument."

"No," Conway said.

"For an Irishman, you're remarkably silent. You consider it a family matter, perhaps?"

"Hardly!"

"Then as a realist you must surely agree with me."

"As a realist," Conway said, "I think it's men like you, on all sides, who are turning the world into a hell."

"I see . . . In that case, any more discussion might be rather arid. What about the practical question—getting to Africa and your twenty thousand pounds?"

"That's another matter . . . We're still heading west, aren't we?"

"True—but it would be so much pleasanter if I felt I could count on your whole-hearted co-operation."

"I'm thinking about it."

"Good! Well, now, I shall go and get some sleep," Kastella climbed cautiously down from the coach-roof. "I shall lock my cabin door, of course, just to be on the safe side—and I always wake at the slightest sound. So don't try anything foolish."

He glanced around the empty sea, looked at the compass, and gave a little nod. "Just keep her as she is!" he said.

The sun blazed down all morning, grilling the deck. The

only breath of air was the warm draught made by Thalia's own passage. Conway, left alone in the cockpit, steered from under the awning. Every now and again he took a drink of tepid water from a jug beside him. He had to have it, though it almost choked him. The picture of the ketch was starkly vivid in his mind. The negro family must be frying like eggs in their stationary craft. He tried not to dwell on it, but the picture wouldn't fade.

Below, all was quiet. Leanda, he decided, must be sleeping. Lunchtime came, but no one made a move. Conway didn't mind—he had never felt less hungry. He didn't even mind Leanda not coming up for her watch. She was probably exhausted after that shattering talk with Kastella. Anyway, he was glad to be left alone. He had a great deal to think about, and a big decision to make.

SOON after mid-day a light breeze sprang up from the west, ruffling the sea. Conway hadn't expected that. Presently he switched off the engine and hoisted sail, setting Thalia on a course to the south-west. The breeze persisted throughout the afternoon, bringing a few merciful clouds. A little of the tenseness began to go out of his face; a little hope began to creep in. If only the wind would keep on blowing gently from the same direction!

Around four, Leanda came out. She looked strained, and very pale. There was something almost furtive about the way she closed the saloon door behind her before joining Conway in the cockpit.

He said, "Have you had a good sleep?"

"I haven't been sleeping—I've been thinking . . ." She sat down beside him. "Mike, I've got to talk to you."

"Go ahead," he said, "there's no charge."

"It's about Kastella . . ." She was keeping her voice very low. "You must have thought me extraordinarily naive, the way I behaved about him."

"Not extraordinarily."

"But I was . . . After all, I scarcely knew him."

Conway shrugged. "You had had luck. He might have turned out all right. Average for a politician, anyway!"

"I was crazy to be so trusting. I know that now . . . I only hope it's not too late."

Conway glanced up at the sail and hauled in the mainsheet a little. "What do you mean by that?"

"Mike, he can't be allowed to go back to Spyros. He's

To page 65

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 250 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4008W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Accent with ferns

MANY Australasian ferns will thrive outdoors, in pots in a bush-house or fernery, or in cool rooms.

Most ferns grow naturally in moist, shady places, and when transplanted need a similar position to retain their freshness.

In a suitable spot they can be left to themselves. But they need moisture-retentive, acid soil, and plenty of water in summer if grown in pots or tubs.

Ferns from mild coastal areas should be protected from frosts.



Platycerium grande (stag-horn fern) should be mounted on stout boards and in shade. Pack leafmould behind the shield.



Polypodium (finger fern) is usually found round the bases of trees and is semi-deciduous. In cold climates it should be grown under glass.



Dryopteris felix is a hardy fern of English origin, often called male fern. Easy to cultivate, it is best grown in cool and shady places.

Asplenium nidus (bird's-nest fern) is a native of N.S.W. and Queensland. It does well in big pots filled with leafmould and light but rich sandy loam.



Todea barbara, from N.Z., does well in Australia. It needs rich, acid soil in a warm position and ample summer watering. Do not cover crowns with soil.

Dicksonia fibrosa is easy to grow in cold districts. Needs very big tubs if pot-grown, but does best in the open. (Pictures by Rosaline Redwood.)





Glamour meals

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RICE



RIVERINA-GROWN RICE gives you the delicious *natural* flavour of white rice just as *nature* intended. And in only 15 minutes you have the snowiest, fluffiest rice you've ever served—the perfect complement to every meal. It's easy on the budget, too. Yes, the best rice costs less—goes further. And remember, there's a wonderful 15-minute natural RIVERINA RICE RECIPE on every packet!

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26H, Wed., 2.30 p.m.	2K0, Fri., 12.30 p.m.
22M, Wed., 1.30 p.m.	2AY, Wed., 2.30 p.m.
27H, Fri., 9.30 a.m.	28H, Fri., 10 a.m.
26L, Wed., 2.15 p.m.	28S, Fri., 9.30 a.m.

Sponsored by the Rice Marketing Board.

Watch

MENU FOR TOMORROW

Susan Lee Whyte's Advisory Service, TCN 9
Mon.—Wed.—Fri., 3.58 p.m.

Try this Susan Lee Whyte BASIC RICE RECIPE

1 cup rice, 8 cups boiling water, 1 flat tsp. salt. Boil rapidly for 15 minutes with lid off saucepan. Simply tip rice and water into colander and allow to dry.

CHOPS PARISIAN with RICE

3 cups cooked rice; 6 chops, pork, lamb or veal; salt and pepper; 1 level teaspoon ginger; 1 level teaspoon ground cinnamon; 1/2 tablespoon melted butter; 8 dessert prunes, cooked and pitted; 1 cup water in which prunes cooked; 1/2 cup white wine (optional); 2 tablespoons brown sugar; apple.

Dry fry the chops in a pan—season well. Combine the cooked rice, spice and butter. Peel and core the apples and cut into thick rings and put a cooked prune into each core hole; sprinkle with brown sugar. Place a rice layer in a greased oven-ware dish—put three chops and four apple-rings on top; another layer of rice, then the remainder of the chops and apple-rings. Pour the prune liquid and white wine over. Cover with a lid and bake in a moderate oven (350° gas, 400° electric) for 1-1 1/2 hours.

WRITE FOR — SUSAN LEE WHYTE KITCHEN-TESTED RECIPES: Rice Marketing Board, Box 151, P.O., Leeton.



One Great Cause— The Relief of Suffering

There is a huge reserve of human kindness in Red Cross which Governments can never mobilise and a great field of human suffering they can never reach. Apart from its first priority of caring for ill or aged ex-servicemen who are ineligible for Repatriation Benefits, Red Cross, through its V.A.D.'s, gives constant voluntary help in hospitals and many other ways to men, women and children of all ages in time of trouble. All Red Cross workers are dedicated to one great cause—the relief of suffering.

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MOON AND LAGOON FOR FLOWER SHOW

● Visitors to this year's floral exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales will be able to linger on a rustic bridge across a blue lagoon or wander through a mossy grotto of wildflowers.

THE main display of the show, which will be held in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on October 9 and 10, will be based on the song "Sleepy Lagoon," and its words "a sleepy lagoon, a tropical moon, and you."

Grouped over a central island 40ft. long, it will feature the lagoon and bridge, banked with exotic tropical flowers, palms, and ferns. Overhead will be an illuminated moon. A figure in trees will represent "You."

Wildflowers of Australia will be featured in another display. They will be shown in a mossy grotto, with some flowers being flown in from Western Australia for the occasion.



FIRST PRIZE in The Australian Women's Weekly competition at last year's flower exhibition was won by this display—a unit of various types of arrangements—submitted by the Kuringai Horticultural Society.

Selected highly scented leaves will give an authentic bushland atmosphere.

Music will provide the motif for the whole exhibition, repeating the theme of the 1959 Waratah Festival—"Melody and Song."

Our prizes

Prizes will again be given by The Australian Women's Weekly for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies of the Royal Horticultural Society.

These prizes will be presented to winners during the official opening of the Festival by the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman H. F. Jensen, on the evening of October 9.

In competing for prizes, societies may choose six decorative units from these 12 classes of arrangements:

1, representing the theme of the Waratah Festival "Melody and Song"; 2, formal arrangement of native flowers and foliage; 3, for a foyer; 4, foliage; 5, roses; 6, modern; 7, period other than modern (period to be named); 8, showing Eastern influence; 9, basket of flowers (stems in water); 10, for a dining-table; 11, in a glass container; 12, a driftwood arrangement (any base, fleret, flower, or flowers permitted).

First prize in the section will be £30.

Second prize, 20 guineas.

Third prize, 12 guineas.

Fourth prize, eight guineas.

Plaques recording the awards will also be presented to the four prizewinning groups.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 10 guineas and a five-guinea trophy for the best individual decorative piece among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in., and there is no limit in height for the exhibits.

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes (WW1156), secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, 508 Twin Road, North Ryde, by September 25.

NEW WAY TO SPEED RECOVERY!

Glucona—the sparkling new glucose health drink



Mother is pleased that her daughter is making such a quick and healthy recovery from illness—thanks to Glucona. Children love the golden sparkle and refreshing flavour of Glucona. So convenient, too! ... No mixing ... no diluting.



When Dad is over-tired—almost exhausted—a glass of sparkling Glucona will pick him up quickly. That's because it's rich in energy building, pure medicinal glucose. And Glucona is even more refreshing when it's chilled.



Have Glucona ready for when you are feeling "off colour." Sparkling Glucona soothes and settles upset stomachs and is a delicious source of nourishing food and energy—particularly when even light foods cannot be kept down.



Glucona is recommended by the medical profession and enjoyed in hospitals everywhere. As Glucona contains its own Vitamin B, combined with the glucose, it starts immediately to build up fresh reserves of energy and stamina—pours new life into you ... so you recover quicker. Buy sparkling Glucona from your chemist.

Lacy stole designed for evening glamor

● Add glamor and warmth to your evening frock with this white crocheted cotton stole. It's practical as well, because it can be washed easily.

Materials: 12oz. Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 8; Milward's "Phantom" crochet book No. 14.

Tension: Each strip measures 2½ in. in width.

Measurements: 16 in. by 62 in. without fringe.

FIRST STRIP

First Half: 10 ch., join to form a ring, 3 ch., work 17 tr. in ring, join, turn.

2nd Row: 4 ch., tr. in next tr., * 1 ch., tr. in next tr., rep. from * 7 times, 5 ch., tr. in same sp., 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 4 d.c., 5 ch., 4 d.c. in large lp., * 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., rep. from * once, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 7 ch., turn, miss 2 d.c., 4 ch. and 2 d.c., sl-st. in next d.c., 3 ch., turn, work 8 tr. over lp., 3 ch., sl-st. in same lp., d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., already worked in, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 5 ch., turn.

4th Row: Miss 3 d.c., 4 ch. and 2 d.c., tr. in next 3-ch. lp., * 1 ch., tr. in next st., rep. from * 8 times, 5 ch., miss 1 d.c., 4 ch. and 2 d.c., sl-st. in next d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. the 3rd and 4th rows until there are 32 scallops.

Next Row: 4 d.c., 5 ch., 4 d.c. in large lp., * 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., rep. from * 3 times, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 1 d.c. in next lp., * 4 d.c. in next lp., 2 ch., miss next 4-ch. lp., join to next 5-ch. lp. of first strip, 2 ch., 4 d.c. in same lp. of 2nd strip, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next lp., rep. from * 29 times, cut cotton.

in next lp., working along side of strip, * 4 d.c., 5 ch., 4 d.c. in next large lp., 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next lp., rep. from * to centre, cut cotton.

Second Half: With wrong side of work towards you join cotton in last tr. of last lp. of 2nd row of first half, * 1 ch., tr. in next st., rep. from * 8 times, 5 ch., join in 3rd st. of ch. at beg. of 2nd row, 1 ch., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows of first half of strip. Rep. the 3rd and 4th rows until there are 32 scallops.

Next Row: As last row of first half of strip.

SECOND STRIP

First Half: Work as first half of first strip, joining in last row as follows: 4 d.c., 5 ch., 4 d.c. in large lp., * 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., rep. from * 3 times, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 4 d.c. in next lp., 2 ch., join to corresponding lp. of first half of first strip (first 5-ch. lp. at side end of strip), working along both sides of both strips, 2 ch., 4 d.c. in same lp. of 2nd strip, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next lp., * 4 d.c. in next lp., 2 ch., miss next 4-ch. lp., join to next 5-ch. lp. of first strip, 2 ch., 4 d.c. in same lp. of 2nd strip, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next lp., rep. from * 29 times, cut cotton.

Second Half: With wrong side of work towards you join cotton in last tr. of 2nd row of first half, * 1 ch., tr. in next st., rep. from * 8 times, 5 ch., join in 3rd st. of ch. at beg. of 2nd row, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 4 d.c. in large lp., 2 ch., join to corresponding lp. of opposite strip, 2 ch., 4 d.c. in same lp., * 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., rep. from * once, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 7 ch., turn, miss 2 d.c., 4 ch. and 2 d.c., sl-st. in next d.c., 3 ch., turn, work 8 d.c. over lp. 3 ch., sl-st. in same lp., d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., already worked in, 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 2 d.c. in next 1-ch. sp., 5 ch., turn.

4th Row: Miss 2 d.c., 4 ch., and 2 d.c., tr. in next 3-ch. lp., * 1 ch., tr. in next st., rep. from * 8 times, 5 ch., miss 1 d.c., 4 ch. and 2 d.c., sl-st. in next d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. the 3rd and 4th rows until there are 32 scallops.

Next Row: Work as last row of 2nd half of first strip. Work 6 more strips in same manner.

FRINGE

Wind cotton over an 8½ in cardboard. Cut one end. Using 6 strands, double in half and knot through each of the 5 picots at lower edge of each strip.



THIS PRETTY EVENING STOLE, crocheted in white cotton, is finished with a long, handsome fringe in the same cotton. Directions for making the stole are on this page.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1959

A modern approach to feeding babies

● Every baby is born into a strange world, a world of sound and light and unfamiliar movement. Closeness, warmth, and security have been his only sensations. From the very beginning he has to start learning, and he needs careful and loving handling to reassure him that this strange new world is a good place.



EDGELL-GERBER baby foods

This is the initial range of Australian-made Edgell-Gerber canned baby food—more than thirty in all, specially formulated for Australian babies. More varieties will be added to the Edgell-Gerber menu from time to time.

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Vegetables and Chicken
Vegetables and Beef
Vegetables and Lamb
Vegetables, Liver and Bacon
Macaroni, Beef and Vegetables
Lamb Brains
Beef Broth
Vegetable Broth
Apricots with Cereal
Apples
Pears
Pineapple Pudding
Prunes with Cereal
Chocolate Custard
Egg Custard
Carrots
Green Beans
Green Peas
Mixed Vegetables

JUNIOR FOODS

Chicken Noodle Dinner with Vegetables
Beef Dinner with Vegetables
Lamb Dinner with Vegetables
Liver and Bacon Dinner with Vegetables
Macaroni and Beef Dinner with Vegetables
Lamb Brains and Macaroni Dinner with Vegetables
Mixed Vegetables
Egg Custard
Chocolate Custard
Pineapple Pudding
Pears
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Apples



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By Mrs. UNA VENN-BROWN, B.Sc.,
Consulting Nutritionist to Gordon Edgell and Sons Ltd.

Sleeping and eating, eating and sleeping are his main requirements in the early weeks and in them he needs the chance to recreate as near as possible his warm, comfortable prenatal existence. Tender arms to hold him comfortably while he is eating are most important, for if he feels secure, then eating becomes a pleasure. He can judge his new world only by the gentleness and promptness with which his needs are met. The associations and impressions made at this early stage may last for many years and even throughout life.

Foods for the First Year

In the early months, a baby's food requirements are usually met in liquid form. If the baby is breast fed, there is much comfort to be derived by both mother and baby and much convenience too. If breast feeding is not possible then bottle feeding makes a good substitute, provided the same close association between mother and child is maintained. No healthy young baby can get the same enjoyment from a bottle that is held at arm's length or propped up for him while he sucks.

Milk is the essential food in the early weeks, with supplements of orange juice and vitamin D, especially in the case of bottle fed babies.

It is not long, however, before baby is ready to have other foods included in his diet. Studies made in this century have indicated that introducing a variety of foods into an infant's diet at a reasonably early age makes for better food acceptance. Many years ago it was the custom to give babies only milk until they were about a year old, by which time they were so set in their habits that they didn't take at all kindly to new flavors and textures.

Milk, while an admirable food for new babies, soon becomes somewhat inadequate nutritionally as the sole food item. Babies are born with good stores of some of the essential vitamins and minerals, but these stores are depleted in quite a short time and as they are only poorly supplied by milk, it becomes necessary to add extra foods. At first, babies only know how to suck, but from three or four months they learn to control their tongues and can then more easily swallow solid foods. Some paediatricians recommend the starting of solid foods earlier than this and others later, depending on the growth and needs of the individual baby.

Specially prepared baby cereals are usually the first solid foods and these are followed by strained fruits and vegetables.

Canned Baby Foods

Commercially prepared baby foods are comparatively new to Australia—they have only been available for a comparatively few years. In America, where they have been marketed for over thirty years, they are an accepted part of baby feeding by nearly every mother. Canned baby foods are prepared with babies' needs in mind, needs that mean supplying nutritional factors in a form acceptable to babies. Much care and research have gone into the preparation of products of high quality in every respect. Careful selection of ingredients, the right flavor and seasonings are all considered. It would be easy to make a product that tasted delicious to the adult but such may not be desirable for a baby. Highly-seasoned foods and too much fat must be avoided for babies' sensitive palates and delicate digestions. The fact that some babies are allergic to certain cereal grains has not been forgotten. Care is taken to have a variety of cereal components in the various products to cater for them.

Scientific Preparation

There are a number of advantages in the use of commercially prepared baby foods. The highly scientific methods of preparation and processing and the rigid quality control of modern canning operations ensure that there is a maximum retention of vitamins and minerals in commercially prepared baby foods. This means that the minimum amount of water, if any, is used in cooking and can be incorporated in the product. The processes are carried out in closed utensils so that any loss of vitamins by exposure to air is minimized, and moreover, the ingredients used are of the highest quality, harvested at the peak of their ripeness and this makes for higher food value. Because the time between harvesting and processing is cut to a minimum, the raw materials are fresher than the housewife can purchase them.

Canned baby foods are sterile. They are processed in sealed, sterile containers at high temperatures to destroy any harmful bacteria. Their convenience and the time they save are important added factors for the busy mother.

How often is the following true with the

home cooked products? The vegetables are prepared, peeled and put on to cook in the smallest possible amount of water (to conserve the vitamins) and then the phone rings or the baby cries and the vegetables are burnt black. Mother rescues what she can and the final product tastes awful or she starts again.

Then, when the vegetables are finally cooked, they still have to be pushed through a strainer and fed to the baby who may or may not eat them. When all these tasks are done, there is still the washing up and the household strainer is extremely difficult to clean, let alone sterilise. Oh for the joy of the can opener which removes all of these irritations as well as giving more time for mother to spend enjoying her baby!

Canned baby foods include a wide variety of foods and are available all the year around. Their uniform consistency and texture appeal to babies and are a great help in gaining initial acceptance of any new food.

Finally, in many instances, canned baby foods are more economical than the same product prepared at home.



Junior Foods

When babies get some teeth, they need foods that require chewing to exercise the muscles controlling the jaws. Strained foods are fine for tiny babies but are not suitable as the only solid food when baby gets older. Foods with 'chopped' texture such as that of the "Junior" baby foods make the progression to family meals more pleasant and less of an upheaval.

During the first year, at least, the baby's food is usually prescribed by a doctor or clinic sister, but it is the parents who teach the baby how to eat. The parents are responsible for forming baby's food habits and greatly influence his attitude towards food. Try to make sure that your baby will enjoy his meals because of happy associations, comfort, and security from the very start.

Busy mother really started something

Never underestimate the power of a woman! The nebulous thought which flashed through a busy American mother's mind thirty-two years ago resulted in the development of one of the world's largest industries. The busy mother was Dorothy Gerber, whose husband, Dan, and his father, Frank, owned and operated the Fremont Canning Company in Fremont, Michigan, U.S.A.

In 1927, a mother's problem with her infant was manifold. Washing machines were a rarity, refrigerators were still a luxury and specially prepared baby foods were either unknown or beyond the reach of the average American mother.

At this time, the Gerbers were parents of two small girls. When their Doctor recommended strained fruits and vegetables for their baby's diet, Mrs. Gerber found herself spending hours using a spoon and sieve for the long tedious process. One day she suggested that her husband, Dan, should try sieving peas at his canning plant.

After months of experimenting, the first batches of strained fruits and vegetables were produced. Mrs. Gerber found them a vast improvement on her home-prepared efforts and the little Gerber

baby liked the new foods immediately.

From these small beginnings, the Gerber Products Company has risen to become America's largest producer of baby foods and has justly earned the high respect of mothers and the medical profession.

Mr. R. Gordon Edgell established a small cannery at Bathurst in 1926 and it was through the founder's foresight and determination that the business was expanded, first into a partnership with two of his sons, and finally in 1930, to a Company.

After nearly thirty years of progress and achievement, Edgell Canned and Frozen Foods are produced at three plants at Bathurst and Cowra in N.S.W. and Devonport in Tasmania. They have risen to a pre-eminent position in Australia, and are exporting to many parts of the world. Gordon Edgell and Sons Limited are now proud to be associated with the Gerber Products Company of the U.S.A. and Canada in the preparation of EDGELL-GERBER Baby Foods for Australian Babies.

All the knowledge and experience of both Companies are being incorporated in the preparation of Australian-made EDGELL-GERBER baby foods.



Announcing a great new advance in table margarine!

NEW STORK

New creamy flavour—now sealed in gold foil!

Here at last—the perfect spread—*golden, luscious Stork—new Stork!* Protected in *shiny, gleaming* gold-foil is the most delicious table margarine you're ever likely to taste! Creamier than ever—new Stork now has a new, creamy flavour! Taste it—you'll know what we mean! Serve it often, spread it thick! Children will love that rich, creamy goodness and flavour.

FOR COOKING, TOO! *Vitamin packed with sunshine—New Stork is not only for the table—use it for cakes that taste a dream, for cookies—for extra-flavoursome frying!*



Betty King guarantees New Stork. "It's a wonderfully complete energy food," she says. "For example, every pound of new Stork has more Vitamin A than 30 glasses of rich dairy milk".

Betty King

Famous home economist for World Brands

**LOOK
FOR THE
STORK
ON THE
GOLDEN
PACK**



SON OF BRANDO

Entertainment

★ Poignancy is the keynote of this first photograph of Anna Kashfi and her son, Christian Devi Brando.

THE story of the Brando-Kashfi marriage is one of the strangest in Hollywood.

Marlon, brilliant, egotistical, and fascinated by the religion and mystique of the East, thought he had found in the delicate and graceful Anna, with her claimed Indian ancestry, his ideal of womanhood.

Shortly after the surprise ceremony in 1957, the world Press broke the story that Anna had not a trace of the exotic Eastern blood, but was the daughter of two ordinary British working people.

Even today the question of Anna's true ancestry has never satisfactorily been cleared up.

But the affront to the pride of the man who has been described as "mean, moody, and magnificent" was too much. He took to frequenting beatnik hangouts, and in her divorce action Anna said he had told her "it was none of my business where he went."

The baby's birth, in May last year, briefly reconciled the parents. But the marriage virtually ended when Brando, visiting Anna after she was rushed to hospital with a heart condition, engaged in a row that brought the staff rushing to her room.

Declaring that she could no longer stand his indifference and strange ways, Anna won an uncontested divorce last April, with an immediate cash settlement of £A26,791, and a further property settlement of £A223,264.

Anna has now gone back to her promising film career.



BRANDO, with co-stars Anna Magnani and Joanne Woodward, studies the script of his latest film, "The Fugitive Kind," at a rehearsal call. All three are Academy Award winners. Brando has since been cast in the colorful musical "West Side Story."

DEEP - SET, dark, brooding eyes like his father's characterise the face of Christian Devi Brando, seen here in the arms of his mother, Anna Kashfi. Brando pays Anna £A446 a month for the baby, who will get 500,000 dollars after he comes of age.

Friendly fans drive Cheyenne to hilltop

by NAN MUSGROVE

● Clint ("Cheyenne") Walker, his wife, Verna, and daughter, Valerie, have had to move to a house on top of a great steep hill to escape from some of Clint's fans.

"WE had to move to the top of a hill because people were always stopping to say 'hello'," said Clint. "They're fans who think they are close friends with me because they know me so well in 'Cheyenne'."

"Don't get me wrong. I love my fans, would do anything for them, but an actor

has to have a little time to himself."

I can well imagine it. Clint's Australian fans are many.

When Clint "struck" last year and retired to the High Sierra mountains because Warner Bros. wouldn't give him more money, they even threatened Channel 9 with violence if Clint was replaced.

In fact, most of the staff of Sydney's Channel 9 are at present looking for a similar steep hill to escape from Clint's irate fans who have been bombarding the station with inquiries since "Cheyenne" finished temporarily last week.

He'll be back bigger and better than ever in the New Year in a new series, but until then you'll just have to remember him fondly, as he does his fans.

The hill to which the Walkers have retreated is a high one outside Sherman Oaks, a San Fernando Valley community where the Walkers revel in their privacy.

Clint is an outdoorsman from way back. He'd rather be out panning for gold or hunting than being a TV hero, really. But while he is one he keeps fit with exercises.

He does between 70 and 75 pushups a day, punches a heavy punching bag for an hour, takes a two-mile hike before breakfast, jogging and walking alternately.

Clint claims he could literally squeeze the life out of a man and tells the story of how he once lifted a jeep out of a gravel rut with his bare hands.

Verna, whom he married in 1948, has only one thing to say about her husband's strength.

"He's big on the outside, it's true," she said. "But my husband's got a heart as big as his body. That's what counts."

YOU couldn't see anything more Australian than A.B.C.-TV's twice-a-month, 15-minute show "Animal Life"

or meet nicer characters. My favorite at the moment is "Bill," an eight-week-old dingo

pup who may become famous as the sire of TV's first dingo dynasty.

It is illegal to raise and keep a dingo, but Bill is being raised under special Government permit by well-known naturalist Eric Worrell, of Gosford, N.S.W., who is working on special research for anti-tick serum.

Bill is being used in this research, but he has been chosen, too, to illustrate to viewers one of Mr. Worrell's pet theories — that you can tame a dingo.

Many naturalists and bushmen dispute this. They hold that a dingo is always a dingo, complete with built-in savagery that no end of training and petting will deny.

Mr. Worrell says that is not true if you get them young enough.

"Young enough" is about a week to 10 days old, just as the pups are opening their eyes.

Bill was about nine days old when he arrived from the



"CHEYENNE" (Clint Walker) is a great hunk of man in anyone's language. He is 6ft. 5in., 160lb. His recipe for fitness? One meal a day, lots of sunflower-seed snacks, daily gym workout.

Bill's offspring are also slated for TV appearances, so it looks as though Bill and his probable family will become part of your wide circle of TV friends.

Mr. Worrell is famous all over Australia for his work "milking" deadly snakes, including taipans, for the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories. In fact, Mr. Worrell has even had one of his taipan chums on TV, and milked it on camera

on "Animal Life." It's a good session.

WHEN A.B.C.-TV's telecast of the Bolshoi Ballet finished recently I sighed with disappointment that the telecast hadn't been a bit longer, hadn't, in fact, been as long as the advertisements led everyone to believe.

But I was sorry there were not more close-ups of the dancers, and I thought the black-and-white-tiled floor of the set was confusing to the eye and detracted from the footwork.

I enjoyed the telecast, I was sorry not to see more of these exquisite dancers. I was delighted with the beauty of the women, the masculinity of the male dancers.

Next day I found that behind that half hour there were some 8½ hours of frustration, rehearsal, and filming. Indeed, some days after the film was made a slight note of frenzy was still apparent in producer James Upshaw's voice.

When the negotiations for the TV appearance were finalised a programme was given to Mr. Upshaw.

(The A.B.C. had hoped to do a direct telecast of a theatre performance, but "sold-out" houses ruled out room for camera positions inside the Elizabethan Theatre.)

He submitted a script for the programme arranged. It was passed by the Artistic Director of the Bolshoi, and also by the cultural member of the group, and Russian Embassy officials.

Sets were designed — they take two or three days to build and assemble — and everything was ready, but on the day the

film was to be made, a Sunday, the Bolshoi troupe (none of whom had previously been on TV) changed their minds.

The half-hour film telecast took from 5 p.m. one day to 1.15 a.m. to make, taking in rehearsal time, conference time, and five different changes from the original programme.

All sets except the black-and-white-floored one had to be scrapped, and the whole programme danced on this set that was intended only for one or two parts of the original programme.

It was quite a do. The dancers even changed the choreography of some of the ballets, and there was the frustrating language difficulty.

The main reason that the programme was shorter than advertised was that wretched black-and-white floor again.

The composition of the floor was slippery, and one dance, the spectacular Caucasian "Mountain Dance," although it was filmed five times, was dropped entirely because one of the dancers stumbled.

Although the stumble could have been edited from the film, the standard of perfection set by the troupe wouldn't allow this, and the programme was necessarily shortened.

The unscripted programme was the reason for the lack of close-ups.

Every TV show with close-ups is tightly scripted, and this one just grew out of the temperament and artistic demands of the artists.

But the dancing was magnificent. Greatest gaffe in this exciting telecast to me was the presentation officer, Tanya Halesworth, got up in evening dress, tiara and all, gammoning she was in a box at the ballet. She was even using opera glasses.

I thought it was just plain silly, like a news reader putting on a shiny fireman's helmet when he reads about a fire. After all, presentation officers are really not part of the act, they're just a talking programme.



"CHEYENNE" with his daughter, Valerie, above, on a fishing trip. He believes knowing how to put on a hook is a necessary social accomplishment for the rising belle he considers his daughter to be.

WINTER RHEUMATICS

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Mrs. J.M. of Sutherland writes:—
"How pleased I am with Menthoids! My husband and I—both middle aged—dreaded colds, damp, winter months. We used to get bad backs, rheumatic pains in legs and arms, and every winter we lost days in bed. One day a friend suggested we try Menthoids. I'm pleased we did, as last winter we had not even a touch of rheumatism. Wonderful Menthoids have made our winter rheumatism a thing of the past."
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Menthoids tonic action also tones your system to recapture youthful energy, and buoyant health, to help you ward off winter's ills.

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Dr Scholl's SUPER-SOFT BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION



NATURALIST Eric Worrell and "Bill," an eight-week-old dingo pup. They appear on TV every second week. (See story.)

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"Wall Street" underwear was designed by Munsingwear (U.S.A.) especially for American men who wear a suit in summer. It is exclusive to Bond's in Australia. Knitted from an unusually fine cotton/nylon yarn, the Athletic weighs only 4 1/2 ounces. The Halfway U-pants weigh only 5 ounces and bring a new comfort that men over 39 years will appreciate. Wonderfully absorbent. Non-iron.

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NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ CARLTON- BROWNE OF THE F.O.

Comedy, with Terry Thomas, Peter Sellers, Luciana Pouluzzi, Thorley Walters. Lyceum, Sydney.

THEE hearty cheers for the Boulton Brothers. After some recent slightly weak-kneed efforts, this English movie-making team are right back at the top of their best form.

With the pomposities of British diplomacy as their target and the comedy talents of Terry Thomas and Sellers at their command, they have come up with a rib-tickling mixture of satire and broad comedy.

Terry Thomas plays a gormless Foreign Office type who is sent to renew a long-forgotten treaty with a former island colony when its newly discovered mineral deposits attract the attention of other Powers.

He and his military adviser (Walters) find the island politically divided, a new English-educated King on the throne, and a rogue Prime Minister (Sellers) profitably playing one great Power off against another.

Together the two blunder their uncomprehending way through a series of episodes that slyly satirise the United Nations, Russia, the Army, and British Foreign Office-manship.

That the whole thing gets completely out of hand really doesn't matter.

There is some magnificent character casting, some exquisitely funny dialogue, and charming Luciana Pouluzzi to resolve the political situation by marrying the new King.

In a word . . . HILARIOUS.

★★ QUIET FLOWS THE DON

Russian drama, with Ellina Bystrikskaya, Pyotr Glebov. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

THIS is the first of a proposed screen trilogy based on the famous novel of Russian author Mikhail Sholokhov.

After getting off to a rather poor start (further confused by extraordinarily clumsy subtitles), the picture settles down to become an absorbing screen experience.

Russian realism and a national high-pitched emotionalism combine to give an exceptional sort of maturity to the passionate love affair of a young Cossack (Glebov) and the ripe, erring wife (Bystrikskaya) of a family neighbor.

The film is additionally interesting for the detailed picture it gives of an isolated pre-1914 Cossack settlement, for its different war scenes, some lyrical photography, and for its special Russian quality.

In a word . . . UNUSUAL.

★ SAY ONE FOR ME

Romantic drama, with Bing Crosby, Debbie Reynolds, Robert Wagner. In color. Regent, Sydney.

IN discussing this film it is hardly possible not to be influenced by personal feelings concerning the correctness of introducing the Church and religion in a story of this lightweight nature.

It makes me feel uncomfortable. But what I objected to even more strongly was the suffering of an unfortunate alcoholic (played by Ray Walston) being used as comedy material.

Crosby plays a priest whose parish is a New York theatrical district. One of his parishioners (Debbie Reynolds) becomes involved with a mean, career-minded nightclub entertainer (Wagner), and the priest's efforts to save the girl and straighten out the young man provide the main theme of a lengthy film.

Some songs by Crosby and a couple of brightish production numbers featuring Debbie and Wagner round out the show.

Its heavy sentimentality is cloying, but Crosby's performance is at least a credit to him, sincere and restrained.

In a word . . . SACCHARINE.

★ TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE

Drama, with Gordon Scott, Anthony Quayle, Sara Shane. In color. Capitol, Sydney.

SOMEHOW Tarzan of the Apes has toughened up since my childhood, this version with Gordon Scott as the breast-beating hero actually being filmed in Equatorial Africa.

Blood appears much bloodier in Technicolor than black and white, when Tarzan, to use a melodramatic cliché, "wrecks his vengeance" on a gang of murderous whites, who are making their way by boat along a jungle river to a diamond mine.

Most murderous of the lot is Anthony Quayle, usually a Shakespearian actor, who bears an odd resemblance to Othello when disguised, at one stage, as a negro.

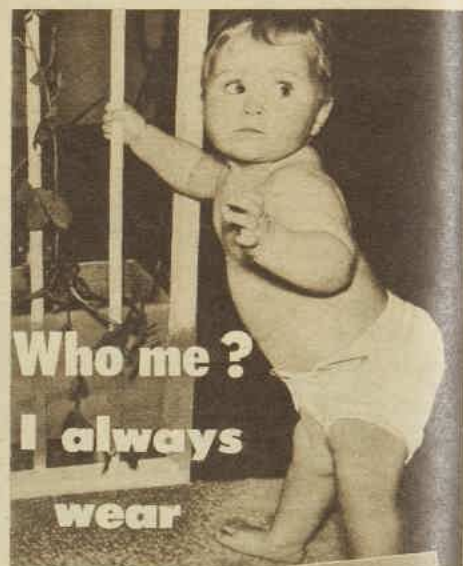
Tarzan's companion, Sara Shane, a rather witty, poised young woman, staggers with him through the jungle after an aircraft crash, but, following Tarzan tradition, she gets no screen kisses.

Over-gruesome in parts, the film is highly improbable, as even members of the sub-teen audience realise. — H.F.

In a word . . . FANTASTIC.



COLUMNIST Sheila Graham (right) with Deborah Kerr, who will portray Miss Graham in the film of her book, "Beloved Infidel," based on her romance with American writer F. Scott Fitzgerald.



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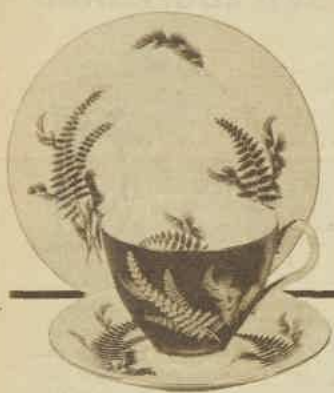
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wicked. He's a destroyer, a fanatic. All he wants is power for himself. If he ever gets it, he'll ruin my country."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," Conway said. "For a time, anyway."

"Mike," she said eagerly, "we don't have to carry out our original plan. I know it sounds fantastic, going to all this trouble and then wanting to undo everything—but the situation's changed completely, and there is still time. We don't have to take him to Malindi. Couldn't we sail straight into Mombasa harbor—and hand him over to the authorities?"

"So that's what you've been thinking up!" Conway said.

She nodded. "I've been going over and over everything. I've been in torment, Mike!" He looked at her grimly. "If Kastella meant what he said, it's nothing to the torment you'd be in if you helped to hand him over. Not when he got free again. He looks to me like a man with a long memory."

"If necessary, I could change my name, disappear . . . Anyway, I'll have to take a chance."

CONWAY shook his head. "You won't need to. I couldn't take him to Mombasa even if I wanted to. We've already told him about Malindi—we've described it to him. A quiet, dark little beach. Mombasa's a blaze of lights from the sea. He'd know what we were up to at once, and he'd stop us. My guess is he'll keep that gun by him until he's satisfied he's been put ashore in the right place."

"That's probably his plan—but perhaps we could get the gun away from him."

"I don't think so. Haven't you noticed how he holds it all the time—with his firing finger on the trigger and his left hand low down on the barrel? It could come up in a split second. Even if he didn't fire it, I couldn't hope to get it away. In a struggle he'd just about eat me."

"I know he's much bigger and stronger," Leanda said. "But there must be some way of dealing with him."

"Like knocking him on the head? No, thank you, it's much too risky. Besides, aren't you overlooking something rather important?"

"You mean the money you're going to get?"

"Exactly!" "No, I hadn't forgotten that. But I think Victor Melakas would be glad to pay you for not letting Kastella go, now. When he made his agreement with you he had no idea what a horrible genie he was going to let loose—any more than I had."

"You can't be certain of that. For all we know, he may be secretly behind Kastella."

"I'm sure he's not!" "You were sure about Kastella?"

"But, Mike, remember how Kastella spoke of him."

"That's nothing to go by—if they were in cahoots Kastella might not want us to know about it . . . In any case, I can't take a chance on Melakas changing his mind. He may be a romantic in politics, but he must be shrewd over money or he'd never have got where he has. He promised to pay me if I delivered the man to an agreed spot. That's morally binding on him. If I make entirely new and contrary arrangements to suit myself or you, I can't expect payment and I don't believe I'd get it. No man is going to pay out

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 53

twenty thousand pounds on a broken contract."

Leanda said, "You'd still have the boat, Mike."

"I wouldn't even have that—not legally. In spite of all the funny business with Ionides, it's not in my name."

"Well, I don't see what Victor could do about it."

"He could do plenty if he wanted to . . . Anyway, I wouldn't care to keep the proceeds of a contract I'd broken. What I want is the twenty thousand, fair and square."

"But, Mike!" Leanda broke off in deep distress. "Oh, I know it's a terrific lot of money, and I've absolutely no right to ask you to abandon it—but then you were ready to risk it all over the ketch, weren't you? You were going to tow the boat in, even though you said yourself there was a fifty-fifty chance of our being caught."

"That was different," Conway said. "There were lives at stake. Now there aren't."

"There'll be lives at stake on Spyros. You've seen what Kastella's like, you know what he's capable of . . . Mike, you once told me that your way of life, sailing around the world in a boat, at least didn't do any harm to others. You rather prided yourself on that. But if you help Kastella now, if you use your skill for that, you will be doing harm. Terrible harm."

"I'll be doing what I contracted to do," Conway said. "What you helped to persuade me to do . . . Look, Leanda, you know perfectly well that I only undertook this trip because of the money. I made that plain right at the beginning. It was a paid job. Kastella meant nothing to me, nothing at all. He was your hero, not mine. I don't like him any more than you do—but then I never did, right from the first moment I set eyes on him. But that didn't stop me carrying on. Why should I stop now?"

"Surely it makes some difference—the way he's behaved? You said yourself he was a murderer. You were as angry yesterday as any man I've ever seen. You looked as though you'd throw him to the sharks if you could. I don't understand you. Have you forgotten so soon? Does it really mean so little to you?"

"As far as the ketch is concerned," Conway said, "I could have been wrong about him being a murderer. I'm keeping my fingers crossed."

"What do you mean?"

"The wind's been heading us all afternoon. If it's blowing the same where the ketch is, the boat must be moving steadily in towards the shore. The east-going current's carrying it along, too. If the wind holds for a bit longer, they'll be taken over the banks and some other fishing boat should see them before their water gives out. I'd say they've a fair chance of surviving after all."

"Oh, Mike . . ." Leanda's face was suddenly bright with relief. Then it clouded again. "You're not just saying this . . .?"

"To justify myself for going on . . .?" He pointed to the close-hauled sail. "You can see for yourself."

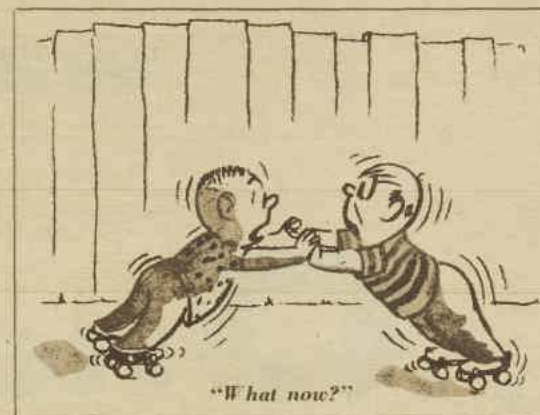
"Oh, I do hope you're right . . . I haven't been able to get them out of my mind for a moment." She looked again at the sail, as though reassuring herself. Then she said, "All the same, it doesn't change a thing about Kastella, does it? He didn't know there'd be a wind from the west. He's still a murderer at heart."

"That's quite true. But it does make it a little easier for me to finish my job and take my money."

"And what about Spyros?"

"Spyros means nothing to me. It never has. It's not my business to try to set the world to rights."

Leanda looked at him and shook her head. "You've changed so much, Mike—do you know that? On the way out you'd have said that with a sort of smile, not quite meaning what you were saying, knowing you weren't really as indifferent as you were pretending to be, and that, anyway, your conscience was clear



Now you say it savagely, and I know perfectly well why. So do you."

"Maybe," Conway said.

"Mike, you say Spyros means nothing to you . . . I suppose I don't mean anything to you, either?"

He gave a little shrug, scowling down at the floor. "I like you, Leanda—you know that. We got on pretty well together on the way out—and on Heureuse. You're—well, you're a nice kid. I'd have liked things to turn out the way you wanted them, for your sake. But I'm certainly not prepared to make tremendous sacrifices for you. Why should I? If I did what you're asking, and tried to get that gun away from Kastella, I'd probably finish up with half my face blown off, and I'd certainly finish up without a bean—or a boat. If I do what's good for me, I'll have twenty thousand pounds and a boat." He hauled in the sheet a little. "We're going to Malindi."

Leanda said in a low voice, "Is that your last word?"

"It is."

"Well, I can tell you this—I shan't help you to get to Malindi. You can count me right out. In fact, I'll do everything I can to prevent you."

"That's up to you," Conway said. "I dare say Kastella and I can manage."

"You'll actually work with him!"

"Why not? We're on the same side. Both out for ourselves!"

"I think you're utterly contemptible!"

"Perhaps. At least I'm frank."

Leanda jumped up, her eyes blazing. She looked around the cockpit. Suddenly, without any warning, she snatched up the seven-pound lead from its place under the coaming and brought it crashing down with all her strength on the compass at Conway's feet. Before he could make any move, the damage was done. The glass top was crushed in, and the delicate instrument destroyed.

"Now see if you can find Malindi!" she cried.

Kastella came out of the saloon so quickly that Conway decided he must have been listening behind the door. "What's going on?" he demanded. He swung the gun round at hip level, his eyes nar-

rowed against the bright sunlight.

"I'm afraid Leanda's a bit overwrought," Conway said. "She got angry with me, and started smashing things."

"What things?"

"Now don't fly off the handle, Kastella—the damage isn't irretrievable. It's the compass, actually . . . Pity! It was a lovely job."

Kastella said, "The compass!" He stepped across and had a look at the shattered face. Then he swung round menacingly on Leanda.

"Easy!" Conway called. "I



tell you there's no real harm done—I've got a hand-bearing compass that'll serve perfectly well. It'll be a bit awkward, but we'll manage . . ." He shook his head sadly. "Leanda, that was very stupid."

Leanda looked from one to the other. "You make a fine pair!" he said. "A murderer and a mercenary, and not a human feeling between you. Oh, how I loathe you both!" She turned and rushed below.

Kastella said, with satisfaction, "So you've decided to be sensible, Conway?"

"I've decided I can't afford to pass up twenty thousand pounds, if that's what you mean."

"That's exactly what I mean. I'm only surprised it took you so long to make up your mind."

"I might not have made it up now," Conway said, "if things hadn't changed quite a bit . . . It looks as though that ketch will make the land after all—this wind is blowing it towards the shore."

"I told you you were exaggerating the danger."

"I wasn't—it's just a bit of luck. Don't misunderstand me, Kastella. I'm not playing along with you for the sake of your beautiful eyes—I think you're just about the foulest thing in human shape that I've ever come across. When I put you ashore at Malindi it'll be to save my skin and get my money—and that's all."

"I quite understand," Kastella said. "You've already made it plain that you're hardly an admirer of mine!"

"There's another thing—you'll have to turn to and do a lot more work. Leanda hates my guts now as much as she hates yours, which is saying something! She won't help me, and even if she would I couldn't rely on her any more. That means you'll have to take watches and sail the boat for part of the time."

"I'm in your hands, Conway. Naturally I'll do everything I can."

"Very well . . ." Conway frowned. "How do you feel about being out here on your own at night? Do you think you could handle her in the dark?"

Kastella looked at him warily. "In the dark?" He

fingered the barrel of the gun. "No, I think perhaps you'd better take charge at night."

"In that case, you'll have to sail her all through the day, or I shan't get my sleep. It probably is the best way—you shouldn't get into much trouble in daylight. Of course, if the weather turns bad I'll relieve you at once. All right?"

"Perfectly."

Conway eyed the gun. "Do you still plan to carry that blunderbuss about with you all the time?"

Kastella smiled. "If you don't mind, Conway, I think I will. Not that I don't trust you—our interests are obviously identical. But it does provide an additional assurance—just in case for any reason you should change your mind. And, of course, there's always Leanda's temperament to consider."

Conway shrugged. "Have it your own way," he said. "But watch your trigger finger, that's all. Leanda's probably going to be a damned nuisance to both of us, but she's a fine girl and she's in my care. If anything happened to her, I'd throw in my hand regardless of consequences. Is that clear? There's going to be no bloodshed, even accidentally. You can keep that stuff for your private torture chambers."

"You put things so nicely, Conway."

"I put things plainly. You said I was a realist, and so I am . . . Right, now you'd better take over while the sailing's straightforward . . ." He stood away from the tiller so that Kastella could move in. Then he opened up one of the side-lockers and brought out the hand-bearing compass and some tools. In a few minutes he had improvised a bracket for it.

"You'll find this thing swings a bit more than the other one did," he said, "but it'll be accurate enough for our needs. The course is 220. Anyway, all you can do at the moment is keep her as near the wind as she'll sail."

Kastella nodded. "Where are we, roughly?"

Conway glanced at the patent log. "By this evening," he said, "we should be just coming up to the halfway mark. Five hundred miles to go."

FROM now on, Conway realised, life on Thalia was going to be dominated as much by Leanda's hostility as by Kastella's gun. She had already shown what she was capable of, and she might well be plotting more acts of sabotage. The first thing he did on leaving the tiller was to move all his charts and navigation tables, his sextant and chronometer and radio to the lockers in the cockpit, where they would be constantly under the eye of Kastella or himself. Kastella nodded approvingly. Then he made some sandwiches and a flask of coffee to take out with him for his night watch. It would be easier, he decided, if both he and Kastella looked after their own requirements from now on.

Leanda was evidently going to do nothing for them. Lying on her bunk, she seemed completely indifferent to everything that was going on. When Conway offered her coffee, she said, "No, thank you!" with frigid politeness. Presently he went into Kastella's cabin and lay down there. The two ports were opaque with crusted salt, and he could see neither water nor sky, but he could tell by Thalia's slight heel and steady motion that Kastella was doing all right.

As dusk fell, he went out into the cockpit to take over once more. The transfer, this time, was awkward. Kastella seemed reluctant to leave the tiller untended, but when Conway stepped forward to take it he jerked the gun and ordered him sharply to keep his distance.

He was much more on edge now that the light was failing, and Conway hadn't much doubt why he'd decided against doing any night shifts. Their alliance was obviously going to be a very uneasy one. Conway told him quietly that the ship would be perfectly safe if he let everything go. Kastella moved back then and as Thalia came up into the wind Conway took the tiller and sheet and soon brought her back on course.

Kastella peered down into the lighted saloon and went cautiously below. Through the open door Conway heard him telling Leanda to go into the forecabin while he prepared food for himself. He was clearly going to take no chances. Conway wondered how he'd manage these tricky manoeuvres when the weather got bad. It would be a lot more difficult for him then.

The evening passed quietly. Kastella didn't come out into the cockpit again, and around ten Conway heard him carefully locking the door of his cabin. Leanda moved around for a while in the saloon and then she, too, went to bed.

Conway settled down to his long night watch. It was peaceful and pleasant in the cockpit after all the excitement, and once more he felt glad to be alone. From time to time he ate a sandwich and drank some coffee. Occasionally a flying-fish hit the sail and fell on the deck with a light plop. Nothing else happened. The wind continued to blow gently from the west all through the night. Conway watched for the dawn.

As the sun came up astern of Thalia, Kastella appeared on deck, the gun crooked under his arm. He looked very cheerful. He glanced at the log and gave a satisfied nod. They had clocked nearly forty miles during the night.

The wind was still westerly but light and safe. Conway, tired and aching after his twelve-hour shift, turned in immediately after breakfast, leaving Kastella in charge. Leanda, stubbornly neglecting all the chores, went up to her old place in the bows. For her, Kastella might not have existed. Kastella struggled along at the tiller as best he could, but the morning was nothing like as fruitful as the night had been. By noon, when Conway emerged, they had logged only twelve miles through the water, and some of that had been lost through drift and leeway.

"You're pinching her too much," Conway said, watching Kastella's efforts. "You're trying to sail too near the wind."

"I'm trying to keep on course," Kastella said.

"I know, but it doesn't help in the end—you only lose way. Try to keep her sails full."

Conway stayed for a while, supervising. Then he went below and got some food and did the neglected routine jobs. Afterwards he spent a busy hour or two boiling up linseed oil and putting a dressing on the galvanised steel wire of the standing rigging.

At dusk he took star sights. It was Kastella now, and not Leanda, who held the stop-watch while he used the sextant. When the sights were taken he started to explain the principle by which the position of the ship was calculated, but Kastella cut him short and said it was time they changed over. He was obviously much less interested in the calculations than in the little pencilled crosses that were once again creeping across the track chart. Conway could see him, back in the safety of the saloon, studying the chart carefully. It showed that in the past twenty-four hours they had made good forty-nine miles.

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Soon after dusk the wind started to die away. Conway set on for a while, using the sails as long as he could. He was steering now by the light of a hurricane lamp, since the dial of the hand-bearing compass was not illuminated. Leanda was in the cockpit, too. Kastella had sent her out while he prepared the evening meal. Her face looked impassive in the glow of the lamp. Conway wished he knew what she was thinking, what she was planning. She was altogether too quiet for comfort. Once or twice he tried to jolly her into talk, but he had no success.

Slowly the old doldrum calm settled over the sea again. Presently Conway went forward and lowered the sagging sails. "I'm going to use the motor," Kastella, he called down. "There's no wind," Kastella shouted an acknowledgment.

Conway started the engine and returned to the tiller. He glanced at the patent log and opened the throttle. Leanda retreated to the coach-roof, away from the engine noise. A quarter of an hour passed. Conway looked at the log again. He frowned and picked up the hurricane lamp and held it close, so that he could examine the log time. It seemed to be rotating quite normally. He continued to watch the dial for a moment. Then he cut the engine.

"Kastella!" he called.

The cabin door opened and Kastella stuck his head out warily. The lamplight gleamed on the gun barrel. "Something wrong?" he asked.

"Was the patent log working properly when you left the tiller?"

"As far as I know, yes."

"Well, it isn't now — the indicator isn't moving..." Conway glanced sharply up at the coach-roof. "Have you been fooling with it, Leanda?"

"No, I haven't," she said. "How could I when you were there all the time?"

"I wasn't here when I was taking the sails down."

"Well, I didn't touch it."

Kastella advanced a step and tapped. He looked as though

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he thought the whole thing might be a trick to get him out into the dark. "What are you going to do, Conway?"

"Find out what the trouble is, if I can. I expect I can fix it." He wound in the log line, got his tools from the locker under his feet, and unshipped the instrument. "I'll have to take it inside," he said. "I'll need more light."

"All right," Kastella said. "But just move slowly, will you!" He stepped to the side of the cockpit and Conway went below with the log and the tools. Kastella watched him through the door, trying to keep an eye on Leanda at the same time. For a while Conway busied himself with a screwdriver. Then there came a sound of hammering.

Kastella said, "Have you found out what's wrong?"

"Yes, one of the small cogs has sheared. I'm trying to burr the spindle, but I don't think it's going to work. Like to look?"

KASTELLA hesitated. "I'll take your word for it," he said.

There was more hammering. Presently Conway came out with the log in his hand. "No, it's no good," he said. "I'll have to try to solder it in the morning."

Kastella said, "How important is it?"

"The log? Well, it's essential for dead reckoning, of course, but in these latitudes we ought to be able to rely on pretty regular sights, so we'll probably manage whatever happens. It's a nuisance, though."

"Could Leanda have done it?"

Conway thoughtfully regarded the silent figure on the coach-roof. "If she'd suddenly heaved hard on the line, that might have done it. Or the cog could just have sheared itself. I guess she's entitled to the

benefit of the doubt—this time!"

Leanda said nothing.

Conway put the log carefully away in the cockpit locker and started the engine again. Kastella went below and finished his supper. Presently Leanda went in, too.

Conway ran Thalia all night under engine, with the throttle well open. Now that he had no log he could only guess at the ship's progress, but in a dead flat sea he reckoned she must be doing a good eight knots. The morning sights confirmed it. The little cross that he had put on the track chart was more than a hundred miles farther to the west.

"That means we've about three hundred and fifty miles to go," he told Kastella, as he handed over. "And I must say I'll be damned glad when we get there." He sounded very tired. This second unbroken watch of twelve hours, with the engine pounding away at his feet all the time, seemed to have drained him.

Kastella looked around the empty sea. Directly astern of them, the sun was shooting up in a hot ball, threatening another blazing day. There was no hint of wind.

"It's a pity we haven't enough fuel to motor all the way," Kastella said.

"Well, we haven't..." Conway ran his hand over his eyes in a weary gesture. "All right, Kastella—keep the sun behind you and you won't go far wrong. I'm going to get some sleep."

He went below. Leanda was lying on her bunk, her face turned away. She didn't stir. For a moment he sat looking at her, thinking nostalgically of the companionable trip they'd had on the way out. Then he stretched out on the berth and tried to compose himself. The engine-beat sounded in his ears like a sledge-hammer. He got up and

closed the door and tried again. Without air, the heat was stifling. After about five minutes he gave it up and went out into the cockpit.

"You'll have to switch that damn thing off for a bit, Kastella," he called irritably. "I'll never get to sleep."

"Why don't you go into my cabin?" Kastella said. "The engine didn't worry me there."

"It'll worry me. Engines always do—I hate the things. Give it a rest—we can only use the fuel once." He waited while Kastella switched off. "If the wind gets up, call me, and I'll come and make sail for you. If it doesn't, for Pete's sake let me sleep. I'm just about all in."

He went back into the saloon and lay down again. Thalia was rocking gently on the quiet sea. In a few moments he was asleep.

It was well on in the afternoon when he reappeared—washed, shaved, and wearing a clean shirt. The long rest seemed to have transformed his spirits. He nodded briskly to Kastella and took a quick look round. A breeze was beginning to get up, still from the west, and there were a few clouds about. "Right," he said, "shall we get cracking?"

"It's about time," Kastella said surlily. "I was just going to call you." He was sitting hunched in the cockpit with the gun in his lap.

"Oh, come, you mustn't grudge the maestro his sleep!" Conway said. "After all, we want to keep this a happy ship, don't we?" He climbed to the coach-roof and prepared to hoist sail. Leanda was up in the bows. "Hallo, Leanda!" he called.

"Hallo!" she said in a flat voice.

He grinned. "It's good to be alive—you ought to try it some time!" He hauled the mainsail up and swigged the luff taut. Kastella took the tiller, and in a few moments they

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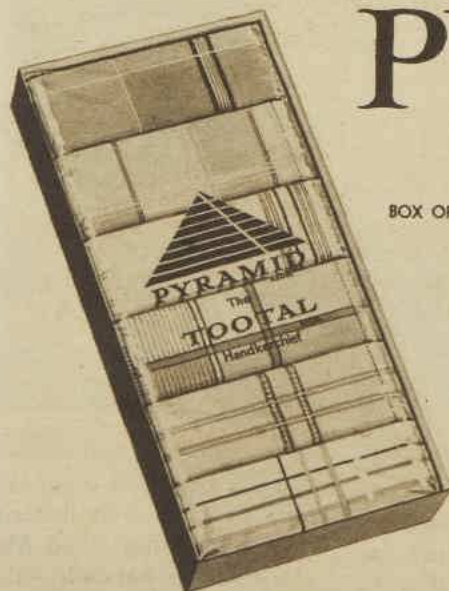
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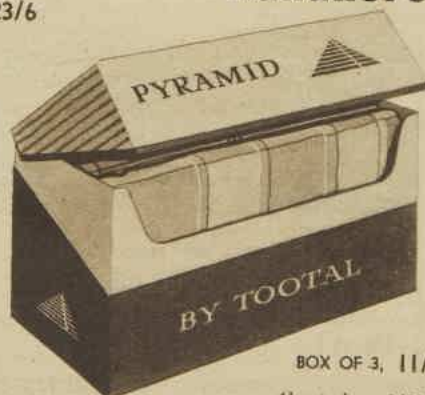
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were under way, on the same south-westerly course as before. Presently Conway got out the patent log and the soldering outfit and went into the saloon to try to fix the sheered cog. It was a fiddling job, and it took him over an hour. Even then he wasn't very satisfied with it.

"Let's give it a try, anyway," he said. Kastella moved away from the helm while he fitted it and streamed the line. In about ten minutes there was a perceptible movement in the figure of the clock face. For an hour the log worked normally. Then Kastella reported that it had stopped again.

Conway shrugged. "Blast it, then! We'll do without it."

There was too much cloud for sight-taking at dusk. In any case, Conway said, it would hardly have been worth the effort, since their position had changed so little during the day. The transfer at six was made without incident. Kastella, following what had now become his regular routine, got food for himself in the saloon and then went immediately into the forecabin and shut himself up there. Leanda left the deck, and Conway settled down to another long night watch.

The wind blew steadily from the west until just before dawn. Then it backed to the south-east. Conway looked thoughtful. Presently he hove-to and went to have a look at the barometer. It had gone down a little. After a moment he took the small sea anchor and a warp from one of the cockpit lockers and carried them up on to the foredeck, where he was occupied for some minutes. There was nothing like being prepared for all eventualities!

The clouds dispersed around ten, without giving any rain. The breeze continued to blow gently from the south-east, ruffling the sails nicely filled. With a fair wind, it was possible to steer Thalia due west. Conditions could scarcely have been better—but Kastella, doing his first spell at the tiller with the wind aft, was having considerable difficulty.

"She won't keep on a straight course," he complained, as he struggled to get the ship under control again after his fourth gybe. First the head swings to the left, then it swings to the right.

"Well, of course it does if you let it," Conway said. "I can't stop it."

"That's because you're not used to running . . . You've got to keep a firm grip on the wheel all the time and correct her movement before it happens. Look, let me show you

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"He stepped forward. Kastella snatched up the gun and covered him.

"Sorry!" Conway said. "I forgot you were still nervous." He waited while Kastella moved out of the way. Then he got Thalia back on course and held her steady. The muscles of his forearms stood out in knots as he gripped the tiller. "See?—she's perfectly all right. You'll get the knack of it in time . . ." He handed over again. "Anyway, I don't think you'll come to much harm. Do the best you can—I'm going forward to take a nap."

He went below and collected his straw hat. Then he climbed up into the bows and seated himself with his back to the mast, looking down at the water. Thalia's bow wave was scarcely more than a ripple—they certainly weren't moving very fast towards Africa and twenty thousand pounds. Still, they were moving. The sun, streaming down over his left shoulder, was hot. He pulled his straw hat over his neck and leaned back, smiling. Things weren't going too badly. After a while, he dozed off.

THE wind remained in the south-east for the next twenty-four hours, blowing just hard enough for good sailing. Conway had his most satisfying night shift for some time. Kastella, on the other hand, continued to complain of difficulty with the tiller and seemed to be no nearer mastering it. By the end of his watch he looked quite exhausted. Progress during the twenty-four hours had been only fair. Conway put their position, at the end of the fourth day, some two hundred and sixty miles east of Mombasa.

That evening the breeze died away and the sea took on a pale sheen like mother-of-pearl. Kastella, increasingly restive, urged Conway to use the engine again, and once more they had a noisy night motoring through a flat calm. By morning the crosses on the track chart had taken another hundred-mile leap.

The calm persisted, and after Conway had had a short sleep he let Kastella use the engine, too. Then the water pump began to give trouble. Conway, still tired after the night and in a very bad temper, spent most of the day on his knees in the fierce heat, dismantling and cleaning the pump and fitting a new washer, while Kastella looked on and

chafed, and Leanda sat silent and unhelpful in the bows. By the late afternoon, when the job was done, Conway swore he had lost half a stone in sweat.

But the engine was working perfectly again, and as there was still no wind Conway ran it all through another night, though at half-throttle to conserve the much-depleted fuel store. What was left, he said, they would have to keep now for the final dash to the coast—wind or no wind.

In fact they had a measure of luck. A light breeze returned during the morning—but once again it was heading them, so that their progress was not very good. Kastella sat all day at the tiller as Thalia slowly beat to the west. He was showing increasing signs of physical tiredness with every trick at the helm—but Conway had only to make a sudden movement to discover that his watchfulness was as great as ever.

That evening, the sixth since their meeting with the ketch, the glass fell sharply and the head wind strengthened. The sea got up quickly, and Thalia began to pitch in a way she hadn't done since the big storm. Kastella cut short his evening meal, took some dramamine, and locked himself away in his cabin to get through the unpromising night as best he could. Leanda, untroubled, so far by the lively motion, stayed on deck. She seemed less aloof than usual, and even held the boom steady for Conway while he tucked a precautionary reef in the sail.

"What's this—a change of heart?" he asked, as he re-joined her.

"No, Mike—but there's something I must say to you."

"If it's something nice I'll be delighted to hear it. I've missed our friendly chats!"

"It's about Kastella again."

"Then I'd say you were wasting your time."

"Do you still feel the same about trying to get the gun away from him?"

"Exactly the same."

"I'm sure we could get it, Mike, if we worked out a plan together . . . I've been thinking . . ."

"I'm sorry, Leanda—there's absolutely nothing doing."

She was silent for a while. Then she said, "Mike, has it occurred to you that Kastella

might have plans for us?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we know all these frightful things about him—what he did at Meos, and the ketch, and so on. It's only guesswork, after all, that the people on the ketch got back safely. He may actually be a murderer. He's tried to terrify me into keeping quiet, and he pretends he can rely on your discretion—but he must be quite worried."

"He could be."

"And he's utterly ruthless. He's also got a gun. Mike, how do you know he won't kill us before he leaves the ship to make sure we keep quiet?"

"I don't know."

"Have you thought of it?"

"Indeed I have."

"Then how can you not do anything about the gun?"

"Because," Conway said, "I think the risk that he'll try to

bunk, pointing the gun down at Conway. "Not much, anyway, I had to hit her. She'll be all right in a minute."

"You swine!" Conway said. "It was better than shooting her, wasn't it? I'd warned her what to expect."

"Why didn't you lock the door, you damned fool?"

"I did lock it. She must have loosened the screws while we were on deck. Look, you can see. She tried to snatch the gun before I was properly awake. It went off accidentally." He pointed to the shattered white wood of the cabin roof that could so easily have been Leanda's face. "Then I hit her."

There was a sudden lurch as Thalia came broadside on to a sea. Left to itself, the ship was being tossed around like flotsam. Kastella's greenish pallor grew more sickly. "Get her out of here," he said.

Conway lifted Leanda and carried her tenderly into the saloon. In a few moments she

in, say, at seven, we should be through the reef and anchored in the lagoon off Ionides' place between four and five in the morning, with a bit to spare. There'll be no one about at that hour, so you'll have no trouble, and it'll still allow time for me to get clear with Thalia before daybreak. It's vital I shouldn't be seen off the coast, or they may put two and two together and start looking for you."

"I agree . . ." Kastella looked at him thoughtfully. "And what are your own plans, after that?"

"I think I shall make for Portuguese East—it's as good a bet as any. I should be able to refuel there—and maybe get a cable through to Metaxas."

Kastella grinned. "Mission accomplished, please send twenty thousand pounds?"

"Something like that."

"You'll be taking Leanda with you, of course."

"I'll have to. If I put her ashore with you she'd give you away at once. And I wouldn't blame her."

Kastella ignored that. "She's going to be a bit of a problem, Conway, all the same. What happens while you're rowing me in? She could sound the hooter, show lights, get up the anchor—anything."

"I know," Conway said. "I thought of that. I'll take the lamps out of the forecabin and lock her in . . . She won't be able to do any harm there."

"What about the broken door?"

"I'll fix the screws—it's quite a simple job." Conway picked up the chart again and began to draw a sketch on the back. "Now, here's the layout for you when you get ashore—it's very straightforward. Sandy track, parallel to the lagoon, among the coconuts. The first building you'll come to will be Ionides' shack, a white one. We'll probably see it from the dinghy, anyway. You know where to find the key. I've marked the telephone box. I don't think you can go wrong. Here, have a look." He got up suddenly and moved towards Kastella.

The gun jerked up. Kastella's finger was tight on the trigger. Sweat stood out on his forehead. "Careful!"

Conway threw the chart down on the seat and stepped back with a grin. "You still don't trust me?"

"To be frank, not entirely . . . I happened to overhear part of a conversation you had with Leanda, early on in this trip. She was urging you to take me into Mombasa and give me up."

"If you heard that," Conway said, "you must have heard my reply. I said it was impossible, because you had the gun, and that, anyway, I didn't want to."

"Quite so—and your answer was very reassuring. But you could still change your mind."

"And lose my pay after all the trouble I've gone to? Why on earth would I do that?"

"Because you're fond of Leanda."

"I'm quite fond of her, certainly, but . . ."

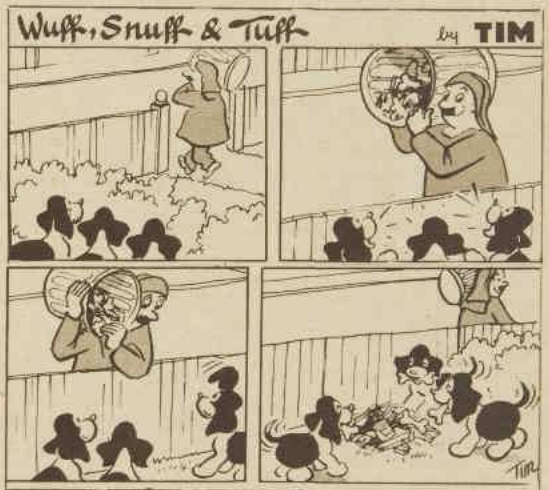
"You're very fond of her, Conway. I've got eyes and ears. When she and I had our little difference over the gun, you called her 'darling.'"

Conway smiled. "That was just force of habit. Don't forget we were playing man-and-wife for quite a while."

"It didn't sound like force of habit," Kastella said. "It sounded quite heartfelt. It was all the more impressive because when you called her 'darling' she was unconscious! I've had to ask myself whether your affection for her might not be stronger than your desire for money."

"Well, the answer's no! She's

FOR THE CHILDREN



kill us is much less than the risk of trying to get the gun. . . . It's a gamble I've decided to take, and I think it's a fair one. Anyway, I've put altogether too much into this business to give up when we're hardly more than a hundred miles from land. It's no good, Leanda—I've made up my mind and I'm going through with it."

He hauled in the mainsheet and braced his foot against the locker as Thalia heeled. "It looks as though we should have a pretty good sail tonight!" he said.

The wind blew hard for several hours, but its strength never approached that of the first storm. By four in the morning he was able to shake out the reef and carry on under all plain sail. He was just eating the last of his sandwiches when he was startled by a loud crash below and the sound of shouting voices.

At once he let the sheet and tiller go and dived for the saloon. Leanda wasn't in her bunk. Kastella's door was half open. Through the gap Conway caught a glimpse of figures struggling wildly round the barrel of the gun. He hurled himself forward. There was a shattering report as the gun went off. The door slammed in his face. He put his shoulder to it and went staggering into the cabin as it flew open. The gun barrel jabbed hard into his stomach. "Don't move!" Kastella said.

He looked wildly around. Leanda was lying face downwards on the floor, moaning. Ignoring the gun, he dropped to his knees beside her. "Leanda!" he cried. He turned her over, dreading what he might see. But there was no blood. He could see no injury at all. Her eyes flickered. "Leanda," he said. "Darling—are you hurt?"

"She's not hurt." Kastella was crouching back on his

was fully conscious again. Except for a bruise at the side of her chin, she seemed none the worse for what had happened.

Conway sat over her, shaking his head. "You silly, crazy kid!"

She lay still, looking at him. "I had to try," she said. "I had to do something . . . You wouldn't."

"Of course I wouldn't. I didn't want to. I told you it was too risky . . . it's a miracle you're not dead."

"I almost wish I were," she said.

NONE of them referred to the incident afterwards. Leanda, more shaken than she'd realised, stayed in the saloon all day, but made no fuss. Conway looked after her as well as he could, avoiding any further reproaches. The only effect on Kastella was to make him more cautious. He had cleaned and reloaded the gun, rather ostentatiously.

The sea grew steadily calmer during the morning. By eleven the westerly wind was light. Kastella was at the tiller. Conway, six feet away from him, was studying the chart of the African coast. The last pencilled cross on the track chart, made after dawn sights, had put them only eighty miles from Malindi.

As he laid the chart down, Kastella said, "Well—what do you think?"

Conway glanced up at the close-hauled sail. "If we keep her as she is we should be about sixty miles from Malindi by dusk. The fuel's low, but there should be enough for that distance. The barometer's steady, the weather is going to be all right. I think we should be able to make it tonight."

"Splendid! What's the timetable, then?"

"Well, if we start the run-

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not my type—not in that way. I've no taste for political blue-stocking!"

"She's got a very nice leg inside the stocking."

"I dare say, but the answers still no. I'm fond of her, but I'm much fonder of twenty thousand pounds. You'll see."

"Oh, I believe you," Kastella said. "I just like to be cautious, that's all. Hence the gun!"

Conway gave a little nod. "Talking of caution," he said, "I don't entirely trust you, either. Maybe this is the time to raise the matter."

Kastella regarded him impassively. "Well?"

"I'm not saying this is likely, but Leanda and I do know a great deal about you—all of it highly unpleasant—and it seemed just possible you might try to silence us before you went ashore."

"The idea never crossed my mind."

"I find that hard to believe," Conway said. "But I certainly advise against it—in your own interests. If you shoot Leanda, you'd naturally have to shoot me. You could get rid of our bodies easily enough, but you couldn't get rid of Thalia. She'd be found at once. Long before you could get out of Kenya, there'd be an inquiry and a search. Ionides would refuse to help you, and you'd be caught."

"Very probably," Kastella said.

"Almost certainly . . . Of course, you may be thinking you could scuttle the ship, and that in that case she wouldn't be found . . . But that's just the point. If you scuttled her outside the reef and tried to row yourself in through the swell, the dinghy would be swamped and you'd be drowned. And you couldn't scuttle her inside, because the water in the lagoon is only about six feet deep, and she'd

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Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 69

show . . . I thought I'd mention it. I should hate to be shot because of a technical miscalculation!"

The day drew to a close with a clear sky and almost no wind. Conway took special care over his dusk sights and got a perfect fix from three stars. The pencilled cross put Thalia sixty-three miles due east of Malindi. They were all set now for the last dash to the coast.

Kastella prepared himself for the shore, and Conway removed the lamps from the fore-cabin and explained to Leanda why she would have to be locked in there later. She protested that it was unnecessary, that she had no more plans for making trouble, but when she found that Conway was adamant she retired there voluntarily, saying she was going to bed. After her effort of the night before, she seemed to have lost all hope.

Conway doused the lights in the saloon, while Kastella waited outside. Then he rigged a piece of sailcloth as a shield round the hurricane lamp in the cockpit, and started the engine. Kastella returned to the dark saloon and lay down on one of the bunks with the gun barrel pointing towards the tiller.

It was a tense passage for both men. Despite their mutual assurances, suspicion charged the air. This was by far the most difficult part of the whole trip. Unless Conway could make a perfect landfall all his earlier efforts would have been wasted. He watched the compass constantly.

No sound came from the forecabin as they pounded steadily through the night. Once, around two o'clock, Kastella stuck his head out and looked about him, but there was nothing to be seen except empty sea. Conway, wholly preoccupied with navigating the ship, replied curtly to his few questions, and he soon withdrew.

At four Conway suddenly throttled the engine down to half speed. Kastella was out of the door at once. "What's happening?"

"I can hear the reef," Conway said. He let the engine idle for a moment or two while Kastella listened. From somewhere not far ahead of them came the menacing roar of surf. They must be very near the coast now, but there was still nothing to be seen. Apart from a few stars, there wasn't a light anywhere.

"No wonder they call it the Dark Continent!" Conway said.

KASTELLA gazed anxiously towards the surf. "Will you be able to find your way in?"

"I'll tell you that later!"

"Are you sure it's the right spot?"

"I'm not sure, no—I just hope it is! Anyway, it's not Mombasa, is it?"

"It's not Mombasa," Kastella agreed. "I told you I wanted my money," Conway said. They were going dead slow now. The air was very still. Scents from the land hung over the ship. The surface of the sea was calm, but there was a troublesome swell. Suddenly Conway said, "Look!" and pointed. Kastella, gazing ahead, saw a line of white foam on the water. The noise of the surf was much louder. Conway turned Thalia parallel with the reef, so that her bows faced northwards.

This was the most anxious time of all. He had deliberately aimed for a spot well south of the gap, so that by turning north he'd be sure of finding it. He had navigated with all the skill and

care he could command—yet he might easily be several miles out. He looked at his watch in the dim light of the hurricane lamp. Nearly half past four! They were cutting it pretty fine. He stood on the seat by the tiller, peering ahead. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. The gap should be visible by now—they must have covered more than a mile along the reef . . .

Suddenly a satisfied "Ah!" escaped him. There was a break



"Say, Pal. We're supposed to watch something . . . besides TV, that is?"

in the line of foam on the port bow. It was only a short one, and at close quarters he decided he didn't much like the look of it—if he got into a blind pass, a cul-de-sac, in the dark he'd be in real trouble . . . He kept going.

Soon there was a new break—a wider one. He closed in cautiously, watching the surface of the water for any fleck of white. He was no longer thinking about what Kastella might do when they arrived. If they hit the coral the problem wouldn't arise! Slowly the yacht nosed forward . . . Yes, this looked more like it! To port there was no surf at all now—only a surging mass of black water. Conway put the tiller hard over and turned into the gap. The ship started to swing broadside on in the swell, rocking violently, and he had to open the throttle wide to keep control. For good or ill, they were committed now. Thalia raced ahead. Gradually the noise of the surf receded.

They were in the lagoon! Conway took a wide sweep round behind the reef. Soon the rocking ceased, the water grew calm. They were safe. He switched the engine off and let the ship glide on silently till she lost all way. Then he went forward and quietly lowered the anchor over the bows.

"Well, we've made it!" he said softly as he rejoined Kastella in the cockpit. "And, though I say it myself, it was a darn good bit of navigation." He pointed shorewards, with a sailor's pride in a good landfall. Against the starry sky coconut palms were silhouetted in a pattern that he recognised. From their depths came a faint gleam of white. "Ionides' shack," he said. He bent to turn out the hurricane lamp.

As he straightened up again Kastella's gun poked sharply into his ribs. He was suddenly very still.

Kastella gave him a slap on the back. "I just wanted to congratulate you," he said. "Well done, Conway!"

They wasted no time. Quickly but silently Conway launched the dinghy. Kastella went forward to make sure the forecabin door was locked. "Goodbye, Leanda," he called.

"Don't forget what I said—about talking. I meant it, you know!" There was no reply. After a moment he left her. Conway had the dinghy at the stern. Kastella climbed in, still clutching the gun. The dinghy dipped alarmingly under his weight. Kastella pointed the gun at Conway.

"No last-minute tricks!" he said. "I don't want to have to swim for it." Conway picked up the oars and began to row in, very cautiously, aiming for a spot a hundred yards or so beyond the white gleam.

The shore was close. In a few moments the dinghy scraped lightly on the sand.

Kastella got out. He stood for a second looking down at Conway. "Well, I suppose I can't expect you to wish me luck!" he murmured.

"You're dead right. I reckon I've done a pretty lousy thing bringing you here. All I hope now is that they catch you and gaoi you for life!" Conway started to shove the dinghy out.

"Wait!" Kastella broke the gun, emptying the cartridges out on the sand. "You can take this now . . . You may need it to protect yourself from Leanda!"

Conway silently took the gun and pushed the dinghy off.

He rowed quickly, till he could no longer see the dark figure on the beach. Then he relaxed. It was all over—finished! Suddenly he began to laugh. Once he'd begun laughing he couldn't stop. He was so convulsed that he could scarcely row. He tried to stifle the sound, but his whole body shook with the gigantic effort to control himself. He was still laughing as he tied the dinghy to Thalia's stern. He gave a great shout of laughter as he opened Leanda's door. Inside, he collided against her bunk, doubled up with mirth.

She said in an icy tone, "Have you gone mad?"

"I've done it!" he said. "I've done it!"

"You've done a terrible thing. I'll never forgive you."

"There's nothing to forgive," he said, rocking helplessly.

"What do you mean?"

"You won't be hearing any more of Kastella for a long

long time. I've just put him ashore on Heuruse!"

It was an hour later. They had cleared the island on the last of the fuel and the engine had just sputtered to a stop. Conway had hoisted sail and Thalia was ghosting westwards in a light air with Leanda at the tiller. The sky had a look of dawn about it, but they were far enough away now for safety. The sense of urgency had gone with the engine beat.

Leanda said, "Now tell me how you did it!"

CONWAY said, "It was simpler than you'd think, and there was a lot in my favor. Kastella knew nothing about navigation, don't forget, and hardly anything about sailing."

"Start at the beginning," Leanda said. "When did you first think of it?"

"Oh, when Kastella was sitting up there on the coach-roof, threatening you with nameless horrors. I knew I'd got to do something—I'd made up my mind about that after the ketch incident. But I knew there was almost no chance I could get the gun away from him, and without the gun I couldn't do anything against his will."

"Then, as he was talking, I happened to notice that we were coming up to the halfway line and that old phrase 'the point of no return' came into my mind and I suddenly wondered if it need be and if I couldn't take him back to Heuruse and kid him it was Malindi. The coastlines were similar, and both had reefs and lagoons—they even both had a white building near the beach . . . Anyway, that was the start of it."

"Couldn't you have told me, Mike? It would have made such a difference . . ."

"I know, but it might have made the wrong sort of difference. It was absolutely vital to the whole plan that you should make Kastella believe you and I were on opposite sides, so that—up to a point—he'd trust me, and you did it beautifully when you called me all sorts of names and smashed the compass. Your attitude had the ring of truth about it because it was true, and it stayed true all through. Kastella had his moments of doubt, but basically he was pretty sure

I meant to earn that money. If you'd known of the plan you'd have had to act your part, and he might easily have seen through it."

"Yes, I see," Leanda said. "I suppose you're right—though it was one of the most ghastly weeks I've ever spent . . . Anyway, go on."

"Well, you both played into my hands beautifully. You refused to help with the ship, which left Kastella and me to split the work between us. He still had a sneaking fear I might try to get the gun, so he let me do all the night watching and kept well out of the way after dark. That was perfect. All I had to do was wait till you'd both retired and then turn the ship round."

"That first night, when I was supposed to be beating to windward, I actually ran nearly sixty miles the other way. The ports in Kastella's cabin were so salted up he couldn't see the stars, so there was no danger there. Of course, if he'd had the slightest feeling for a ship he'd have known we weren't beating, but fortunately he hadn't."

"I didn't realise it, either," Leanda said.

"You're still quite a novice, too. Besides, all you could think of was how to get the gun and how much you hated us both. As far as the running of the ship was concerned, we were practically sleep-walking."

"That's true."

"Anyhow, no one noticed anything, and that first night went off splendidly. Just before dawn I turned the ship round again. Then Kastella took over and sailed her all day, but he was so new to it that we made a few miles—so that was all right. All the same, I could see a pretty big snag looming up."

"The log!" Leanda said.

"Exactly! That was something he was very interested in—the number of miles we were covering. I realised he'd be bound to get suspicious if he found me regularly clocking up fifty miles or more on what was supposed to be a hard night's beat, when the best he could do was ten miles a day—and anyway, there was another difficulty. Each time I looked at it I had to tell him we were roughly as many miles west of centre as in fact we were east of it, so that when I finally

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- At the side with a late beginning (7).
- Overt with show of hands or at ballots (5).
- The oldest lady with written history (3).
- It has a great fall but it is not Humpty Dumpty (7).
- In the best, if farthest, is unbending (5).
- One miser (Anagr., 8).
- Take a French after tea; it's good for singing (4).
- Candles for mixed repast (6).
- When you are at it, you decay (3, 3).
- Weapons for long unsettled differences (4).
- Do not touch (5, 3).
- To come in does not cost quite a tenner (5).
- Evil Sue (Anagr., 7).
- Vessel coming from Bournemouth (3).
- English county to be visited in less exacting times (5).
- Test her with ropes (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Not disposed to severity when using net line (7).
- Business which stocks dear tea (5).
- Declare again by a star seer (8).
- Often wrongly alleged MacDuff was invited to do so (4, 2).
- Waistcoat suitable for investigators (4).
- Use the raw material for 8 across in 12 across to make a platform (7).
- Carry off as booty a (5).
- Odd gluts (Anagr., 4).
- Roman household gods worth ten pears (7).
- Blows in refreshment (7).
- Dirge, but the "amen" in the middle and not at the end (6).
- Part of a clergyman's benefice (5).
- Suppose (5).
- Puzzle (4).

Solution will be published next week.

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made a landfall in Heuresse
he'd be all ready for it in Africa.
I saw it was going to be quite
impossible to square the phony
positions with the actual log
readings. So I had to get rid
of the log!"

"What did you do to it?"

Conway grinned. "As a mat-
ter of fact, I didn't do anything
to it to start with. I said it
wasn't working and took it off
to mend it. When I got it into
the saloon I hit it with a ham-
mer. Kastella was so scared
about coming close, he couldn't
see what I was doing. Next
I botched the soldering job, and
the thing came unstuck, and
that was that."

"And he probably thought I
was responsible all the time!"

"Probably—you were most
useful as a whipping-girl. Well,
that was the major head-
ache disposed of, and I motored
a hundred miles to the east
that night without giving any-
thing away. But using the
engine raised another problem
—Kastella naturally wanted to

Continuing . . . A HERO FOR LEANDA

from page 70

use it, too. I let him, for a
short time—remember?—and
then I threw a fit of temper and
said I couldn't sleep. So he
pretty well wasted his day
shift."

"Mike—it must have been
terrifically exciting."

"It was a bit of a tightrope
act—I wasn't at all sure it was
going to work out. But things
went pretty well. I had another
good night, running east when
I should have been beating to
the west. Then, just before I
handed over to Kastella, I sabo-
taged what should have been a
good day's run for him."

"How? I don't remember
anything."

"Don't you remember he
kept complaining about the
steering?"

"Oh—yes."

"Well, he certainly had rea-
son to! I'd streamed the small

sea anchor from the bows on a
very short rope. It's weighted,
of course, so it went down under
the ship, holding her back and
spoiling the steering. Kastella
had a fair wind and the sails
were full and he should have
been eating up the miles, but
actually he was getting nowhere
fast—especially with the east-
going current against him all
the time. It makes me blush
now to think of the tripe I
talked about the difficulties of
steering before the wind!"

"But, Mike, suppose he'd dis-
covered! The top of the rope
must have been visible from the
foredeck."

"Of course, but he never had
a chance to see it. I streamed
the thing in the dark each time,
before he took over at the tiller.
Then I went and sat beside it
for most of the day, ready to
cast off if he came up to the
foredeck. But he didn't—he
had his job to do and he stayed
in the cockpit. And you didn't,
either, because you were giving
me the cold shoulder. In the
evening, when you were both
safely below, I hauled the sea-
anchor in for the night. It was
a bit of a risk, of course, but it
came off. After that the
wind dropped, and I had to
organise the spot of bother over
the water pump."

"You mean that was sabo-
tage, too?"

"Indeed it was. I put a bit
of cloth in the filter just before
I handed over. I knew Kastella
would want to go on using the
engine, as it was a flat calm, and
I didn't want to seem to stop
him a second time. But I had
to, somehow—we were only
about a hundred and sixty miles
from Heuresse by then, and if

he'd done a hundred miles to
the west it would have ruined
everything. So I put the engine
out of action and spent all day
fooling with it."

"I'd never have guessed. You
seemed to be working terribly
hard."

"I was—I took a lot of things
to pieces that I didn't need to!
Anyway, that was about the end
of my worries—except for the
final dash. There was a tricky
problem of timing, there—if
we went in too close during day-
light, Kastella would see the
outlying islands and know we
were in the wrong place. If we
didn't get close enough we
wouldn't reach Heuresse before
dawn. Actually, we were just
about right. I had some anxious
moments getting through the
islands with that compass, and
I was terrified I wouldn't be
able to find the gap in the reef
again. . . . But we made it!"

"And my only contribution,"
Leanda said in a tone of dis-
gust, "was practically to get my-
self killed."

"Since you didn't succeed,
I'm prepared to admit now that
it was a jolly fine effort. It
helped to maintain the right
atmosphere."

"Well," Leanda said after a
moment, "it all seems too in-
credibly wonderful to be true.
To me, at any rate. . . . What
about you, Mike? Do you still
think you won't get the
money?"

"I think Metoxas would be
pretty crazy to pay. But per-
haps he'll let me keep Thalia.
I hope so."

"I hope so, too. . . . It'll still
have been an awfully big sacri-
fice."

Conway grinned. "I reckon
I've had value for it."

"How?"

"I've settled my score with
Kastella—and it was a pretty
long one. First he tried to push
me around. Then there was the
ketch. Then there was the way
he threatened you. . . . Quite
simply, I hated him. Losing
the money was a small price
to pay for the pleasure of put-
ting him back on Heuresse,
right under the hangarow we
took him from. In fact, it was
a self-indulgence!"

"Oh, Mike!"

"Anyway, it's been worth it,
just to have you looking at me
as though I'm a human being
again."

"Does that matter so much?"

"Indeed it does."

Leanda said, "You know, I
don't think you'll ever make
much of a living as a merce-
nary!"

The ship glided slowly on
through the cays. The sky
grew lighter. The sun rose in
a magnificent array of color.
Everything looked incredibly
peaceful. Leanda, gazing
around, gave a deep, contented
sigh.

"It's like the journey out,"
she said. "Just the two of us
again—and everything so lovely
and quiet." She smiled. "The
great out-of-doors."

Conway nodded. For a mo-
ment he was silent. Then he
said, "Oddly enough, I remem-
ber the end of that quotation
now."

"Well—tell me."

Conway said, "To live out
of doors with the woman a man
loves is of all lives the most
complete and free."

Leanda looked up at him.
Tears suddenly glistened in his
eyes. "Well, darling, we're
going to have at least a thou-
sand miles of it, aren't we?"

"At least!" he said.

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Watch Dad smile - when you give him

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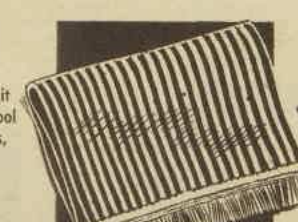
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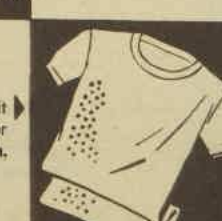
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F5208



F5307



F4630



F5309



F5308

F5319



F5290



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 116.—ONE-PIECE DRESS.

Slender-line coat-dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron poplin. The color choice includes rose-pink, sunshine-lemon, bolero-blue, emerald-green, le-lac, avocado-green, and white. The dress has a white bodice trim. Sizes 31 and 34in. bust, 29½; 36 and 38in. bust, 42½. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

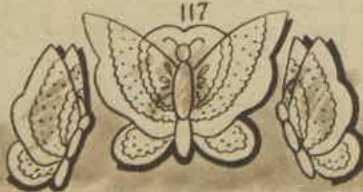
No. 117.—BUTTERFLY DUCHESSE SET.

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroidery. The material is Irish linen. Color choice includes white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat, 11in. x 17in.; small mats, 5in. x 5in. Price 7/6 complete.

No. 119.—GIRL'S SHORTS, SUNTOP, AND SKIRT.

Attractive three-piece, obtainable cut out ready to make. The shorts and skirt are in no-iron striped seersucker and suntop is no-iron poplin. Color choice for striped seersucker, pink and white, blue and white, green and white, and lemon and white. Color choice for poplin, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 4 years, 13½; 5 to 6 years, 16½; 7 to 8 years, 17½; 9 to 10 years, 18½; 11 to 12 years, 19½. Postage and registration 2/3 extra for each garment.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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119

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning August 31



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in a full programme.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, rose.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck in courage.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in the end of a cycle.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, light blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in an outing.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in a bargain.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck within yourself.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky day, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a secret.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, light blue.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in sports and pastimes.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in responsibility.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck in a definite purpose.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, orange.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in finding what you lost.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in personal relationships.

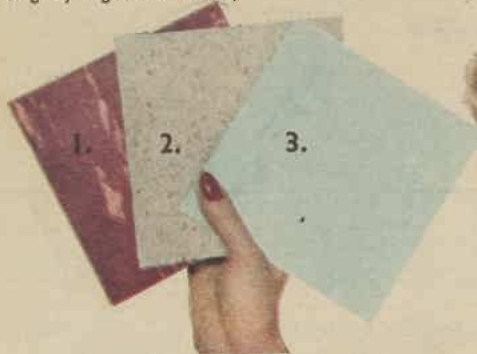
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JACKY'S DIARY

JACKY MENDELSON AGE 3 1/2



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 2, 1958

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